BRITANNIA AND EVE

1/-

CHRISTMAS · 1940

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BRITANNIA and EVE

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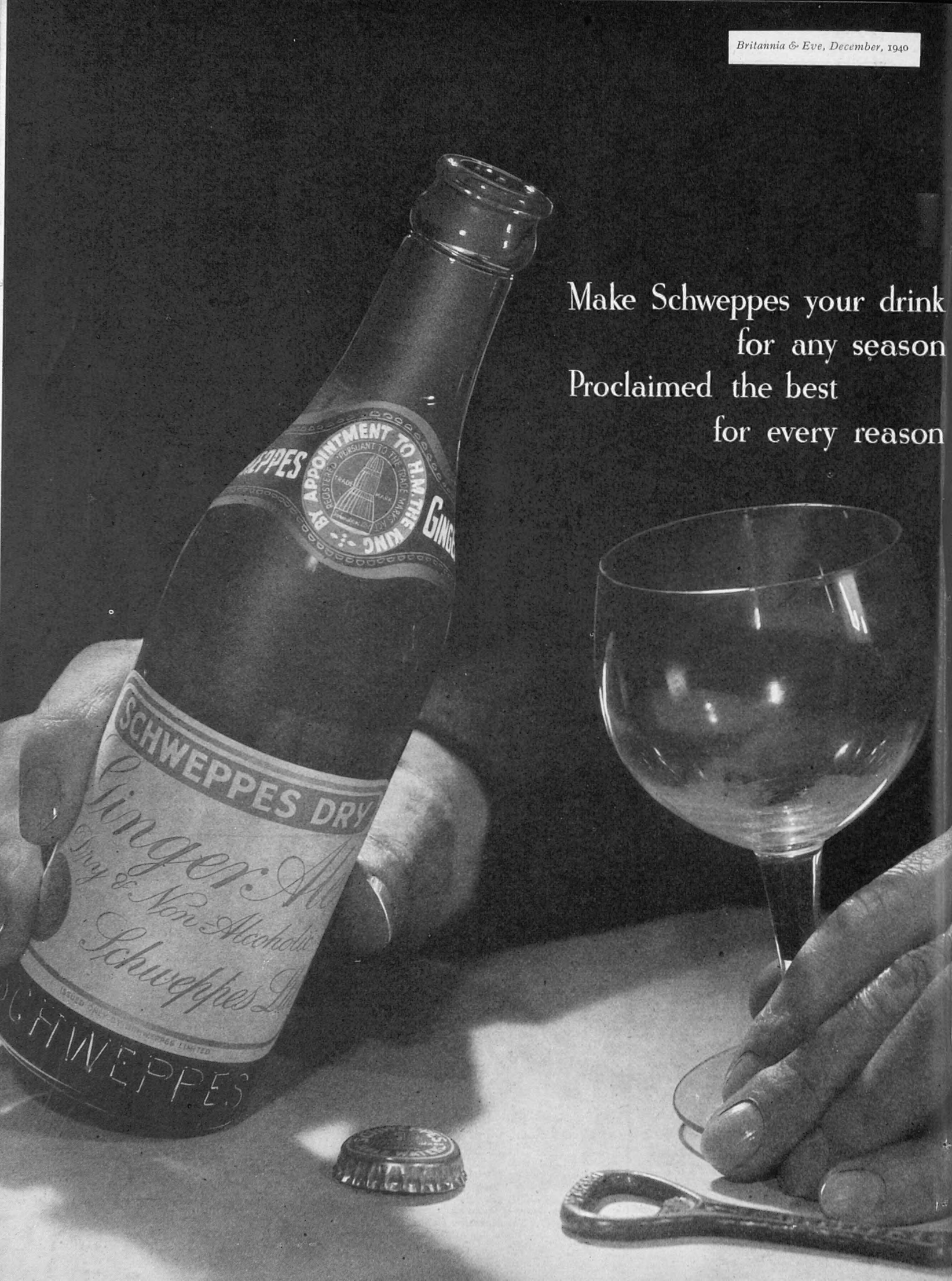
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Decisive Battles of the World

The Anglo-French armies stop the German rush on Paris, and end the first German dream of world mastery

Battle of the Marne, September 5-11, 1914

AT the seven-days' Battle of the Marne in 1914 the army of Hohenzollern Germany lost its planned blitzkrieg, and, with it, the First World War.

The background of that week of fierce conflict between millions of armed men along a front of 300 miles was sketched in over a century and a half of Prussian-made wars—successful wars which had unified the Germanic tribes, created a warlike tradition, a warrior caste, a war party, an immense accumulated experience, and developed a national war technique, the method of the long and carefully-planned lightning war, necessary for a State militarily powerful but economically weak, and deficient in sea power.

In the twenty years prior to 1914 the German General Staff had elaborated a programme for conquering Europe, subjugating Russia, isolating and subsequently destroying Britain, and breaking through the western ocean and eastern sea and land barriers to ultimate world dominion based upon overwhelming land and sea power. Chief of Staff von Schlieffen had worked out the great war plan. The huge, heavily weaponed German armies, swinging on the fortified Metz hinge, would crash an enormously strong right wing through the Low Countries into France, envelop the enemy, and win the west-front war in time to turn east and bring the whole German force against the Russians, whose mobilisation and movement would necessarily be slow, and who could be helped by relatively small forces during the main western campaign.

The assassination of the Austrian heir at Serajevo on June 28, 1914, prematurely exploded the war. Austria declared war on Serbia. Russia mobilised. Germany declared war on Russia, then on France, and on August 4 England on Germany. The German naval programme was two years off completion, but England seemed on the verge of civil war, and could contribute only seven divisions to the west-front war. The German General Staff was filled with supreme self-confidence.

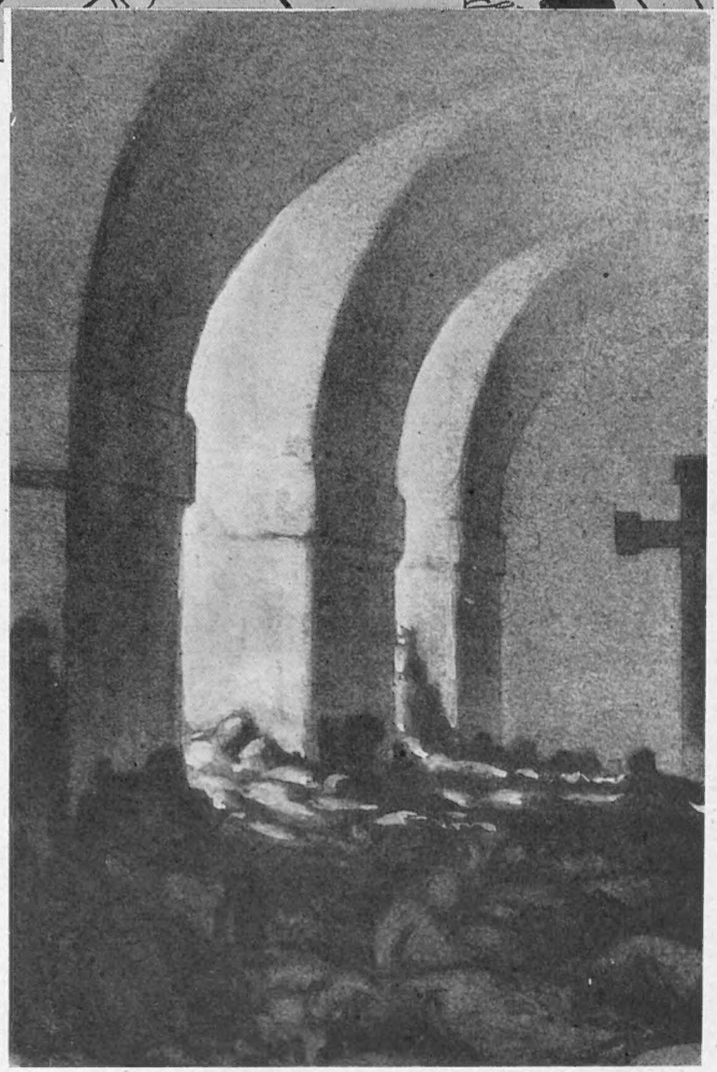
Within the period of five weeks Ludendorf and Hindenburg in the east had stopped two invading Russian armies and destroyed them at the battles of Tannenburg and the Masurian Lakes, and on the west the French and British armies were in retreat before the main German armies rolling on Paris.

The German people were already celebrating victory when, on September 5, the over-confident Germans made their mistake. On the vital right wing von Kluck, commanding the German First Army, turned to support Bülow—ignoring the British Army, which he had been pursuing and believed was done, and the Paris garrison. Generalissimo Joffre, the cooper's son, slow, but courageous and with a peasant shrewdness, saw the opportunity, rallied, and struck at the German right flank, weakened by the aforesaid manœuvres. An army debouching from Paris in taxicabs and motor buses hit the German right-wing tip, threw it back in confusion. The blow had a shunting effect. Division after division of the German line was knocked back by an end-on shock. A gap opened between the First and Second Armies, and the disconcerted Germans found the British Army marching into it.

Back in his Luxemburg headquarters, 150 miles distant, the sixty-eight-year-old Moltke—nephew of the great Moltke, a court favourite, and weak-nerved—grew alarmed at the reports flowing in, and sent a staff officer to visit the right-wing commanders, and order all five armies to retire if necessary. Moltke's deputy diagnosed a desperate situation, and, on September 11, ordered a general retreat to the Argonne heights. The great German blitzkrieg machine went into reverse.

Moltke collapsed. He saw a war lost in what had seemed the hour of victory—and he was right. The eastern victories could not compensate for the failure of the western blitzkrieg, which forced on Germany that long war all her war planners had argued she must not risk, her whole hope and genius lying in the lightning war, laboriously prepared, exactly planned, nicely timed, waged with maximum intensity from the start.

TWENTY years later, amid a revolutionary, confused and changing world—unbalanced by the collapse of three great old empires, and the failure of the victors both to destroy German political unity, or construct a new stabilising world order—the German warrior hordes were to try again under new war leaders. But that is another story, and the decisive battle of the Second World War has yet perhaps to be fought.



The Living

LONDON under the blackout was beautiful and defiant. We walked home in the mornings wondering whether the scene we were going to describe and hold in paint would still be there. And—as was nearly always the case—it was there. But it was a greater scene than we ever thought it could be. For, as the nights went on, and the vampire bats flew back before the dawn, we came to know that London was more than bricks and stone, memories, or even noble history; London was a living thing. It hurt to see it being knocked about.

But as we came to each fresh pile of sooty rubble, with that disconcerting jackstraw chaos of planks that once had made floors, we knew that something greater was rising from these ruins than London ever knew. It was a sad, determined bitterness; it was greater and more unyielding than courage; it was the resolution Churchill voiced when he said the English would rather see London laid in ruins than let the Nazis set foot in it.

For the civilian the "Battle of London" is a lonely and trying war. With brains and grit and an unbroken will he changes his habitat to stick it out. Shelters of all kinds were being hurriedly constructed. But left largely to his or her own devices the average Londoner made his own decisions —or if caught by chance between business and the rush for home—acted on his own intuition, in the circumstances, as to where would be the best place to endure (or survive) the night. Their silent heroism was stoic; their resolution ranked with, if it did not surpass, the gallantry of city defenders throughout the pages of all history.

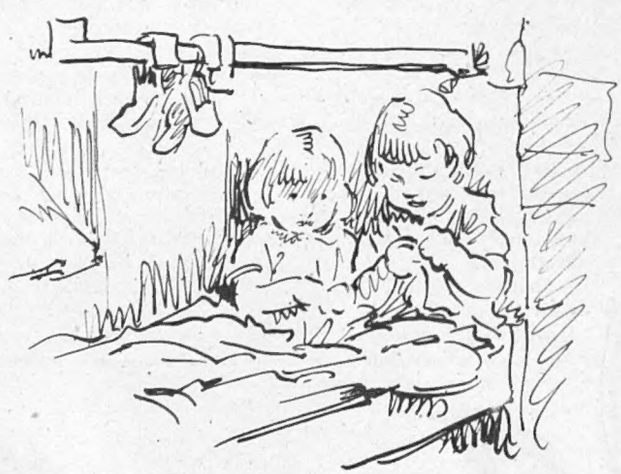
A THOUSAND people sleep every night in the crypt and vaults of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, well over a hundred of them at the foot of the cross. There they lie in the huddled, distorted postures of the battlefield. They are from all classes of society; a Jewish mother who tramps up every sunset with her four children from a bombed shop and home in the East End; a silver-haired librarian; soldiers, sailors, typists; the evacuated wives and children of London dock workers; the A.R.P. workers, police, ambulance drivers, fire-fighters—waiting to go on shift; down-and-outers, unemployables, prostitutes, clerks and errand boys.

A ring of three will sit in a huddle, using each other's backs as supports to rest their heads. A society girl, in beach trousers, blows up a pneumatic mattress. Scores of city workers use their small dispatch cases as pillows. The silver-haired librarian (and I watched him for four periods during that interminable night) never changed his position, once he had sat down stiffly on a hard kitchen chair.

In a whitewashed separate vault, shut off from the main mass of adults by a wooden door, the children slept on wooden bunks which had been made between upright steel pipes. One bunk had four pairs of kids tiny shoes dangling from the rail over it; but I could only see three children. Two curly haired little blonde girls were sitting bolt upright, at 10 p.m., enjoying the adventure of the strange scene. "Where's the other one?" I asked; "and how old are *you*?"

"Three," piped one. Then, with that terrifying precocity of the East End kids, who, when barely able to walk have already learned to fend for themselves, she gave me a quick smile and tapped a lump under the grey blanket by her side: "Two," she said, tapping the sleeping form—"three, five and seven." Seven was a boy, lying on his back, his delicate lips open, lost in dreams.

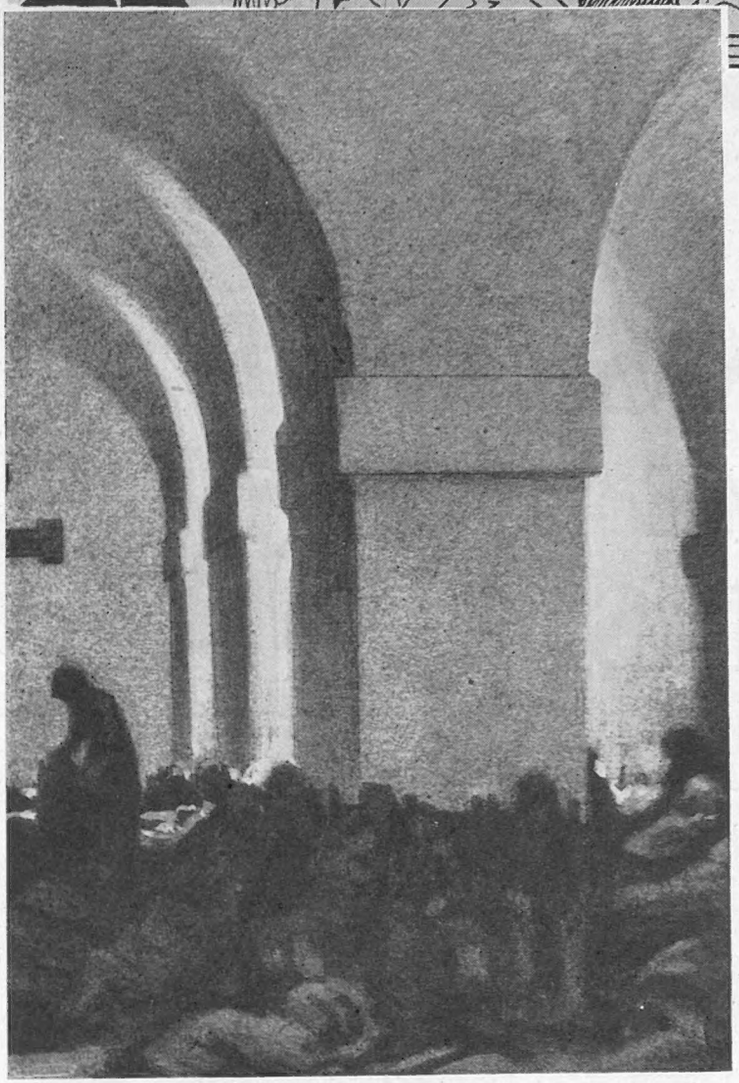
Viewing these people I saw the great truth that we are all part of each other. I cannot help viewing this war except as a grand purge. People are dropping their affectations, Goering's threatful *Luftwaffe* instead of panicking the English has war-welded a common resentment that is swelling into a national exaltation. For people, like the civilians in this crypt, who have had to take blow after blow "almost lying down," this indomitable will to win through to victory is the finest testimony I have seen of the unbreakable British heart.



Two curly haired little blonde girls were sitting bolt upright at 10 p.m.

The padre then was the late Pat McCormick, whose sudden death happened a few weeks back, knew his people, and played up to the macabre British sense of humour that accompanies this British heart. Standing in a grey flannel suit, with a Zingaree tie, amidst the sprawled bodies of the people arranging themselves for sleep, he told them a joke.

The joke was the actions of a British dud shell. In the previous night's air raid the shell had come down through the roof of St. Martin's; then it had pierced the roof of the portico—it bounced on the stone flags, missed a stone pillar, hit, and dug a small hole, in the wood blocks of the street outside—"then it bounced back, twelve feet high in the air—it had



Well over a hundred people sleep at the foot of the cross in the crypt of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. There they lie in the huddled, distorted postures of the battlefield

(Reproduced from a painting by Tom Purvis)

LONDON

NEGLEY FARSON *and* TOM PURVIS

make a tour of London by night, and put on record their impressions in words and paint

to—and came to rest under the portico." Cheers. Any uneasiness felt by any one in that assembly about making his or her bed before strangers had vanished with the laughter that followed the padre's strange tale.

Now that's England for you, England at its best. Pat McCormick was a big-hearted man, and had had St. Martin's ever since the famous Dick Sheppard retired from it in 1927. At twenty-five he went to South Africa and served for fifteen years as a padre among the tough miners of the Rand—he knew the olden, golden days of Jo'burg! On a black silk cord around his neck this night he wore a gold cross that his mother had given him, made with Indian coins. His father was captain of the Cambridge boat in 1856, had two blues—a six-foot-four man who, in a Cambridge pub, knocked out the famous Tom Sayers with bare fist. Pat McCormick whose radio talks are known around the world did not preach either to or at the people seeking refuge under the spire of St. Martin's. Instead he told me: "Any one, every one—with no questions asked—is welcome here. And I don't mind what their profession is," he added, looking significantly at some well-known girls on the floor.

His wife, with a staff of volunteer women helpers, was running the canteen which supplied tea, buns and sandwiches to the troops up to 10 p.m., and after that to the inmates of St. Martin's, whoever they may be.

Dick Sheppard's daughter was there, helping to serve that night. And one of the volunteers working in the canteen was the first woman ever appointed to be a churchwarden of St. Martin's.

While we were talking there was a frightful screech and we knew a whistling bomb was on its way. Deep down under the ground we knew it; and we waited for the crash. When it came the church above us trembled, the lights dimmed and almost went out. Then they rose again to full power. There was a little burst of excited talking from the huddled mass of people in the main crypt, it reminded me oddly of the cries in the Gold Coast I had heard immediately after the shock of a recent earthquake—then the life settled down again. To sleep by now.

ST. MARTIN'S holds a picturesque mystery. The clerk of works of St. Martin's (a man who has retired after forty years service in the Bank of England) took me through the old catacombs they had recently opened to provide more room for raid evacuees. The flags of the crypt itself are made from old tombstones. And one of them, now fixed on the wall, and recently cleaned, bears this piquant epitaph—to a woman who died in 1672 "in the prime of her life, without ever having been married:"

"To say she was a virgin chaste
In this age loose and all unlaced
Who would officious praises spill?"

But the epitaph in one place speaks of Miss Hobson; then Mrs. Hobson; then Mistress Hobson. So there seems some doubt in the contemporary mind.

"But what puzzles me," said the clerk of works—"is: Where is Nell Gwyn?"

"*Nell Gwyn?*"

"Of course, she's somewhere here."

"Nonsense."

No, he said; it was a fact. Somewhere underneath where we had been walking or were now standing, lay, to the best of every one's belief, the body of Nell Gwyn. The baffling mystery was then explained to me:

There have been three churches on the spot where St. Martin-in-the-Fields now stands. Nothing is known about the first, except that it is mentioned in the Domesday Book. The second was built in the reign of Henry VII. St. Martin's was in the fields then; the church became congested; and the third, and present church, was built in 1725. It was during the period of the second church that Nell Gwyn was buried here.

"The people made a fuss about it," said the clerk of works and Pat McCormick who, jointly, were telling me this strange bit of history; "so Bishop *(Continued on page 60)*

BRITAIN'S WARTIME CHRISTMAS

CHRISTMAS comes but once a year—but in the twenty centuries of Christendom, and the fifteen during which the day that Christ was born has been kept as a festival by Christian men and women, there never was such a Christmas as this one we approach under the thunder sky of the second year of the second world war.

If the messenger of the Feast God looked down on embattled Britain—forty-five million people, a large proportion of them steel-helmeted and gas-mask equipped even when not bearing weapons, holding their little island base in the North Atlantic against a numerically superior and savage foe, giving better than blow for blow in the air, and much better than blockade for blockade on the seas—he might send this dispatch back to Olympus.

"While December 25 this year will be more a day of mourning than of rejoicing among the four hundred million people in European lands, thanks to the Nibelung's maniac child, these remarkable Britons are planning between the bombs to make the best of things. They refuse to be robbed of their Christmas Feast by the Apocalyptic Beast.

"They are turning back to old customs and traditions. Exotic fruits will be missing, but probably not missed. The dried fruits of the vine will not be so plentiful as usual, because the war-girded Britons have plucked them from their own empire and not from foreign gardens. There will be an adequacy of gifts suitable for Santa Claus to apportion among hopeful hung-up stockings, but many familiar presents, such as a pair of real silk stockings for the wife and an aluminium toy aeroplane for the boy, will be absent, while there will be some strange new gifts, such as a piece of war loan, a string of precious stored onions, or some really new-laid eggs from someone who has turned his lawn or flower beds over to the chickens.

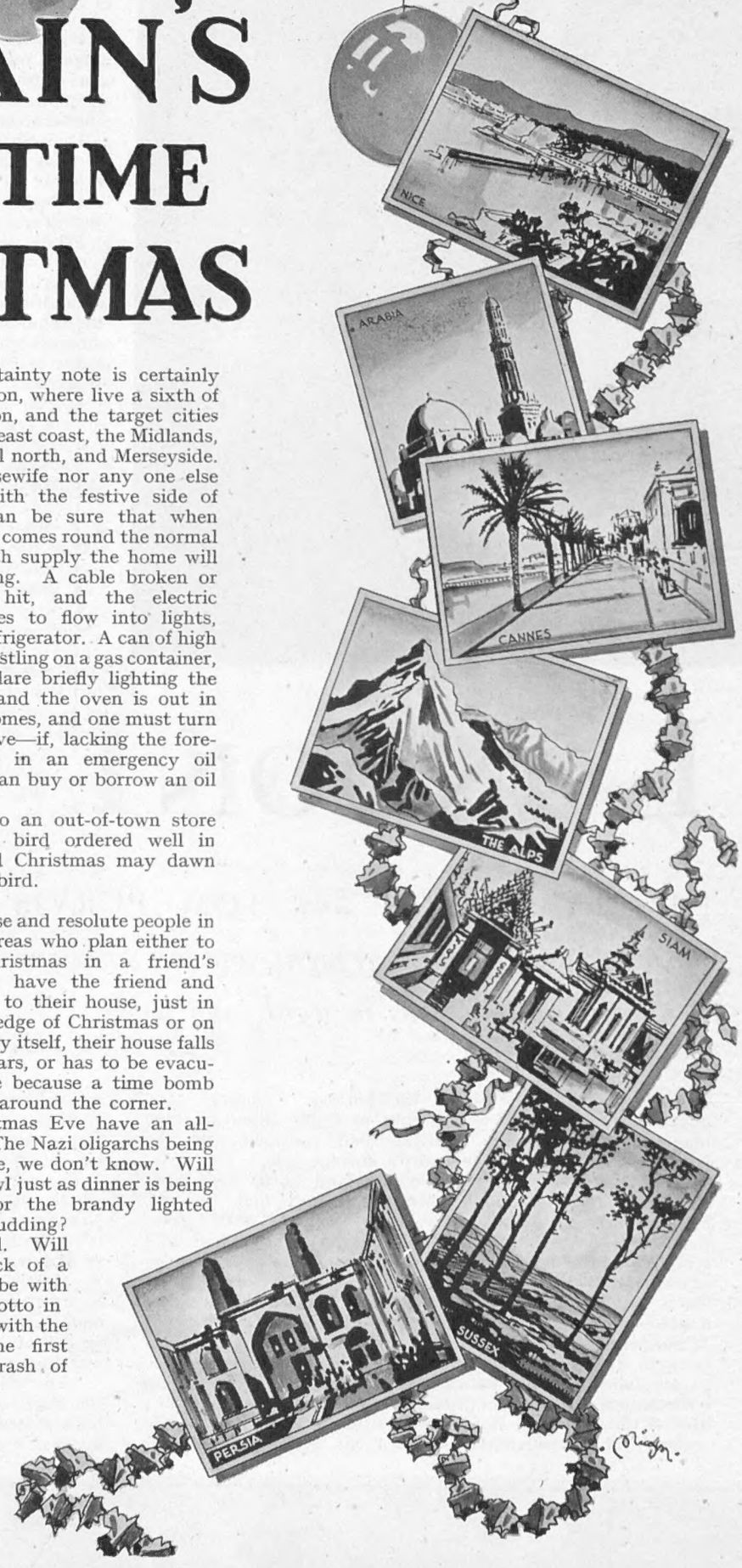
"In general it will be a Christmas canopied with uncertainties. But one thing is certain. It will not be a turkey and champagne, but a home-grown roast beef and beer Christmas."

The uncertainty note is certainly true of London, where live a sixth of the population, and the target cities of the south-east coast, the Midlands, the industrial north, and Merseyside. Neither housewife nor any one else concerned with the festive side of Christmas can be sure that when December 25 comes round the normal services which supply the home will be functioning. A cable broken or transformer hit, and the electric current ceases to flow into lights, stove, and refrigerator. A can of high explosive whistling on a gas container, a huge red flare briefly lighting the dark night, and the oven is out in gas-served homes, and one must turn to an oil stove—if, lacking the foresight to lay in an emergency oil cooker, one can buy or borrow an oil stove locally.

Leave it to an out-of-town store to deliver a bird ordered well in advance, and Christmas may dawn without the bird.

I KNOW wise and resolute people in high-risk areas who plan either to celebrate Christmas in a friend's house, or to have the friend and family along to their house, just in case, on the edge of Christmas or on Christmas Day itself, their house falls about their ears, or has to be evacuated in haste because a time bomb has dropped around the corner.

Will Christmas Eve have an all-night raid? The Nazi oligarchs being what they are, we don't know. Will the sirens howl just as dinner is being dished up, or the brandy lighted round the pudding? We can't tell. Will the first crack of a gay paper tube with a cap and motto in side coincide with the crump of the first bomb and crash of



anti-aircraft artillery pumping shells into the sky? Perhaps.

If you are a warden, a woman ambulance driver, a rescue or first-aid squad volunteer, or a member of any of the multitudinous branches of the civil defence forces, can you definitely count on a jolly Christmas dinner enjoyed during a momentary peace pause? You hope so, but would be rash to count on it.

But any one who surmised that in this fog of hazards Christmas would be lost, would err. I found this out while making some comprehensive inquiries as to how and where people are going to spend this wartime Christmas. A Post Office official gave me a clue early on, when I asked him if he expected a shrinkage in the mail this time. Christmas has been getting bigger on the mail side every year for the last twenty years. The Post Office people have to organise for it as a military command organises for a blitzkrieg. They take on seventy thousand extra men, and a couple of thousand additional vans, to handle a trebled volume of letters (seven millions are posted in the London area alone on an average day), and parcels averaging one hundred and twenty thousand a day.

"Shrinkage?" said the mails G.H.Q. man. "Why, this looks like being the biggest Christmas on record. Mid-October we asked them over the radio to start posting their Christmas packets early, and two days later the rush was on. The only difference I see is that our Christmas season is likely to run to six instead of the usual three weeks."

I refrained from asking this much-battered department if we could count at Christmas on getting letters delivered under a week from posting (it was happening back in September and October, the air war having put the Post Office on the spot as the most vulnerable and unprepared of the State organisations); if telegrams would move — as they had been doing — at a slower velocity than the normal letter; and if telephoning would be less of a gamble than it has been since August. The Central Telegraph Office last Christmas Eve had to handle ninety thousand telephone telegrams, and three hundred and forty thousand telegrams, most of them carrying greetings and Christmas messages. I tremble to think what would happen if this weight fell again on an organisation which since the bombs began to drop has not been capable of standing up to normal telephone and telegram traffic.

In general it will be a Christmas canopied with uncertainties. But one thing is certain — it will not be a turkey and champagne, but a home-grown roast beef and beer Christmas

By C. Patrick Thompson

Last week I came across a citizen who has a special sort of posting problem. For the last three Christmases he has helped his small son get his special-request notes through to Santa Claus by going out with him on Christmas Eve to the wood nearby, and holding him up so that the lad could stick his note on the stiff twig of a big old elm. As of course you know, Santa's postmen, the snowbirds, making their rounds after dark, collect all notes thus mailed and fly off with them to the North Pole in time for Santa Claus to send the order down to his snowhouse store, and pack the things on his reindeer sled. Occasionally they're out of stock of such items as a "Spitfire," real, or a car like Malcolm Campbell's "Bluebird," or a rifle like Home Guard daddy's; but it's wonderful the variety they carry.

THIS father rather doubted whether he could risk posting Santa's letter at the usual spot this time. "The Home Guard around here are very zealous," he said, "and a searchlight battery has moved down to the ridge back of the wood now. If I go snooping around the wood with the kid after dark, sticking notes in trees, and otherwise behaving suspiciously, someone's liable to take a pot-shot at me. At best, I'd risk being suspected as a fifth columnist, or spy."

He, along with a few hundreds of thousands of other parents, was wondering about the wisdom of taking his youngster to a panto this Christmas. "If we have a panto in the local theatre, I suppose they'll put on a show." Usually the number of pantomime companies doing their stuff over the Christmas season runs into the hundreds. On the money side, taking the whole country, it's a Christmas business involving around three million pounds. But it won't be a big panto year in London this time so far as theatres are concerned. I am told, though, of plans for potted pantos in the larger shelters, where "cave cabarets" are becoming a feature of the capital's night life.

A celebrated regional commissioner, renowned for audacity and courage through a long career, told me he had just bought his wife her Christmas present. He shopped early —a jump ahead of Kingsley Wood's purchase tax. He had bought his lady a fur coat. "The price frightened me, but if I'd looked at it after the tax, I expect I'd have got heart failure."

Furs seem a popular Christmas present this year. The shops have found it worth advertising anything from mink around the £400 mark to a "fox" tie that was gambolling around the downs last summer and holing up with his colony in a warren. Some have a scarcity lure, for good furs are growing scarce, and the price is rising. But there seems to be a good deal of the: "If we're going to be bombed to-morrow, you may as well buy me a fur, and a good one, to-day," spirit about this gift-fur vogue.

A woman sophisticate with whom I was discussing the phenomenon said that it was, after all, a test of husband-love. "If he sees your point, and buys you a fur, he loves you," said she. "But if he sees the point, but turns up with a diamond instead, he's just thinking of the investment angle." Cynical, but doubtless true. Furs wear out, diamonds don't; and precious stones have been known to survive the most devastating blasts.

I have also been impressed by the run, and anticipation of a further run nearer Christmas, on the members of the cosmetics family. Men buy their pet girls gold lipsticks, but devote more attention to the lipstick tint and scent than to the valuable yellow-metal container, which in its raw state exchanges for £8 an ounce these days. It seems to be another wartime complex coming out at the traditional gift-giving time. The whole cosmetic habit is only two decades old. Modern cosmetic science was born in the last war, and is sprouting a whole series of new buds and blossoms in this one. There are reasons for new developments, and for the current Christmas gift rush.

The ingredients of cosmetics are multifarious, and come from almost every country. Go into a cosmetics factory laboratory, and glance at the tabs on glass and metal (*Continued on page* 91)

The Post Chaise Murder

An Inquiry made by Sir Christopher Hazzard of St. James's, sometime Student and Investigator of Crime

By Richard Keverne

IT was a matter of business that took Sir Christopher Hazzard down the road that autumn night for a meeting with Mr. Amble, the country attorney who dealt with the affairs of a small estate Sir Christopher owned in Hampshire.

Sir Christopher had put off the tiresome journey again and again. Then on the spur of the moment he had decided to get it over and had driven like fury from his chambers, in St. James's, to catch the Portsmouth Post Telegraph coach at the Angel Inn, St. Clement's, hoping to get his business done and to be back in London again the following evening.

Through a cold, wet night he dozed restlessly on top of the lumbering night stage, and he was weary and bored when, at length, the coach rattled over the cobbles of Ashmarket's narrow High Street, turned into the Square and pulled up sharply before the archway of the Bear Inn.

Sir Christopher swung himself stiffly to the ground and stamped his numb feet. Although it was not yet sunrise there was an unwonted air of bustle about the place. Men stood in knots, talking eagerly. Scraps of excited conversation came to Sir Christopher's ears.

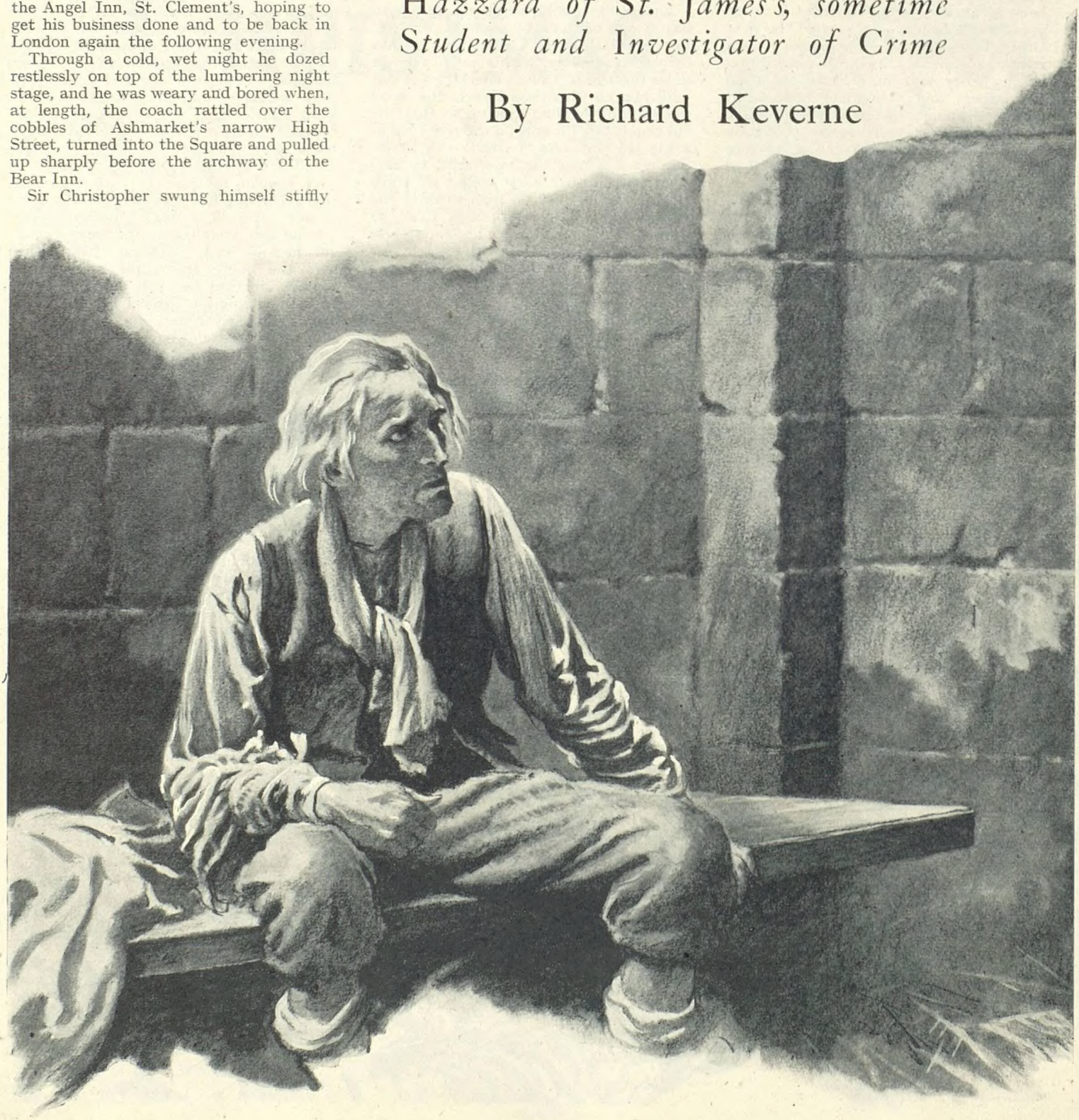
"Shot him dead he did, not two mile outside the town—Sammy Chale, he caught 'un, him and Mr. Bond from the 'Wagon'—gentleman posting from Portsmouth, so it's said . . ."

Sir Christopher turned to the inn boots who was waiting to receive his baggage from the coach.

"Some trouble here?" he queried casually.

Boots was eager to talk.

"Aye, indeed, there have been, sir. One of our chaises stopped close by Squire Easton's lodge gate, not two mile outside the town, just after midnight. Gentleman shot dead, and Sammy Chale



the post-boy lucky to be alive himself."

"Indeed. And have they taken the rogue?"

"Red handed, as you might say, sir. Within ten minutes of his bloody murder. Sammy were too clever for 'un, he's sharp is Sammy Chale. Slipped off his horse when the robber stopped him and ran for help." Sir Christopher smiled dryly. "Come upon Mr. Bond from the 'Wagon' at Dean riding up the road and told him, and they goes back and finds the robber. Mr. Bond claps a pistol to his head and takes him."

"Ah well; he's not likely to molest honest travellers on the road again," Sir Christopher commented casually.

"That he won't, sir. He'll swing. And good riddance to all such murdering scoundrels, say I." Boots busied himself with the luggage, now deposited on the cobbles, and Sir Christopher took a pace or two towards a sly-eyed little fellow in a yellow-sleeved waistcoat who, surrounded by a curious knot of listeners, was shouting his story to the coachman of the stage.

Sir Christopher regarded Sammy Chale with interest. The man was more than half-drunk and his story had already grown in oft telling to one or two, or maybe three, highway robbers whom he had bested; to shots fired that had missed him by a hair's breadth; to a mighty struggle that he had made in overpowering the villain.

The coachman laughed good humouredly and chaffed the little man.

"Reckon I'd better take you with me, Sammy, case they other rogues be waiting for me down the road," he said.

The post-boy protested his story the louder and Sir Christopher, mildly amused, made his way to the inn door.

To Kit Hazzard all crime was interesting. He had made it his study for many years and his own curious methods of detection had met with amazing success. It was his sport, as he often said, to hunt the criminal as others hunted the fox. He pitted his own brains and observation against the cunning of the malefactor and beat him more often than not. But this seemed no case to exercise his ingenuity. A straightforward and all too common robbery with violence on the highway with but one unusual fact about it—that the robber had already been taken.

He put the incident from his mind and gave his attention to a change of attire and to breakfast, which he badly needed, and to the affairs that had brought him to Ashmarket. Nor might he have given it more than a further passing thought but for Mr. Amble, the attorney.

"MY name is Christopher Hazzard, and what I want of you now is to hear exactly what happened last night"

SIR CHRISTOPHER had sent a note to Mr. Amble immediately upon his arrival, announcing his unexpected visit. The lawyer appeared in person while he still sat at breakfast. Sir Christopher greeted him with surprise.

"I had not meant to bring you out so early, Mr. Amble," he said courteously. "I have dallied so long over my affairs already that they might well have waited another hour or so."

Mr. Amble raised a plump, deprecating hand.

"No, Sir Christopher, I cannot claim it's your affairs that bring me here so early," he said. "'Tis a far less agreeable matter, that roused me from my bed two hours since."

"Indeed?" Sir Christopher regarding the usually correct and dapper attorney realised that he had the air of one who had dressed hurriedly. His old-fashioned wig was awry and his cravat carelessly tied.

Mr. Amble nodded.

"A most unwelcome and strange matter, Sir Christopher," he continued. "A matter of robbery and murder on the highway."

"Oh? I heard some talk of a robbery and a man shot dead when I arrived," Sir Christopher said. "But I hear they've taken the rogue."

"That is so, sir; but there are some curious points about the affair. For example, here is a robbery that if I may so put it, was no robbery. Over two hundred guineas were found upon the unhappy victim, aye and thirteen more in his purse. It was to place this considerable sum in my safe keeping, that my good client Mr. Charles Easton aroused me from my sleep this morning. Mr. Easton is a Justice, sir, before whom

the rogue was taken and the outrage took place close by his own lodge gates at Dean Grange. Mr. Easton came to me for a dual reason, the one I have stated and because, as perhaps you will recall, I have the honour to be His Majesty's coroner for this Liberty and upon me falls the duty of determining the facts of the unhappy man's death."

Mr. Amble spoke with conscious pride.

"I recall your important office, Mr. Amble," Sir Christopher responded with becoming gravity, though in fact he was not at all sure that he did. "May I offer you some refreshment. A glass of wine——"

"No, I thank you, Sir Christopher. A cup of coffee perhaps, for in truth I have not yet breakfasted."

"Then you shall join me, Mr. Amble." Sir Christopher rose to summon a waiter, adding as he resumed his seat: "Tell me more of this affair. Who was the victim who travelled so well provided with guineas?"

"There, sir, is one of the curious facts of the case. You may take my information as accurate for I have it from Mr. Easton's own lips. There is nothing on his body to say who he was, or what his business. No document, no scrap of paper, nothing."

"Curious. Very curious. What of the rogue who shot him?"

"A notoriously bad character. A man named Jem Vaughan. A poaching, smuggling rogue who hails from a neighbouring village. A man who has often seen the inside of a jail."

"Ah! I know the type. Yet in my experience one more given to petty robbery than to stopping a chaise on the highway."

"I would not offer an opinion, sir," Mr. Amble said politely.

"Yet a poor robber, I think you'll concede, Mr. Amble, to miss so rich a booty as two hundred guineas." Sir Christopher said with a smile. "How came that about? Was the fellow disturbed?"

Mr. Amble frowned perplexedly.

"There, sir, is another most confusing point. Disturbed, yes, when he was taken; but no, in that he had, as the evidence holds, fully ten minutes in which to carry out his designs. Aye and more, sir, the body had been searched, the clothes were in disarray——"

"And was nothing found on this man Vaughan to show what he was seeking?" Sir Christopher asked with a suddenly aroused interest.

"Nothing. The mere trivial articles that one would look to find upon such a person. A few shillings, but, sir, a brace of pistols, both discharged, and powder flask and bullets."

Sir Christopher sipped his coffee in silence for some moments.

"And yet he shot the man—that's curious. Was there any sign that the unhappy man had resisted?"

"None, sir, according to my information."

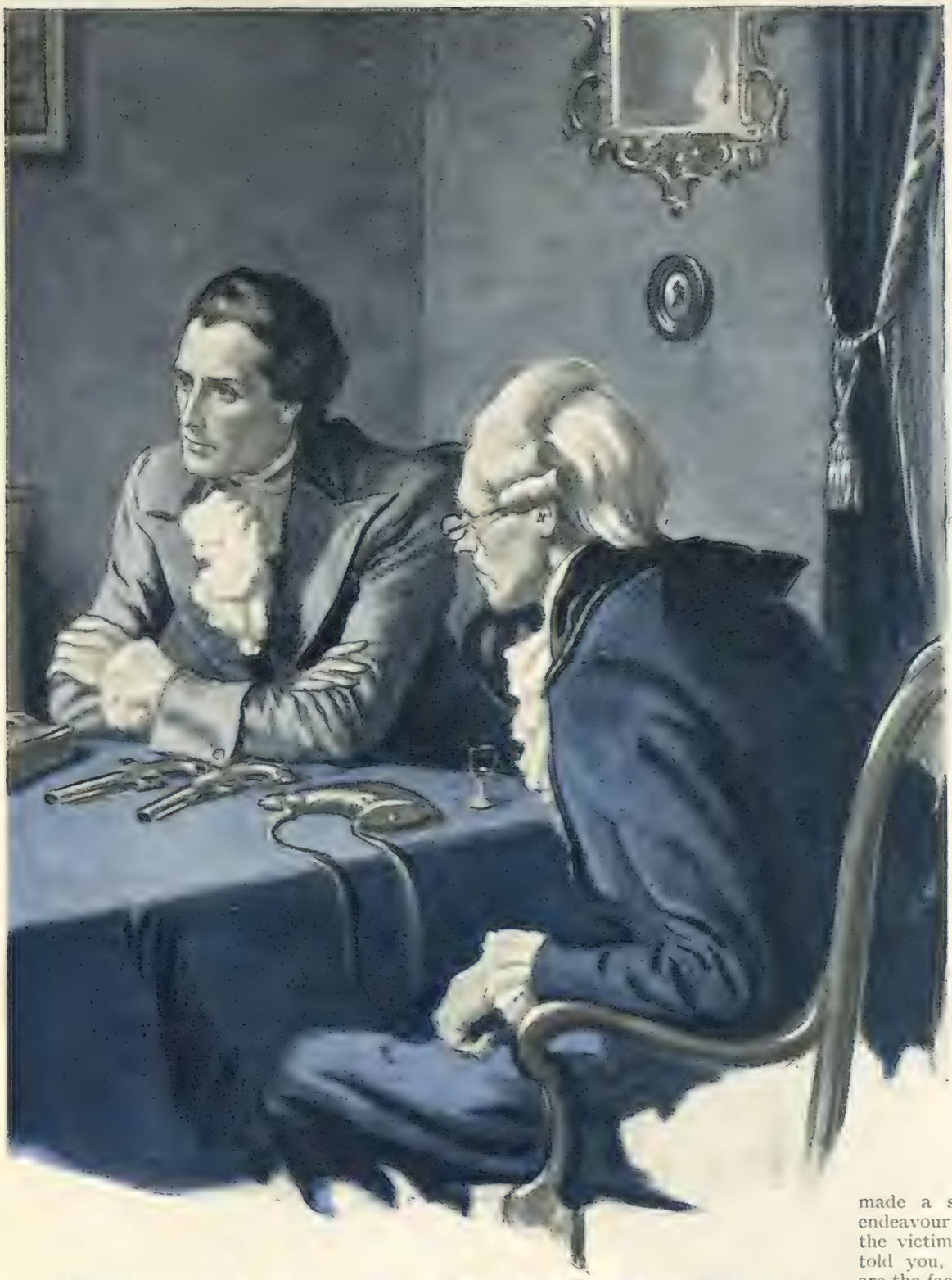
"Tell me a little more about this, Mr. Amble," Sir Christopher said, pushing back his chair. "As you know, an unusual crime has a deep interest for me, and this is both a curious and a stupid one on the face of it. Start from the beginning, Mr. Amble, and give me your facts with a lawyer's precision."

Mr. Amble cleared his throat and began in a dry, expressionless voice, "As I know the facts, Sir Christopher, they are these."

Sir Christopher had taken a stout memoranda book from his pocket and prepared to make notes. He used the art of stenography or short writing as it was known, and wrote rapidly as the lawyer continued.

"Shortly before midnight last, this unfortunate traveller arrived at his inn in a chaise from the 'George' at Portsmouth. He was posting in haste to London. He is described as having the appearance of a seafaring man. Here he was to change chaises. He waited some quarter of an hour for refreshment, then proceeded on his way in a chaise from this house, Samuel Chale post-boy. Some quarter of an hour later, close by the lodge gates of Dean Grange my good client's house,

MR. EASTON took the misshapen piece of lead and examined it with fascinated interest. "You mean to tell us that that's what took the man's life?" he asked sceptically



Illustrated by W. Smithson-Broadhead

some two miles on the road, the chaise was stopped, by, as Chale reports, an armed man who leapt from the darkness and seized the horses' heads."

"And following the custom of post-boys, Chale ran away, I take it," Sir Christopher put in.

Mr. Amble smiled frostily.

"His story is that he slid from his horse and ran for help to the Wagon Inn, a humble place, some quarter of a mile distant."

"Why didn't he go to Mr. Easton's lodge?" Sir Christopher asked, as it seemed, of the air.

"A point to be determined," Mr. Amble conceded. "But his story is that as he approached the 'Wagon' he met Silas Bond the landlord riding home from Ashmarket. He told Bond what had happened and together they returned to the chaise. There they surprised the man by the door. He took alarm. There was an exchange of shots but Bond hit his man and between them he and Chale secured him."

"Eh? Shot him, did he?" Sir Christopher commented.

"A trivial wound I am assured. But sufficient to check the rogue."

"I see. Pray continue, Mr. Amble."

The little lawyer proceeded deliberately.

"Now, sir: Chale states that he flung open the door of the chaise and found the passenger shot dead. Bond corroborates. Chale then went to the lodge and roused the keeper Fratton whom he sent for Giles Pedder the parish constable, returning to the chaise to assist Bond with his prisoner. When the constable arrived he at once took Vaughan into custody, intending to secure him for the night and bring him before a Justice in the morning."

"Yes. Yes," Sir Christopher said raising his eyes from his book.

"But, sir," Mr. Amble continued, "Mr. Easton, who is a Justice had heard the shooting and had sent down to the lodge to inquire what was the cause. On learning from Fratton's wife what had occurred, he himself came down, arriving just after the constable came. So Vaughan was at once taken to the house, brought before him and committed to jail. Meanwhile, Mr. Easton, a most humane and conscientious gentleman, had sent Fratton on one of the post horses for Mr. Ives the Ashmarket surgeon, hoping that even then there might be some chance of saving the unfortunate victim's life. But alas! Mr. Easton's hopes were unfounded. Mr. Ives stated that the gentleman must have died almost at once."

"A very proper action of Mr. Easton's," Sir Christopher said. "Dead or alive, a surgeon should always be called in such circumstances. Believe me, Mr. Amble, fewer rogues would go unpunished were that the law of the land."

"I dare say, Sir Christopher," Mr. Amble replied without much conviction. "But it was fortunate in this case, for in the course of his examination Mr. Ives discovered the guineas in a belt round the dead man's waist and at Mr. Easton's request made a search of the clothes in an endeavour to establish the identity of the victim. A search which, as I have told you, proved fruitless. Those, sir, are the facts as I know them."

"Thank you, Mr. Amble," Sir Christopher added a note or two in his book. "Now what of this fellow Vaughan? Protested his innocence, of course?"

"As you say, sir. And impudently. Professed some cock and bull story about walking along the road and seeing an abandoned chaise and going to find out what was amiss with it. Then as he says, Bond and Chale fell upon him and he fired in self-defence."

"Well, why not?" Sir Christopher asked suddenly. "It sounds a plausible story to me."

"Plausible, sir!" Mr. Amble seemed shocked. "Plausible, maybe, had he not been found where he was found with his pistol discharged and a ball in a man's heart close by him. No, Sir Christopher, Vaughan killed that man, but why? is the question I ask myself. It is my belief that there were (*Continued on page 74*)

Even with the shortage of coloured paper, tinsel and Christmas fal-lals you can still make your rooms look gay and cheerful this year. Use up any hang-overs from last year's decorations. Paint holly leaves and twigs silver or gold. Brightly varnish nuts and pinecones, using up old nail polish. Press into service all the bright ends of ribbon, fabric and wool which litter the work basket. Sew coarsely together and make a coloured kaleidoscopic plait for festooning pictures and mantels. Use your ingenuity and imagination. For the Christmas tree tie gifts in newspaper, splashily painted in vivid colours (as in picture on facing page).

The photograph above is mainly atmospheric, an enchanting example of what can be made out of nothing by clever fingers. The whole scene was devised from cardboard, paint, bits of silk, plush, lace, tinsel, cotton wool, odds and ends of last year's decoration left-overs. First the background was roughly drawn, then made realistic with gold and white paper (for the walls) from a chocolate box. The fireplace was drawn in, but all the other objects were made out of cardboard, covered or painted, then carefully stuck upon the background. A piece of lace makes the tablecloth. A doll's pewter tea service is attached to it. The chairs have red plush seats, the carpet is red felt, the mirror, chandelier, candles were taken from a doll's house.

What Are You Doing For Christmas?

At the end of a year when, for almost every one of us, danger has become a commonplace; when holidays have ranked as just something we used to take for granted; and when we are learning to live triumphantly without many things that we used to consider indispensable, Christmas comes again, with all its old nostalgic memories, its traditional sentiment, its family significance. This year reunions will be difficult. It will be very literally a make-believe Christmas, but at least it must remain what it has always been, a link with the past, and a source of strength for the future.

If you are lucky you will probably be going away. Your choice of a venue that will be acceptable to everybody is at once narrowed and considerably simplified, for any place where you will be able to enjoy long, quiet nights, undisturbed by sirens and gunfire, will seem like heaven. But you had better be quick about booking accommodation, and even now you would do well to make up your mind not to be discouraged if you meet with disappointments.

You can always find some place if your ideas are not too conventional. Almost certainly, at this moment, sleep seems the most important thing in the world to you—but remember that once real fatigue is banished, you need stimulation as well as relaxation.

Meeting new people and having a little fun will make you feel a different, and a far more vital, being. Even if in the ordinary way you are not tremendously keen on parties, try to let yourself go. Be foolish for just once in a while if you feel like it. It can wonderfully restore the fine balance of overstrained nerves.

If you have children you will have to make it as normal a Christmas as possible for their sakes—but it will take all your ingenuity. Do not have unwieldy parties, but give small ones in the daytime, and be sure that you have enough grown-ups to control the children should any emergency arise.

If you have not saved last year's decorations, get all the berries and ribbons you can, for children love brightness and light. Think out plenty of exciting games. Get in an entertainer if you like, for there will be plenty who will be grateful for a job. Rely on coloured jelly trimmings to hide the shortage of sugar icing. And do not let the party go on too long. Most children get over-tired easily these days.

If you are tied by family considerations or force of circumstances, just please yourself what you do. For years past lots of people have been saying that they hate Christmas, and that they cannot imagine why people without children keep it up. Most of them do not mean it, but if you are one of those who really feel that way, now is your chance to break with tradition.

Just let the whole thing slide and settle down to enjoy quietly any extra leisure that comes your way. Anyhow, it is going to be hard to be gay if you have nobody but the people with whom you are living all the time to liven your mood. But make up your mind not to indulge in an attack of self-pity half-way through the holiday. It is bound to be lying in wait for you.

If you are alone make a fuss of yourself. Buy yourself some little luxuries. Indulge your whims. Spoil yourself in a big way, and instead of feeling guilty, revel in it. With only yourself to consider you will probably be able to get away, but whether or not that is possible, rest all you can, get lots of exercise, and catch up on the beauty routine that you have almost certainly neglected during the last few months. It is always hard to be on the outside when other people are wrapped up in their own affairs, and in wartime it is especially bad. But at least it is less usual. And you have always the consolation of remembering that it is much more pleasant to be alone than to be with people you do not like.

If you are in the thick of it and there is no chance of any respite, make the most of snatched moments. Just for a day or two do not worry too much about loss of sleep. Concentrate instead on getting a little enjoyment. Do not be put off because of difficulties or because you have so little time—but if you go away from home, even for a short distance, make sure that you can get back.

Organise shelter celebrations, and throw a communal party. Maybe the guests are not exactly the ones you would have chosen a year ago, but by now you can probably make friends with anybody. Borrow a gramophone, lay in a bottle or two, fill your Thermos flask with soup and swop the usual turkey for a veal and ham pie, play cards or any exciting round games. Since people cannot go home it might be wise to fix a time limit. Nothing is so disappointing as the aftermath of a good party that has dragged to a weary close.

If you have a house away from it all, or even on the edge of things, be (Continued on page 68)

ACROSS his knees lay young Sam, his son, all that life meant to him, who smiled up into his face and then died

Trawler Men

HERE and there among the sullen grey seas the greasy smoke and tanned mizzen sails of the trawler fleet leaped and subsided. A dot on the landward horizon was the lightship.

Sam Porret leaned on the rail outside his tiny wheelhouse and judged it was time to haul the trawl. He was about to tell the mate to do so, when a faint hum in the eastward sky gained volume rapidly, and his crew popped out of their corners like rabbits from their burrows. Air raids were no new story to them, yet they greeted each one with fresh interest, curiosity.

"Here comes them bloody baby butchers!" yelled the cook, and ducked into his galley.

Three specks grew to three bombing planes against the bleak sky. The fleet of fishermen cut trawl and scattered.

Sam watched intently. He was no hero, but a fisherman who took his humble job seriously, made his trips, and never took in a poor haul if patience would ensure a good one. He had been bombed from the air by enemy planes often enough to regard such things as more or less part of the day's work; but still there was no bravado in his waiting for the set moment to order the winches started and the catch to be taken on board. If those planes turned towards him, he would order the gear cut adrift as smartly as any man—but, until it happened, he watched his son, young Sam, quietly adjusting some of the gear in readiness for hauling. Young Sam was the apple of his father's eye; twenty, straight and strong, a good-looking lad with proper sea sense and land sense besides, fit to face a future which would be better when this queer war was over. Had a nice girl, too, who would make a home for him as soon as he reached twenty-one and got a ship of his own. That was a pleasant thought for Skipper Sam, whose own home had never been more than a house since Betsy died in giving him a son. The father's entire interest in life was bound up in the son, and no two men had ever been closer in spirit.

"Look at that! They've found a new dirty trick, dad!"

Sam looked where his son pointed. A trawler was sinking far off, and the two little specks which were her boats were midway between her and the distant lightship. A fisherman got to expect simple fishing smacks to be bombed and sunk, her men machine gunned in the boats or in the water—it made no difference to the madmen flying the murder planes—but this was something never before attempted, a crime against all the traditions of the sea. The planes were leaving the fishermen for a moment; they were diving down upon the lightship.

"The swine!" muttered Sam.

"Ought to give us guns!" said his smart young mate, who had stepped up beside him. "Look at that!"

Bravery is Sometimes Unobtrusive in the Heroes of the Little Ships

By "Sinbad"

A burst of flame and smoke rose from the lightship, and another. Through the glasses Sam saw the amazed crew hurriedly clearing away their boat, taken utterly by surprise by such an undreamed attack. Then slowly the lightship sank, swiftly one of the planes swept over her boat with crackle of bullets; Sam was so intent that he forgot to keep an eye upon the other planes, until a dull roar and a geyser of water not fifty yards away warned him of the more imminent attack.

"Cut the warp! Let that trawl go!" he shouted, and rang to the engine room to stand by. The mate leaped from the bridge.

Now bullets were spattering the decks, a drum of petrol exploded, blocking the galley door; men who started to cut the warp hesitated, ducking the leaden hail. Only one man went on: young Sam, as cool as if bullets were no more than rain, swung his axe, the warp parted, the trawler went ahead and began to turn, when the plane spewed a hell of lead all along the deck, and let fall a bomb which took off the ship's bows like a knife.

Sam only knew that it ought to have been the mate who cut the warp—that young Sam had done it—then he was in the water, the trawler gone like a bottomless bucket. He was dazed for a while, then he was in his small boat, sitting in the stern sheets, knowing or caring nothing about the parting hail of machine gun bullets from the jubilant airmen's rear gun.

Across his knees lay young Sam, his son, all that life meant to him, who smiled up into his face and died.

A bitterness surged over him at the thought that had Ted Baird, the mate, been on the job young Sam would be living. But then the bitterness passed, because Ted Baird was not in the boat, and it was not the trawlerman's way to say or think evil of the dead.

Seaward other trawlers scattered under the strafing of raiders scurrying for home before the advancing fighter planes; but

"TAKES a bit of getting used to, Sam, but we all have to remember we're at war and under that white ensign now"

Sam Porret sat gazing sombrely ahead and gave no thought to either. Day faded, and night came down; but where the friendly lightship should have winked its guiding eye black darkness lay over the sea. Somewhere in the darkness the fishermen in the small boat heard a destroyer roar by, her swift progress drowning their shouts for help.

Dawn broke, men changed places at the oars, the boat held a course by stars and dawnlight; then a patrol plane sighted it, radioed the position, and before noon a minesweeper picked up the crew, and landed them in their home port.

Many of the trawlermen were away to sea again within twenty-four hours, others declared their intention of joining up with the navy to get a bit of their own back from the enemy. Sam was still dazed as he made arrangements for young Sam's funeral; but people were helpful, knowing his lonely state, and most helpful of them all was Nan, Ted Baird's young wife.

"You got troubles enough o' your own, missus," Sam growled.

"Not too many to lend a hand, Sam," the girl smiled bleakly. "I won't believe Ted's gone until I feel it—and I don't feel it yet. Go out and talk to men. Leave the boy to me."

So Nan Baird, who was soon to bring into the world Ted's child who might never know a father, prepared young Sam for burial and never let anybody see the pain in her eyes—least of all old Sam.

AFTER the burial, Sam made inquiries about the section of the Naval Reserve especially asking for trawlermen. There were armed trawlers, minesweepers, patrol vessels, all needing the older men of the fishing fleet; and for the youngsters there was the proper navy. Many of Sam's old shipmates had already belonged to the reserve, and most of these were doing their bit behind guns afloat; the sweeper that picked up Sam's boat was almost entirely manned by such men. Of course, the skipper was usually either a reserve man of long service or a pukka navy man of junior rank, but Sam believed that any trawlerman sound in wind and limb who was actively employed as skipper would be eagerly snapped up and given an armed vessel to command.

He went away to the naval base and joined up.

"You'll be detailed to gunnery school, Porret, then to a mine-sweeping course. Ought to be at sea again in a month," the young officer told him. "Lot of men from your home port. Like to get a ship with old shipmates, eh?"

"'S long 's I get a ship with a gun, the mates don't matter!" Sam answered. The war was his personal quarrel from now on.

He went to school, not like an eager boy, but like a man with a far-off view of something only to be attained by travail and sweat, who very reluctantly accepted the assurance of a teacher making funny signs on a blackboard that the travail and sweat would be halved by understanding his teachings. Shrewd, as a good trawlerman must be, Sam grasped the things he was shown and held on to what he learned. He already possessed most of the knowledge necessary to mine-sweeping, for he had towed a trawl over

Illustrated by Edward Osmond

many thousands of miles of sea bed; when they let him into the secrets of a modern gun, he discovered unexpected magic in his sight and touch which made gunnery simple. He was the oldest man in his class; he passed out among the first batch for sea.

He was given joining leave, and visited young Sam's grave. He was shy of being seen carrying a bunch of flowers to place there, but he needn't have been for the grave was neat and tended, flowering plants had been set around it and were already bursting into bud. He laid his offering on the turf and went to find a lodging for the period of leave, since he gave up the rooms he had shared with his boy when he left to join up. On the way he called to thank Nan Baird, knowing nobody else who could have shown solicitude over that grave.

"Why, Sam!" she cried, and confused him with the warmth of her welcome. He had expected to find her fading with grief, for it was six weeks since the trawler was sunk. Her eyes were shining, and she was vibrant with life, though heavy with life yet unborn. "We were only talking about you yesterday. You knew Ted was picked up, didn't you? Landed two days after you went away. Look——" She ran and lifted a framed picture from the mantel. It was Ted Baird, smart and smiling in his naval uniform. "He went up two weeks ago, had his leave, and left yesterday for the depot. Come in, do, and have a cup o' tea, Sam."

Sam fumbled with his cap—in consideration of his long experience trawling they had given him a petty officer's rating—and sat uneasily on the edge of a chair while the girl rattled about and chattered on:

"Ted's lucky, isn't he, being in the reserve so long? He didn't have to do so much training." She set tea and buttered bread before him, and sat down. She tried to look into his eyes, but his gaze was lowered. "Ted felt badly about your Sam," she said gently. "He told me as we were planting those flowers that if he had been handy to cut the warp your boy wouldn't have——"

"Where was he?" demanded old Sam, abruptly meeting her eye. "That's what I've wanted to know ever since——"

Sam stopped, his lips grimly taut. The girl's bright eyes clouded at his expression, and she breathed, almost in an inaudible whisper: "If Ted had gone to cut that warp, I'd be——"

"Yes, ma'am. You'd be a widder afore youm a mother," Sam said gravely. "Forget it, my dear. Ted's safe, you're happy, and nawthin' can hurt my boy no more. I ain't the only father who'll lose a son afore this bloody war's over. Thankee for the tay. Hope yer Ted'll git plenty o' luck, and the leetle fella be as lucky when he's born."

Impulsively the girl took old Sam's face between her hands and kissed him. Then, laughing shakily, she handed him his new uniform cap, peeping inside the rim as she did so.

"Luck to you too, Sam. Come back safe, and hurry up and get promotion. Ted's been given warrant rank in the navy, 'count of his long time in the reserve. He said you ought to have joined years ago just to be ready for this."

"I been skipper o' trawlers, ain't I?" grunted Sam. "He ain't never skippered nawthin'. Anyhow, mistress, best o' luck to you and all o' yours. You been nice to me."

When his leave was up, Sam Porret reported at the patrol base, and found himself among old buddies of the trawler fleet. Being an old fisherman it made him snort to see so many whom he had regarded as youngsters wearing the uniform of higher rank than elderly men who had skippered trawlers like himself. But he knew that when his number was called to join a ship it would be as skipper, nothing less. He saw Ted Baird, at a distance, entering another office, looking smart as paint with his golden oak-leaf cap badge and his twisty gold sleeve bands. Well, gold was pretty, but gingerbread never made a sailor if the salt wasn't in his veins.

Then his turn came to stand at the table where vessels were manned. He and fifteen other men answered to the muster call, and stood waiting for their skipper. They were appointed to the patrol leader of six armed trawlers, the whole commanded by a lieutenant-commander of the regular navy; most of the seaman branch of the little crew had some notion regarding the routine of these ships, knew there would be a skipper of the trawler besides the patrol commander—the small warship was in a way the flagship of the patrol—and with five of the eight seamen of the crew old trawler skippers, there was a buzz of conjecture. Sam Porret scarcely bothered to conjecture; he growled and seethed with resentment.

The little crowd moved towards the door, where against the bright sunlight stood silhouetted a uniformed figure calling them by name. Sam's name was called first—he was to go as mate. He stepped outside, clumsily saluted, as he had learned reluctantly to do, and met his skipper.

"Well, Sam, we're shipmates again," smiled Skipper Baird. "We shan't be caught defenceless this time."

Sam jerked out his habitual slouch, his brows puckered.

"Be I to goo mate with the likes o' you?" he stuttered. "How come you be my skipper——" Sam choked, then it came with a rush: "Who's a-gooin' to cut warp for 'ee this trip?"

Men sniggered, but straightened their faces when the skipper glared. Baird's face went white. Sam muttered, remembering a grave and planted flowers: "Didn't ought to ha' said that, Ted. Let's git aboard." (*Continued on page* 68)

"YES, ma'am. You'd be a widder afore youm a mother," Sam said gravely. "Forget it, my dear. Ted's safe, you're happy, and nawthin' can hurt my boy no more"

John Churchill, first Duke of Marlborough. He became a Lieutenant-Colonel at twenty-five, a Colonel at twenty-eight, and a Major-General at thirty-eight. In 1702 he was appointed Captain-General of the English troops both at home and abroad, and Master-General of the Ordnance, and was also created Duke of Marlborough

John Churchill, son of a Cavalier loyalist, Winston Churchill, was born at Ashe in Devonshire on June 24, 1650. His schooling was rather scamped, and, although he never shone as a scholar, he had a vivid command of the English language. He was a precocious youth, and made his name known to the public while still in the early twenties. He had a driving ambition. He had a frank and instinctive liking for battles and fighting and victories. His urbanity was remarkable, and survived the rigours of a political life of unusual ups and downs. He lived to see himself praised to the skies at one moment and damned to the depths at the next. He was an affectionate father and a devoted husband. He sought adventure and power; and both came to him in full measure. The parallel between the two Churchills

The Man Who

Marlborough and his staff at the Battle of Blenheim. The result of this battle was conclusive and was one of the duke's greatest victories

Sarah Jennings, who became the wife of John Churchill. He married her in 1678. She was a proud and turbulent creature, and was the official companion of Princess Anne, who was one day to be queen

THE Canadian sergeant wanted to know who was the guy on the top of the pillar. I looked across the tree-tops at the toga-clad figure and said: "His father was Winston Churchill." The Canadian said reproachfully: "Oh yeah?" and looked even harder at the tall column rising so incongruously through the brown and scarlet foliage. In a few minutes we were in Woodstock village, where the Canadian said that his army would have to wait a bit until he had tasted the beer at the "Marlborough Arms." After which the Canadian asked a man if he knew the time, and the man said that he ought to, as he had just finished winding one hundred and thirty clocks at Blenheim Palace. We walked into the palace park, across the majestic bridge and up to the top of the slope. There stood the monument commemorating in flamboyant language the heroic exploits of John Churchill, first Duke of Marlborough.

The Canadian sergeant spent ten minutes deciphering the brave legend around the monument's base.

"He certainly won a darn lot of battles," he said. "I wonder what sort of a guy he really was?"

What sort of a guy was Marlborough? What was there in the character of John Churchill of the eighteenth century that has so inspired Winston Churchill in the twentieth? Why is "Corporal John" the hero of all heroes to our Prime Minister to-day, who has written a biography of his famous ancestor? is, to this point, remarkable. Winston's intense dislike of school, his early South African exploits, and his precocious political debut seem all part of the same picture.

Both men started their careers in a privileged way. Winston was the son of Lord Randolph Churchill, while John was a sharer in his father's reward for loyalty at the Restoration. So anxious was his parent to make hay again while the royal sun shone that he even whisked young John away from school into a post as page-of-honour with the Duke of York, the king's brother; while the duke's moonsick attachment to his sister, Arabella Churchill, also helped to further the advancement of the ambitious boy. He had excellent manners and a handsome bearing. A present from the Duchess of Cleveland (one of Charles's mistresses) of £5,000 is believed to have been connected with a certain exploit of jumping out of a window at a moment when remaining in the room would have proved embarrassing to the duchess. It was a hedonistic era, an age of polished courtiers, and both nimble wit and wits. John, prudently buying an annuity with the £5,000, sank himself into court life just long enough to get a commission in the King's Company of the Grenadier Guards and be sent to Tangier on the expedition which caused Mr. Pepys such concern.

Oliver Cromwell had instilled discipline and decency into the British Army. But by the time that young John Churchill

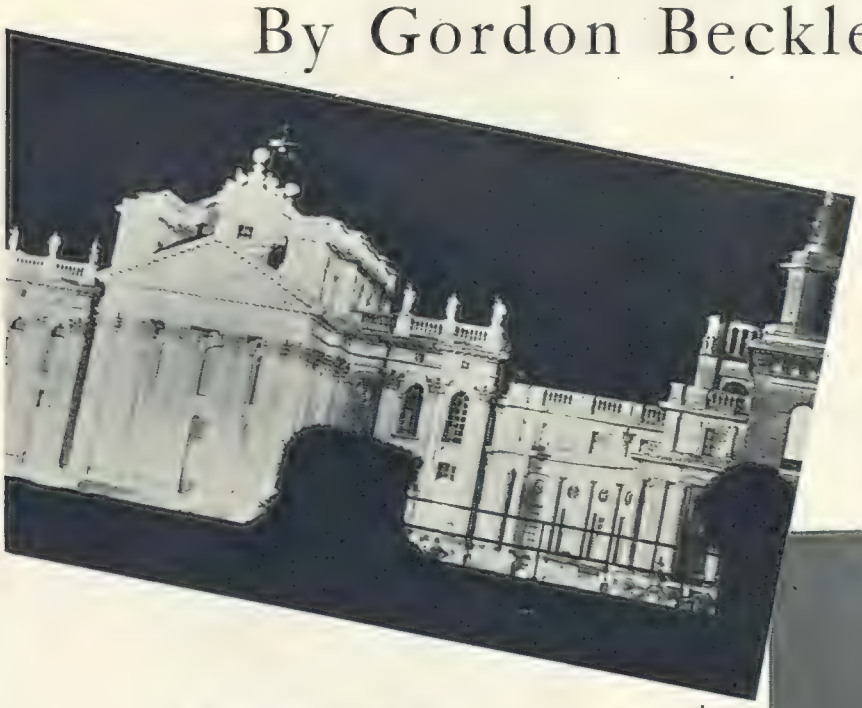
had his commission the army was back again to its old corrupt state. He was lucky in that his first real taste of action was under the orders of the very men whom he was destined to spend so much of his life in fighting. In 1672 Churchill was sent to Holland as part of the small army which Charles II was obliged to put at the disposal of Louis XIV. The Continent was then rapidly coming under the "New Order" control of that monarch, while Spain stood on the brink as France herself stands to-day, a disunited country threatened with eclipse as a first-class power.

JOHN CHURCHILL served his military apprenticeship under Turenne, one of the ablest strategists of the day. He was given, while actually serving in the French Army, an admirable insight into the French military mind. France was then what Germany was to become two centuries later; the owner of the world's finest military machine. And what did Churchill find?

Rode *the* Continent

Marlborough the Greatest of the Churchills

By Gordon Beckles



A floodlit view of Blenheim Palace. Queen Anne instructed Sir John Vanburgh to build this palace for the duke at the royal expense, and £240,000 of public money was spent on the buildings

He found the French in much the same military state of mind in which they were when the Maginot Line was adopted. The French loved wars of sieges. They trained, and gave extra pay to special siege troops. It pleased Versailles to conduct its wars in a leisurely and picturesque manner, to pose on the battlefield to the court painters of the day. "The French, with all their brilliant military instincts," wrote the Hon. John Fortescue, "are a pedantic nation, and in 1700 uninterrupted victory and native conceit had brought this pedantry to a very dangerous height." In short, therefore, the French were sold on the principle of fortified lines.

John Churchill became a lieutenant-colonel at twenty-five, a colonel at twenty-eight and a major-general at thirty-eight. He was brought even closer into court circles when in 1678 he married Sarah Jennings, a proud and turbulent creature who was the official companion of the Princess Anne, one day to be queen. Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, was one of the most annoying women in English history; yet Churchill loved her loyally all his life. Ambitious as he was for money, he yet chose proud Sarah when many richer girls were there to whom he might have given his name. Presently, gay and corruptible Charles II died, and James II came to the throne with his ideal of a Roman Catholic army in Britain, which ideal he carried to such limits that when William of Orange landed (by invitation) at Torbay all the Protestant officers—Churchill among them—deserted. There followed for the future duke years of mixed delights, disappointments for the Churchill who was already an earl. Campaigns in the Low Countries, when he commanded with two Dutch deputies by his side, men with much the same status as the political commissars of the Red Army to-day, without whose sanction no orders could be given. There were repressive campaigns in Ireland, and the Battle of Sedgemoor. There was the almost inevitable (at that time) period of disgrace, when the future owner of Blenheim Palace found himself locked up in the Tower of London, a fate which the Nazis have so often reserved for his present-day descendant. Churchill was accused of complicity in Jacobite plots, but managed to weather the storm. Most public figures had to undergo the Gestapo-like inquisitions attendant upon the Jacobite scares at this period in English history.

Finally, in 1702, William of Orange died and Queen Anne—the bosom friend of Sarah Churchill—came to the throne. War on a really splendid scale broke out. This was what Marlborough had been slowly training for during thirty chequered years. England, Holland and Austria were to lead a group of German princes into one Grand Alliance against Louis XIV of France and the Electors of Bavaria and Cologne. Was Marlborough already feathering his nest? Or making plans to do so? Perhaps he was. Greed and lack of financial scruple was always the point made by his critics. But Churchill lived in a *L'état, c'est moi* period. It was one of his perks to feather his nest.

He was a popular general. Just why he was popular it is difficult to say; popularity has a way of defying concise analysis. Why was Lord Roberts popular with his men? Or Plumer? Or Gough? Why were other generals of the last war distinctly unpopular? One certain thing: Churchill was always concerned with the welfare of his men when they were not actually fighting. His army of ruffians, adventurers and mercenaries was unique in that it paid for itself (even with stolen money) as it went along, and was not dependent upon common looting for its subsistence. Perhaps it was the essentially human part of the man that (*Continued on page* 60)

The Prime Minister, the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill, M.P. Marlborough is the hero of all heroes to him to-day

ONLY

Stories of To-day, as not so long Fame came

By

Margaret

1. *Marlene Dietrich, escorted by the famous author, Erich Maria Remarque, greets Spencer Tracy at Ciro's, a Hollywood night club.*
2. *Tyrone Power once had the job as "Larker" in a side show at the great Chicago Fair. Managed to save enough money to take himself to New York, where he proceeded to become famous.*
3. *Don Ameche played the part of the district attorney in a sketch which toured dozens of small towns in the States, earning a few dollars a week.*
4. *Gary Cooper once decided when playing in "Beau Sabreur" to give up film work when the picture was finished as he was sure he would never make a film star.*
5. *Jeanette MacDonald once was determined to succeed as a dancer as she did not think her singing would get her anywhere.*
6. *Robert Taylor was given his chance to become a star through the persistence of a girl secretary who insisted on her chief to look at a test Robert Taylor had made just previously.*

ONLY yesterday—a hot, sunny yesterday, with the usual mob of players, extras, and technicians parading along the roads inside Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, and Clark Gable running like a hunted fugitive along those same roads, clad in nothing but a scanty loin cloth, his body painted jet black, and a large crimson rose clutched in his right hand. . . .

Only yesterday—and Jeanette MacDonald, kicking up her heels in the chorus of a New York musical comedy, managed to kick one shoe right off and sent it flying across the footlights to land—wham!—neatly in the lap of the French nobleman who was at that time the husband of Gloria Swanson, the then most famous of top-notch stars, feminine gender. . . .

Only yesterday—and Greta Garbo occupied a ringside table at a big dance given by the now extinct Sixty Club, escorted by the late John Gilbert. She sat there, surrounded by every star in Hollywood, all in gorgeous gowns specially ordered for the big night. But Garbo wore a crumpled evening dress she had borrowed from the studio wardrobe—a garment every woman in the room recognised as having hung from the shoulders of a dozen extra girls, in a dozen film cabaret scenes. . . .

These stories, and several more, make up an article I have wanted to write for a long time; an article for which I have collected notes, under the title "Only Yesterday."

It could also be called "I Knew Them WHEN. . . ."

Here is the story of Clark Gable, his loin cloth, black skin, and crimson rose. The incident occurred when Mr. Gable made his first appearance at the very studio where he was so soon to bound into fame. He had gone to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (by bus, because he did not own a car in those days) at the request of Lionel Barrymore, who was then directing some of the screen's early talkies.

I remember Mr. Barrymore very well, at that time; grey of hair, keen of eye, such a fiend for work that his assistant had to hold a ham sandwich right over the famous Barrymore mouth,

YESTERDAY

the Stars of they were ago, before their way

Chute

7. *Clark Gable once received a summons to attend at M-G-M Studios by Lionel Barrymore, who had not been mistaken in feeling "There's a future star."*
8. *Warner Baxter, who from selling motor cars had gone on the stage and then to silent films. Played the part Raoul Walsh should have played in "The Cisco Kid."*
9. *Bing Crosby was handed an emphatic "bird" when he made his first appearance at Loew's State Theatre, in Los Angeles.*
10. *Alice Faye was sponsored by Rudy Vallee to play the leading lady in a Twentieth Century-Fox film. This started her on the road to fame and stardom.*
11. *Fred Astaire wanted to have the negative of the film "Flying Down to Rio" destroyed, as he thought he was so bad in it.*
12. *Eleanor Powell won her first dancing prize when she out-tapped every Black Bottom competitor at The Silver Slipper Club, in Atlantic City, only a few years back.*

in order to force his chief to swallow a couple of bites during a day that lasted ten hours or more.

Lionel Barrymore has always had an eye and a nose for potential star material, in actors and actresses. He can spot 'em and smell them across yards of stalls. He saw a young actor make a hit in the stage production of *The Last Mile*, and remembered him. He saw the same young actor play another good part in the stage production of *The Copperhead*, in a Los Angeles theatre. Lionel Barrymore himself was the star of that show; and as rehearsals went on he was positive that when he watched Clark Gable as Killer Mears in *The Last Mile* he had not been mistaken in feeling "There goes a future star."

Barrymore talked to young Mr. Gable about screen work. Gable replied that he had tried it, at studio after studio, and had done no good at all. "They just can't see me!" he said, flashing those dimples. "I'll never cut any ice in pictures, believe me."

So little did Lionel Barrymore believe him that Mr. Gable received a curt summons to attend at M-G-M Studios for a test, not many days later. The summons came from Director Lionel Barrymore. Arriving at the studio, Clark Gable gave his name. The gateman consulted a long list, then told Mr. Gable to report to the wardrobe building. At the wardrobe building they thrust at him a scanty leopard-skin loin cloth, a dagger, and a large crimson rose. They told him to keep those "props" and scoot to hell out of there over to the make-up department.

Mr. Gable scooted obediently. Arriving at the make-up rooms he gave his name to the man in charge.

"Strip!" barked the man in charge.

Clark Gable gulped. "What for?" he wanted to know.

"Just strip, buddy, and don't get to asking questions!" was the answer.

As he was a little unwilling to strip some eager hands helped him. Then, before he knew what was what, two men dashed at him with small paint cans fitted with (*Continued on page 84*)

Once One Descends

Anita was a deadly shot—and Private Bounds remembered

By Arthur Mills

PRIVATE BOUNDS leaned against the wall outside his billet adjusting a regimental badge in the side of his cap. He had removed the badge from the cap of a recruit; at the same time exchanging his own battered tin plate, knife, fork, and spoon for the shining new utensils which the rookie had that morning drawn from the quartermaster's stores. "He'll learn," Private Bounds had reflected as he collected the goods, which the rookie had left lying on his bed while he went to the wash-house.

Private Bounds was a squarely built fellow of about thirty-five with sandy hair, thin on the crown, rather washy blue eyes, and hands with broken finger nails into which oil and grime had seeped. His battle dress showed signs of use; his army boots were worn at the heel, the khaki carrier of his gas mask stained, and also the edge of the forage cap into which he was fitting the rookie's badge.

He had just got the badge in place when an officer approached. Cramming the cap on his head Private Bounds brought his heels together and his hand to the salute. As the officer passed on Private Bounds noted the high polish on his belt and buttons and smart brown shoes. "Once one descends!" he reflected, remembering a talk he had had with a girl in Paris. Then his thoughts went to the needs of the moment; it was Wednesday and he had neither cigarettes nor money. As an old soldier he had been put in charge of a room of eight recruits; before they joined up two had been on the dole, one at Oxford; the others were bank clerks,

"BATTLE dress makes a fellow look different. We knew each other in France," Bounds explained to the polite sergeant pilot

farm labourers, shop assistants. In battle dress they all looked alike, and under Private Bounds tuition were learning things. Thus, of an evening there would be a cosy fire in the billet made from coal which the rookies collected from the dump outside the quartermaster's store and brought back wrapped in paper. In the morning every one had a nice cup of tea, the wherewithal being provided out of a threepence a week fund; each day a rookie was told off as room orderly, his duties were to light the fire in the evening and make tea in the morning, taking the first cup to Private Bounds whose bed was by the fire.

The job of looking after the rookies suited Private Bounds. He did not drill with them, but fell in for occasional parades with the trained soldiers; he rarely did a fatigue or guard and was permanently excused physical training on account of a strained muscle in his back.

Every N.C.O. in the battalion, and many of the men, knew that he was an ex-officer. This, together with the fact that he was tidy, as far as the hard wear of battle dress allowed, was smart, and never presumed on his former rank, got him certain small advantages such as being put in charge of a room of recruits, thereby avoiding much irksome drill and routine.

He had not, however, been given a stripe; the reason for this was that the senior N.C.O.s did not like him; they knew he borrowed things including money; they knew he watched and listened to everybody's business; they were also of the opinion that he had done something to be where he was.

Private Bounds's father had been general manager for an English shipping company in Hamburg. He had given his son a good education and sent the boy to Sandhurst. Brought up in Germany, young Bounds spoke German as he did English; he also talked good French. These language qualifications led him to specialise after being gazetted, and it was not long before he was promoted to full lieutenant and, from that time on, extra-regimentally employed. As his father was in business in Germany, it was natural that he should spend much of the leave, which he was granted liberally, in that country.

Then one day, very suddenly, he resigned his commission. He next went to Spain and for some time British circles, formerly interested in him, lost his trail. In 1938 it was learnt that he was in Paris employed by the French Second Bureau.

His job with the Second Bureau also ended abruptly. He went to sea for a bit, returning to England on the declaration of war. Unable to get a commission immediately, he enlisted. The "ranks" were not new to him, for in Spain he had served as a private in the International Brigade.

NOW Private Bounds was leaning against the wall of his billet, waiting to cadge a cigarette and wondering which of the rookies to put the bite on for two bob. The one from Oxford was the easiest.

Later that evening, supplied with five bob instead of two, and possessing a whole packet of cigarettes, Private Bounds mizzled down the main street making for a dance hall, with bar attached, that was popular with the troops.

Entering the bar he called for a glass of beer and a straight whisky; he poured the whisky into the beer, drank the mixture at a gulp, and wiped his lips. Then he lit a cigarette, leaned back against the bar, and took a look round the room. There were girls there and sailors and soldiers; he would get himself a girl and take her into the dance hall presently, but first he wanted a few more shots of whisky, which he might be able to have if he could join up with a party

Illustrated by Jack Faulks

of free spenders. Of his five bob he only had three shillings and fourpence left. He would need two bob to get himself and the girl on to the dance floor; she would need a drink; after that—well, he had a pass till one.

His washy blue eyes swept the room, prying, calculating. Suddenly he stiffened, not noticeably but slowly, beginning with his knees then his whole body. Across the room, talking to a sergeant pilot, was a girl with ringlets. He swung round half-facing the bar, keeping the corner of one eye on the table where she sat. Drawing from his pocket four coppers he ordered a glass of beer.

Anita Bohn—that was the name. And those ringlets! She had always kept to her own way of doing her hair. Anita would remember him, if she saw his face. Age twenty-four—it would be twenty-six now—unmarried, and of Czech parentage. He had all the details in his mind. Before coming to Paris she had worked in a business house in Prague, spoke good French, a little Italian, and was learning English. She was violently anti-Nazi since her father's imprisonment.

In Paris she had a room in an hotel on the Boulevard Raspail and spent her time in the cafés around Montparnasse. She had attended a dramatic art school for a short time and worked in an office for another period. She was suspect by the Second Bureau, but among a great number of men friends of all nationalities was never seen to contact any known agent; in fact she had a clean police dossier until nearly the end of her stay in France. Then one Saturday evening between 7 p.m. and 8 p.m. she shot a man. The killing took place in a public bar filled with people. She fired *through* this crowd at a distance of ten paces, getting her man in the head.

The first question the police asked her was why she had killed the man. The second was where she had learned to shoot.

WHEN the trial came on Anita Bohn's counsel had been able to prove that the dead man was a Rumanian drug pedlar who had ruined Miss Bohn's closest girl friend. A loaded gun was found on the Rumanian's body and Miss Bohn's story that the man intended to kill her because she was going to expose him, and that she had shot first, was accepted.

Private Bounds remembered the case being discussed in an office of the Second Bureau. This was when he was instructed to get acquainted with Anita Bohn and find out what he could about her.

Bounds had pointed out that the Nazis had put her father in Dachau concentration camp. The Second Bureau official shrugged. "That might be the 'background' they provided for her."

"I understand you are certain she has not done any espionage in France," Bounds said.

"No, just a bit of shooting. Now if the man she killed had been an agent or counter-spy, everything would fit," the official sat back, hitting his teeth with a pencil; "but he wasn't; he was a dope pedlar, who had killed her best friend. We have the Vice Squad's unqualified confirmation of that and they don't make mistakes. The killing was a deliberate affair carried out for the reasons she gave. The only data we can deduce from it is that Miss Bohn has a nasty temper." The official tilted back on both legs of his chair and had to put his hand against the wall to stop overbalancing. "If she is an agent she belongs to the class that will fight. There aren't many. Most surrender quietly, hoping to escape the death penalty. Look over the records of spies caught and you'll find I am right. But every so often a killer comes along. And when they get a type like that they are generally employed in the Extermination Squads of their own countries."

"Are there such things as Extermination Squads?" Bounds asked.

"Oh yes, in several countries, and lists of people to be exterminated. Don't you read the papers? That is what makes me still wonder about that dope pedlar. You see, this girl who died came from Miss Bohn's part of the world; they had been friends for a good while. Supposing the girl had been working with Miss Bohn and the drug pedlar had done something to undermine her usefulness—teaching her to take dope would be enough—then his name would go down on the list and Miss Bohn would carry out the sentence. She was clever enough to do her killing publicly; it fitted in with the story and the French like drama."

"Your opinion is that Miss Bohn is a Nazi agent?" Bounds had asked.

"That's what I want you to find out," the official said.

And that was how Bounds had come to know Miss Bohn. Using the rôle of an Englishman having a good time in Paris, he had got acquainted with her and they had gone around together for a month. At the end of that time he had not discovered a thing against her. Soon after this his job with the Second Bureau came to an abrupt end. He had been getting a thousand francs a week in Paris; in England, when he was extra-regimentally employed, they had paid him thirty pounds a month. Now he was drawing two bob a day. "Once one descends," he thought again, as he finished his drink and walked over to Anita's table.

"Hallo; remember me?" he held out his hand. She looked at him steadily. "Yes," she said after a pause.

"Battle dress makes a fellow look different; we knew each other in France," Bounds explained to the sergeant pilot.

"Sit down," said the latter.

"Thanks."

"Have a drink?" the sergeant pilot offered.

"I'd like a glass of beer," Private Bounds took out his packet of cigarettes and passed them round. "When did you come over here?" he asked Anita.

"Just before they entered Paris; I went to Bordeaux and managed to get on the last ship. It makes me very glad, I can tell you, to get to England."

"Did you manage it easily?" Bounds asked. "I mean did they

Overhead the drone of machines could be heard. A moment after, the first explosion came. "Big stuff," said Private Bounds, looking at the little village which was being plastered

let you land without asking a lot of questions ? "

She laughed, shaking her head and making her ringlets sway. " Questions ! You do not know how many I have to answer. They want to know why I come to England ? Why I do not stay in France ? If I have any money ? What I am going to do ? If I know any English people who will say I am of good character ? I tell the truth. I say I have no money ; I know no English people ; I do not know what I am going to do."

" But they let you in ? " Private Bounds said, taking a glass of beer from the tray of drinks the Sergeant Pilot had ordered.

" I have my passport to show that I am Czech, and I have the permit to live in France."

" The Czechs are on our side," said the Sergeant Pilot, putting his arm round Anita's shoulder.

" What are you going to do now ? " Bounds asked.

Anita snuggled against the Sergeant Pilot. " What am I going to do, Billie ? "

" She is with my old man," the Sergeant Pilot said ; " he has got the Royal Hotel. She does the books and looks after the office."

Private Bounds knew the Royal ; it was on the front ; the best hotel in the town ; the officers used it.

" Sometimes I am the—how do say ?—barmaid," Anita said. " I will do anything ; I am so happy to be in England."

Private Bounds said, " Better than being in Germany, eh—Heiling Hitler ? "

She nodded.

Bounds remembered that the French police had not found anything that linked her up with the Nazis. She said she hated them and had stuck to that. When they had been running round in Paris he had cursed Germany and he had cursed Hitler, watching her eyes. Not a flicker of anger. It generally showed in the eyes when you cursed a patriotic spy's own country—just for a fraction of a second ; they might smile, and nod and agree, but catch them off their guard and that look would come into the eyes like (*Continued on p.* 64)

BOOKS: Reviewed by Noel Thompson

HERE is a good menu of literary fare to set on your wartime table, whether in your home, your shelter, or your evacuation hide-out.

We can start with a good feed, which is more than the performers usually got, of circus life in America in the eighteen-thirties. This *Good Companions* type of novel about the Big Tent, touring small-time towns, is already a best-seller across the Atlantic. *Chad Hanna*, by Walter D. Edmonds (Collins; 8s. 6d.), should appeal to everyone. It certainly did to me. Chad Hanna, one-time stable-boy at a small hotel, has to move on because he helps the minister in the matter of a negro slave, whose escape he arranges. The timely arrival of a travelling circus, and calf-love for the leading rider, decides things for him, and thereafter it 's the bumpy by-roads and the ups and downs.

Caroline, learning to trick-ride; the optimistic advance-publicity man, the clown, the fat woman, who is also the manager's wife; the juggler who spends his life practising knife-throwing, make a fascinating company. The death of Oscar, the lion, alone makes this book worth reading.

through, and being Yorkshire, is also a large slice of England. Here again is a book it is hard to put down as the family characteristics keep on recurring, whether in the arrangement of their marriages or in the excitement of the mill fire. There is no propaganda in the description of the life of the mill workers, just as there is none in the directness of speech which the "refeened" might call vulgarity. Good, strong reading which reveals why Yorkshiremen are proud to be "tykes."

FOR our next course we can choose between two books in which the Church provides the background. It depends whether you prefer something sweet or bitter. A. S. M. Hutchinson, in *He Looked for a City* (Michael Joseph; 9s. 6d.), takes thirty years of the life of a clergyman in England, with his wife and family, his spiritual and material troubles, and how he meets them. The Rev. Gordon Brecque is typical—you might meet him a hundred times, an unknown saint. Laura, his wife, presents him with sons as different as Philip, the V.C., and John the conscientious objector, and daughters like Mary, the cruelly methodical, and Ruth, the happy-go-lucky. Fate deals happiness and sadness with casual hand, and Gordon Brecque has as little rest as a busy parish allows.

It almost seems that there is a message of satire, cleverly hidden. Certainly it seems that where the Church is concerned the hire is not worthy of the labourer.

AS for *Star of Satan*, by Georges Bernanos (The Bodley Head; 8s. 6d.), every reader will have to make up his or her own mind about this story of a Saint (a French priest), Father Donnisan, and of Mouchette, the wild, almost animal, young girl, who lies for the love of it and gives her body with cold-blooded ferocity. If she is meet for the Devil, the Saint meets the Devil. With his terrifying flagellation, his clumsy earnestness, he is an astonishing character, this Saint. There is a touch of almost mad mysticism. If you start this book you will have to brave the storm to the peace at the end.

(*Continued on page* 64)

Light Books for Dark Nights

ASK a dozen people what type of books they want to read these days, and you will get a dozen different answers. But generally speaking it boils down to two classes, those who feel like books they can get their teeth into for a solid read, or those who prefer something they can pick up and enjoy at any odd moment.

Robert Hichens has produced one of the latter type in *The Million* (Cassell; 7s. 6d.). The basis, as in René Clair's famous film, is a winning ticket for a million francs in a French national lottery. Mrs. Stevens, a young widow who lives in a Gloucestershire village a life barren of excitement, acquires the lucky number, and determines to have one grand flutter with the proceeds. She takes herself and her unimaginative daughter out to Egypt to visit her son in the R.A.F. She is welcomed there as a millionairess in pounds, not francs, and determines to live up to the reputation. She pits her wits against a real millionairess and a millionaire banker, and is soon surrounded by the inevitable fortune-hunters and hangers-on. She has to manage the affairs of her daughter, her son, her chauffeur (who originally bought the ticket), and her finances. Her happy native humour and common sense bring the flutter to a surprising conclusion, not unconnected with cabbages, of all things. This is light, cheerful fare, in which the blue birds keep singing.

Family Colouring, by Mary Lutyens (Michael Joseph; 8s. 6d.), just brings us up to wartime, but for the most part it deals with recently departed days and the matrimonial adventures of Lord Duneaton. The lovely and sweet Hermione is succeeded by the débutante Elizabeth; she feels certain that she can solve the problems of this charming peer, who is obsessed with the feeling that the peerage and his lovely estate are doomed. Eventually she has to seek the advice and assistance of Hermione, who has meanwhile found the solution to her own problems in a second marriage.

The mere bones of the book are well supplied by plenty of nerves and arteries to keep the life-blood flowing healthily. The characters are so well drawn that you realise you have met them all at one time or another, which makes the book all the more delightful and interesting.

Old Tales Re-told

Hereward the Wake's Christmas Gift

Written and Illustrated by

F. Matania, R.I.

IT is a sad thought that the evolution of centuries has brought about the triumph of materialism and the Machine Age. Gradually but relentlessly, all romance and sentiment is being crushed until it is in danger of being stamped out altogether. Even in the violence of the "olden days" there was something more wholesome and courageous than is to be found in the brutality of to-day, and to try to live those days again, so far as is possible in words and pictures, is one of the best ways of escaping for a while the depression of this fatal march towards the extinction of all that is natural and beautiful.

We know that life has been a struggle since time immemorial; but it is none the less refreshing to go back to the days when men fought for different causes and with more natural weapons. So let us step back eight or nine centuries into mediæval England, to the time of Edward the Confessor and the Norman conquest of William the Conqueror and, above all, of gay Hereward the Wake, hero not only of the battlefield, but of many a bold adventure and colourful romance.

The beautiful English countryside, now so neat and trimly partitioned, must have worn a different kind of beauty in the time of its national infancy, when towns were then few and far between. Vast stretches of forest and pasture were dotted with occasional castles whose towering ramparts dominated the landscape. The monasteries also were enclosed by frowning walls; but these enclosed primitive settlements of churches, mills, farms and everything necessary for the self-support of tiny communities.

Here and there were isolated farmhouses that were later to develop into villages.

At that time marriages among the ruling classes were entirely arranged by the parents of the young people concerned. Greed, convention, family traditions—these were the factors of prime importance in the projected alliance; and love was the last thing to be taken into consideration. Marriageable daughters knew only the one word—obey.

Our story is concerned with a feudal lord of Cornwall who dwelt in a great castle near the rocky coast. He had a beautiful daughter, the apple of his eye and the object of much parental preoccupation and ambition. Doggedly loyal to his county's tradition, he was determined to marry her to a scion of the local nobility and to no one else.

Now, the importance of the huge castle and the power exercised by its owner throughout the region drew, as a natural result, illustrious visitors from all parts on errands of homage and diplomacy.

Among these visitors was an Irish Prince who had been entertained for some time and had fallen desperately in love with the lord's daughter.

His fine physique and the gaiety and charm which were typical of his race had had a devastating effect on the heart of the young Cornish girl, accustomed as she was to the grim taciturnity of her countrymen.

His stay at the castle passed like an idyll for both of them. In spite of the strict supervision customary at that time, they managed to steal precious moments together. They sent each other clandestine notes on which were scribbled a few loving words, and pledged themselves to win a life of happiness together or die.

At last the time came when the Prince's visit must end, for he could protract it no longer. He

The lunge was parried with a force that jarred the nerves of his arm up to the shoulder

Hereward was at once offered the gift which on such occasions was awarded to the best musician present—a handsome cloak from the hands of the bride herself

took his leave without betraying to anyone the state of his feelings towards the daughter of his host. He knew only too well that to reveal them to the Cornish lord would be to court disaster, for his declaration would be considered premature and unorthodox. He therefore set out on the long journey home to his native Ireland, there to prepare for his forthcoming marriage with the serenity and confidence with which a bird feathers its nest.

Meanwhile the damsel awaited patiently the arrival of his emissaries with the formal request for her hand; and it was during this interim that the blow fell.

Her father began to make active preparations for bestowing her upon a man of his own choice. Needless to say, he selected the very man whom she most detested. His name, wealth, family and position entirely satisfied the lord and his advisers; documents were drawn up, and by the right of a signature on a scrap of parchment, this man was entitled to frequent the castle openly as a prospective son-in-law.

The poor girl was aware that any objections on her part would get no sympathetic hearing and, alarmed to the highest degree, she sent a secret message to her lover to inform him of what was going on. Meanwhile she tried incessantly to defer the event which would wreck her happiness for ever.

Not long afterwards, an illustrious visitor arrived in Cornwall and presented himself at the castle—no other than Hereward the Wake, lord of Bourne. Young, powerfully built, he was the epitome of energy and courage. After being introduced to his fair hostess, he revealed himself as a close friend of her lover the Irish prince, who, alarmed at the turn of events, had sent him to keep a watchful eye on the situation and protect the girl with every means that his resourceful brain could devise.

A strong friendship soon sprang up between them. Hereward's meeting with her successful suitor induced in him an instant repugnance. It was the sort of animosity that frequently arises between two men for no apparent reason. Physically also they were naturally opposed to each other. Hereward the Wake was fearlessly frank and sincere, friendly with everyone. (His nickname, in fact, was "the darling of England.") The other man was an insolent aristocrat, whose only means of imposing authority was by bullying everybody around him. His marked characteristic was the inability to look anyone straight in the eye.

It was hardly surprising, therefore, that he should have conceived a violent dislike for Hereward, and he took small pains to conceal it. Each time they met, these two found some bone of contention, and it was only a question of time before their animosity broke into an open quarrel. At last the day came when Hereward could no longer stomach the sneers of his enemy, so he threw down his challenge.

The Cornish bully, instead of observing the customary restraint among well-born people in such a crisis, continued to spit invectives.

So Hereward warned him that, if he were forced to unsheathe his sword, it would be no light matter. But the bully did not heed his warning.

A secluded spot was chosen for the fight, and the swords flashed out.

After the usual thrusts and parries intended to accustom each protagonist to the style of his opponent, the Cornishman realised that in Hereward he was up against a cool and skilful fencer. Thinking it wise to try to hasten the action while his adversary was still drawing him on, he sprang suddenly forward. The lunge was parried with a force that jarred the nerves of his arm up to the shoulder. Cursing, he stepped back. Hereward taunted him to try again. He did so, not once but many times, using a different technique in the effort to penetrate that defence. Every time his blade met only the answering steel of his adversary.

Constant failure made the man furious, and as everyone knows, blind fury is of no help to a fencer.

Hereward by now realised that it was impossible to keep this madman at bay without hurting him. During one of his onslaughts, when the swords were moving

The strong arms of Hereward seized the slender body of the bride and swung her off her feet. Holding her in his arms so that her long skirts would not hamper him, he dashed through the streets to where his horse waited ready saddled

with such lightning rapidity that they were only visible to the naked eye as flashes of steel, the Cornishman paused abruptly, swayed and fell.

Fate had given Hereward the opportunity to render his Irish friend a much greater service than he had asked. The troubled maiden also had nothing now to fear from the bully. Such were the thoughts that came to Hereward the Wake as he picked up his cloak after having assured himself that his late adversary was dead.

But *his* own difficulties were far from ended. As he was about to leave the scene of the duel, he found himself surrounded by armed men and before he had a chance to unsheathe his sword, he was overpowered and dragged away to the castle of the man he had slain.

The Cornishman had not come to the field alone. His retainers had been hidden in the undergrowth with instructions to avenge their master, should he fall in the combat.

One of the dark and foul dungeons, common to castles of the period, was opened for Hereward the Wake, and its massive door was bolted behind him.

News of the event soon reached the castle where the anxious girl awaited with great trepidation the outcome of the duel. When she heard of the unjust retribution which had overtaken her friend and champion, she felt herself responsible for his predicament, and determined to do all in her power to rescue him from his captors.

Her father was the only one to whom she could appeal, and she made many a passionate plea for his help—without success.

The answer that she received was evasive, or else she was angrily told that Hereward had ruined her future, that he was a scoundrelly adventurer, and fully deserved to be left to rot.

Seeing that this avenue was closed to her, she tried another.

It often happens that when the straight path fails, the crooked one will lead to the goal; and perhaps this youthful but determined damsel was not above using a little discreet bribery with certain of her father's retainers. At any rate, whatever means she adopted, they were successful; and Hereward shortly afterwards obtained his freedom and left the county. Before departing, however, he managed to obtain a secret interview with his rescuer and was entrusted by her with a letter for her Irish lover.

He then took to the sea, and must have found the first few days of tranquil sailing a welcome rest after his recent adventures.

But inactivity was alien to his nature, and it was not long before the old restlessness again seized him. On reaching the shores of Ireland he lost no time in delivering the letter to his friend the prince and related to him the full story of his adventures as knight-errant, and advised the prince to take immediate action if he wished to win the hand of the Cornish heiress, as the candidates for her were many, and he could not very well undertake to kill them *all*! Worried at this news, the Irishman immediately sent messengers to Cornwall with full credentials to undertake the formal negotiations necessary in making an offer of marriage. When the time normally required for the double journey had elapsed the messengers failed to return.

More weeks went by, and still they did not return. The prince therefore sent other emissaries with similar instructions. The result was the same. Not one returned. Again he tried a third time, until altogether he had dispatched forty men on this errand. The last batch had been given authority to inform the Cornish lord that his daughter had already promised herself in marriage to the prince.

Meanwhile Hereward stayed at the home of his friend to await further developments in this much-baulked romance. He made no secret of the fact that he suspected foul play; and when the last batch of messengers did not return, he and three faithful companions set out for Cornwall to take a hand in the mystery.

This love-affair was not his; but he had already played so important a part in it that he must have felt it involved his own pride and honour, and he became obsessed with the determination to bring it to a successful conclusion.

When Hereward and his three companions landed on Cornish soil, they decided to make their way at once to the castle. They had disguised themselves in modest attire, and Hereward had dyed his fair hair and stained his skin a darker hue. (*Continued on p.* 87)

Hereward had improvised every possible comfort for his precious charge, and now he sat chatting to her. Several times she asked her rescuer "How shall I ever be able to repay you for all you have done for me?"

A sitting of the Arab court at Beersheba. All the Bedouins seen in this picture are litigants. They come to the court every Tuesday to settle their grievances, and the law they acknowledge is the traditional law of the desert, the oldest law in the world

DESERT LAW

In the Special Native Courts of Palestine, Justice is administered by Arab Judges, who recognise the Law of the Desert, the oldest System of all Law

By Harold J. Shepstone

PALESTINE to-day is full of troops from all parts of the Empire, with their officers and administrative staffs. What has surprised many of these men is the discovery that though the British flag flies over the Holy Land, and we are responsible to the League of Nations for its government, the country maintains special courts for the native population, presided over by Arab judges, invariably the leading sheikhs of the district. Thus when any little dispute has arisen—and they have occurred—between, say, a soldier from the Dominions and an Arab, whereas the former has been tried by the civil or military court, the Arab has to answer to his own court and to his own judge.

As a rule these native courts chiefly deal with petty misdemeanours. Serious offences are dealt with in the British High Court in Jerusalem. But in what may be termed purely Arab communities they do administer justice for quite a variety of offences.

The methods of some of these Arab judges may appear strange to Western ideas. There was an old Arab judge at Nablus who earned much local fame for his sagacity and mode of administering the law, and many remarkable stories are told about him. A shopkeeper in the town came to him one day and said he was continually losing his goods, and though the police had kept a careful watch, they had been unable to catch the thief.

"I will catch him for you," replied the judge, and commanded the door of the shop to be taken off its hinges, carried to the market-place, and be well beaten. This was done in his own presence. A crowd gathered round and he continually ordered the punishment to go on, until virtually the whole town had assembled, marvelling at the strange proceeding.

When the beating had finished the judge leaned down and asked the door who was the thief. Then he put his ear to listen for an answer.

(*Continued on page* 62)

The guest chamber of a sheikh's tent. Note the coffee-pots and other domestic utensils on the open hearth

A characteristic portrait of a sheikh of Beersheba. He is one of the courts judges and his badge of office is a huge old-fashioned ivory-handled scimitar

(Below.) A general view of Beersheba as it appears to-day. The old town was completely destroyed during the war of 1914-1918, and has since been rebuilt. It is an entirely Arab settlement, on the edge of desert country

Rendezvous In Basle

Men had gone before never to return. Lanny went to discover why

By Stanley Jackson

THE siren whined as the taxi swung into the Strand by St. Martin's. The driver shot an enquiring look at his fare.

" Shall I go ahead or take you to a shelter, sir ? "

" Carry on," snapped the man in R.A.F. uniform. As the cab threaded its way along the Strand towards Kingsway, Squadron Leader Lanny Hayward, D.S.O., D.F.C., leaned out of the window and scowled at the cloudless sky. The odd, intermittent throb of a Heinkel struck his sensitive ear. What wouldn't he have given to be hopping into a " Spitfire " and zooming up to meet the " Jerry," instead of being on his way to meet some damned fool at the Air Ministry ! Not for the first time that morning he cursed the ill-luck which had sent a German tracer-bullet through his arm as he was flying over the Dortmund-Ems Canal only two months ago. Two months ! It seemed centuries since he had brought his machine back with half the fuselage shot away, the petrol-tank leaking, the rear-gunner badly wounded, and his observer dead at his post.

The 'plane had crashed only ten miles from his station. When they dragged him out of the blazing wreck both his legs were broken, his right arm was bleeding hard, and a nasty scalp-wound marked the place where he had hit his head against the dashboard.

" You 're lucky to be alive, Hayward," said the doctor.

Lanny wasn't so sure about that as he limped into the Air Ministry. Here he was, a crock, doomed to some miserable ground job, while the other lads were going up, night after night, to blast the daylight out of Hamburg and Berlin ! What this Air Chief-Marshal wanted with him it was difficult to say, but he had a pretty good idea. He 'd probably mumble a few words of sympathy and try to soften the blow ; after which, no doubt, he would arrange to send him to some God-forsaken station, miles from anywhere, for the duration.

His square, bronzed face was set in a frown as he was ushered into a first-floor waiting-room and told to wait. Every movement of his rangy athletic body betrayed his nervousness and impatience, but he mustered a smile as the secretary announced him. That smile did much to redeem the rugged features which had earned their owner the nickname of " Puggy " at Harrow. If not strictly handsome, he had a certain breezy charm which side tracked criticism of the flattened nose and slightly cauliflower left ear which marked stages in his progress to the Public Schools' light-heavyweight championship.

Lanny put his stick aside, straightened up, and stepped briskly into the A.C.M.'s room.

" Glad to see you, Hayward," said the A.C.M., getting up from his desk with outstretched hand. " How are you feeling now ? "

" Never felt better, sir," replied Lanny, with somewhat excessive heartiness. " Ready for more action, if I might say so, sir."

The Air Chief-Marshal tugged at a blond moustache.

" That was a damned good show you put up the other day," he grinned. " And, speaking of action, I want you to meet Colonel Norris, of the War Office."

Lanny found himself shaking hands with a shortish man in sun-stained tweeds, who looked more like a schoolmaster than the conventional Staff officer.

" Glad to know you, Squadron Leader," said Norris crisply. " Do sit down." He waved a nicotined forefinger at an arm-chair. Lanny sank into it with what he hoped was not too-evident relief. His legs were still a bit shaky under him.

The A.C.M. picked up a sheaf of papers and threw a friendly smile at the Colonel, who was lighting a pipe.

" You 'll find me in 127 when you 're ready," he observed. " Good morning, Hayward ; glad you dropped in."

When the door had closed behind him, Lanny began to ask himself what all this was about, and where this Norris came into the picture. At the back of his mind he wondered vaguely why a Colonel at the War Office wasn't in uniform.

Norris snapped into his reverie. " Made any plans for the future ? " he asked suddenly.

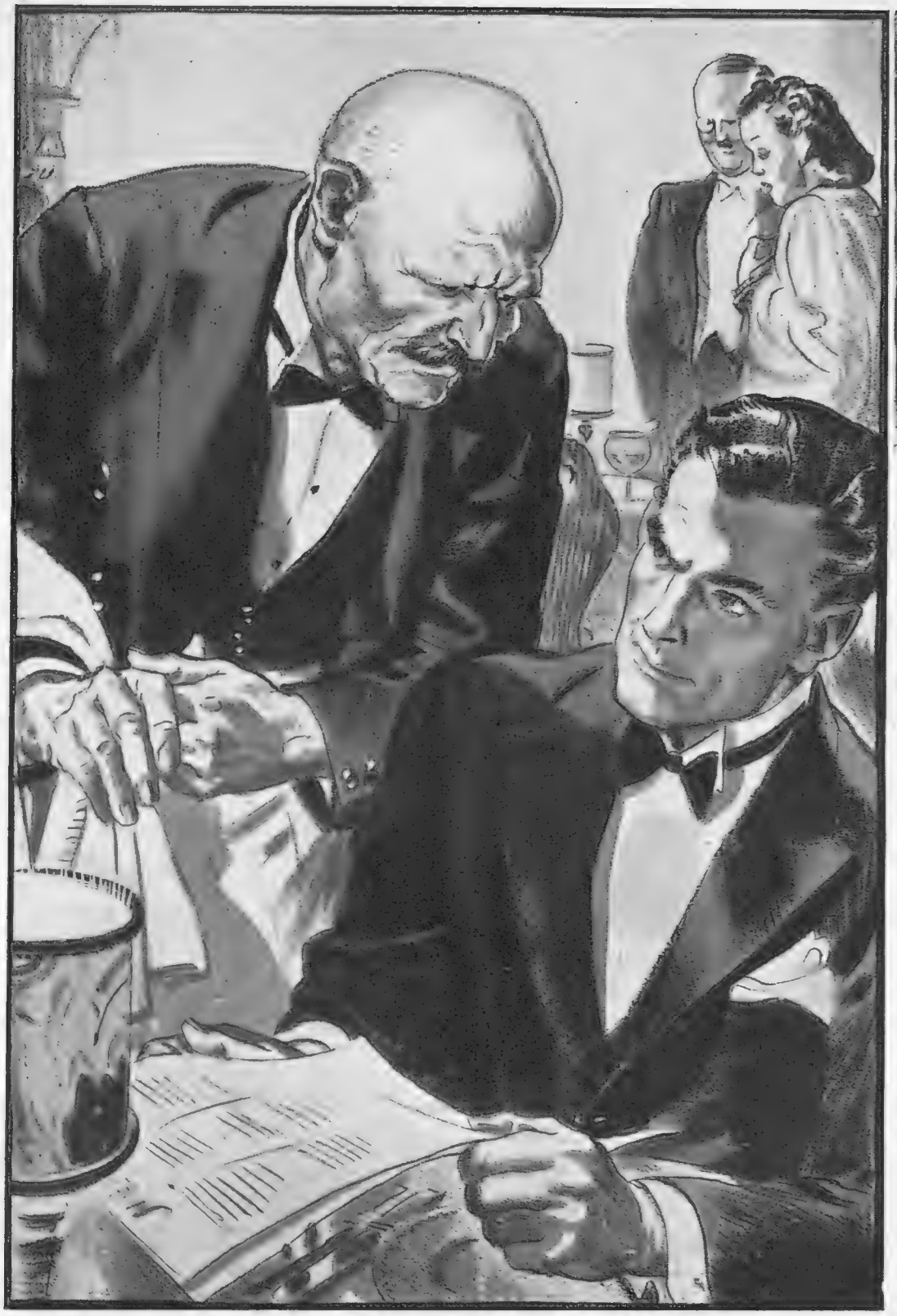
" I 'm hoping to get back to my Station," replied the younger man, all the fears of the past few weeks behind his words.

The Colonel puffed steadily at his pipe, but his eyes did not leave the airman's face for an instant.

" You won't be flying again—not for some time," he added hastily. " The fact is, I 've asked your chief to release you for a while. Special duty."

Lanny sat up and stuck out his jaw. So they were going to chain him to an office stool, were they ?

" Look here, Squadron Leader," said Norris, " I know you 're keen as blazes to be up again, but I 've got an



Illustrated by Clive Uptton

ZIMMERMANN'S head jerked back. Watching him intently, Lanny noted how his whole body seemed to become tense and alert

important job on hand and I think you're the man for it. It's dangerous, and you needn't go if it doesn't appeal to you."

Suddenly a suspicion of the truth shot through his mind.

"Intelligence work?" he said quietly.

"Exactly," snapped the colonel, glancing at a dossier before him on the desk. "I see you're not married, that you took a First in Modern Languages at Cambridge, and got a Blue for boxing."

Hayward nodded but made no reply.

The colonel did not look up. "If you've any ties that keep you in this country—family or—er—amorous—now's the time to speak."

The older man's tone nettled the airman but he tried to keep his voice level. "My father's dead, sir, and my mother wouldn't stand in my way. Besides, after the last few months, I don't think any one's entitled to assume that a R.A.F. pilot would think twice about a ticklish job." For the life of him he could not resist a crack at the yellow-faced little man.

The colonel looked up sharply. "All right, my dear fellow," he smiled, "I'm not doubting your guts, but I can't afford to make a mistake." He pondered for an instant. "I need a man who understands aviation and can also speak French and German. But, above all, he's got to be a chap who can think quickly."

"I see, sir," put in Lanny.

"Well," continued the colonel, "the position is briefly this. Shortly before the outbreak of war the Nazis had an aero engine factory at Lorrach which is on the German frontier, a few miles from Basle. I understand that your squadron has more than once bombed this area?"

Lanny nodded vigorously.

"You will know then that we were looking out for a shadow factory that is building the newest type of German bomber." The colonel blew his nose. "We happen to know that this particular factory is constantly being moved, out of respect for you fellows." A flicker of a smile crossed his mouth. "Well, it's important for us to know where it is now. We've got a man working for us in this factory but the difficulty is to contact him. And that's no easy job since France gave in."

Lanny nodded once more. "Have any of your men tried, colonel?" he demanded.

Norris looked grave. "That's just the point," he said earnestly. "We've lost trace of half a dozen good men who have attempted to cross the frontier at Basle and tried to pick up the trail at Lorrach. Our agent who works in the factory will almost certainly have left some clue, possibly at his lodgings." He pointed a pencil at Lanny. "Now, this is where *you* come in. I want you to go to Basle, meet an agent who's working in a hotel there, and find out from him just what has gone wrong."

Lanny looked puzzled. "But how am I to get the information back to you?" He grinned boyishly. "Always assuming, of course, that I don't get landed like your other blokes!"

"You're a bit impulsive, old boy," chuckled Norris. "You get the information we want and we'll see that you're not

interned in Switzerland for the duration. Matter of fact, you'll come back the same way as you went—by air."

"By air!" echoed Lanny. Thrilled by the mission, he had not given serious thought to the problem of how he was to reach Basle.

"Yes," said the colonel, studying his face, "we're sending you over in one of our planes. The pilot will drop you not far from the Swiss frontier, after which you'll make your way to Basle. We've got a Swiss passport ready for you in case you're questioned." He handed over a package. "Here are your instructions. Don't try anything spectacular. Just contact our man in Basle and see why our men have disappeared. After that, we'll get on with the serious job of trying to locate that factory."

Lanny smiled. "I take it this little job is a trial flight for me?"

"Exactly, my dear fellow," agreed the colonel. "But it's not quite such a little job as you think. At any time now Switzerland may be mopped up by the Jerries. It's vital for us to get our Intelligence reorganised over there before the Nazis march in." He rang a bell on his desk. "Well, so long, and all the best of luck!"

At midnight, just three days after this meeting, a "Whitley" bomber stood on the slipway ready to start on a hop of 375 miles from the base in Kent. Lanny climbed in behind the pilot officer, feeling a bit strange at not taking the controls. The ground crew stood around with thumbs up as the machine roared across the field, heading for the "Drink" or English Channel.

If they were surprised at seeing a bomber take off without a load of bombs, with no gunner or observer on board, it was not evident from their grinning faces.

"Did you see that hefty chap stick a bit of chewing gum on the starboard wing as he got in?" an aircraftman observed when he got back to his quarters. He would have been surprised to hear that the "hefty chap" in a foreign-looking overcoat and homburg had no fewer than twenty-six machines to his credit, but was still superstitious enough never to take off before he had fastened a pellet of chewing gum to some part of the machine!

As the "Whitley" crossed the Channel, steadily gathering speed and climbing all the time, Lanny studied his instructions for the tenth time. He was now Charles Prévost, a Swiss subject, and the travelling representative of a Geneva firm of motor car dealers. A comforting bulge in his breast pocket reminded him that he was carrying the passport of the unfortunate Prévost who had been interned in Britain as soon as war broke out, thanks to the vigilance of Scotland Yard's Special Branch.

"ZB.409. ZB.409," Lanny repeated to himself. Mustn't forget that number; it was his introduction to the waiter in Basle. Once again he scrutinised the photograph which Norris had given him. It was not a handsome profile that stared back at him. Zimmermann seemed to be a man of about fifty, with a bullet head, cruel narrow eyes under thick eyebrows, and a huge double chin. A nasty customer, decided Lanny, and one not to be lightly offended.

His thoughts were punctuated by bursts of *flak* from the anti-aircraft batteries thousands of feet below. The pilot, snub-nosed and freckled, threw back a comforting grin as a searchlight ringed the plane and a few heavy shells burst near their tail. Lanny smiled back; the youngster was no doubt trying to cheer his "civilian" passenger!

When the big guns opened up as they passed over Reims at about 18,000 feet the pilot turned and twisted the plane. By swinging and diving they managed to avoid the searchlights, but Lanny felt a pang of anxiety as the bomber went over rather too far. There was a sickening lurch and she lost a few thousand feet before the pilot righted her. More than once Lanny felt the urge to shout instructions, but hated to be thought a back-seat driver; besides, he had been told to keep his identity a complete secret.

A BOLT rattled and the door opened a little. "What do you wish?" asked a hard, curiously flat voice

It was still very dark when they crossed the Alps. The plane climbed down stealthily, gliding across the Swiss frontier with the engines shut off. It was ticklish landing in the dark but the pilot seemed to know every inch of the country. As the air cleared, Lanny could make out a large meadow close to a fringe of woods.

Ten minutes later, valise in hand, he was on the main road leading into Basle. After spending the night at the "Grand," he shaved, bathed, and made his way to the restaurant where Zimmermann was supposed to be working. It seemed to be quite a smart place and he wondered for a moment whether it would be possible to pick out his man and sit down at one of his tables. Leaving his hat and stick with the *vestiaire*—he noticed that the girl was an unusually pretty one—he sauntered into the restaurant as if looking for a friend.

THERE was no difficulty in spotting Zimmermann, whose bullet head, almost clean-shaven, stood out among the glossy coiffures of the other waiters. Noting an empty table in his vicinity, he sat down and began to study the menu.

"*Kellner!*" he called.

Zimmermann loomed over him, an immense hunched figure with bulky shoulders and dangling arms. For a few seconds he stood silently, attentive, deferential. Lanny ordered his meal in careful German. Then, as the waiter was about to hail the wine steward, Lanny dropped his voice and murmured: "ZB.409."

Zimmermann's head jerked back, and watching him intently, Lanny noted how his whole body seemed to become tense and alert. He came back and whisked an imaginary crumb from the spotless tablecloth. "ZB.409," repeated Lanny.

"*Jawohl!*" exclaimed the waiter, and something like a smile flickered in his eyes.

As each successive dish was brought Lanny expected Zimmermann to give him some hint of recognition, but not a word came from him until he had presented the bill. He pocketed his tip with a grateful smile, bowed several times, and murmured "Sixteen Julius Strasse, ten o'clock," as he stepped back for Lanny to pass.

Lanny spent the rest of the day reading the newspapers at his hotel. It amused him to read that England was starving and Mr. Churchill guarded night and day to save him from the wrath of a war-weary people! After dining at the hotel he walked the streets for a while to make sure that he wasn't being followed! At last, bored and a little footsore, he called a cab and drove to the Julius Strasse.

It was not quite ten o'clock when he rang the doorbell at Number Sixteen. The street was narrow and squalid. A bolt rattled and the door opened about two inches.

"What do you wish?" asked a hard, curiously flat voice.

"Herr Zimmermann?" said Lanny. He could just make out the face of an elderly woman. She seemed to have been weeping and her lank grey hair straggled over her forehead.

"Does he expect you?" she muttered.

"At ten, madame."

Her black dress rustled and the door opened a little wider. The woman said nothing more and he followed her into a poorly furnished room on the first floor. She nodded briefly at a chair and he sat down. She sat at the table with her hands in her lap, staring at him from lizard-like eyes. Once or twice he tried to make

conversation but at last gave it up. It is difficult to conduct a bright discussion with a series of sniffs, grunts and sighs!

They sat there gazing at each other for about ten minutes before Zimmermann came in. He smiled at Lanny as he removed his overcoat and proceeded to take off his boots.

"You will excuse me, my friend," he said in German, "but a day at the restaurant is not good for my feet."

"*Ach*," clicked the woman.

Her husband spun round at her. "You wait downstairs," he rasped. She slunk out of the room but not before shooting a look of hatred at the visitor. When the door had closed behind her Zimmermann turned to Lanny with another ingratiating smile.

"You must excuse my wife," he remarked. "She does not approve of my special work."

Lanny smiled back. "I quite understand, Herr Zimmermann." He hesitated. "By the way, do you mind if we speak in English. My German is not too perfect and this matter is rather important."

"If it plisses you, mine friend," said Zimmermann.

There was a short pause. Lanny drew his chair up to the table.

"I have been sent . . ." he began.

"Sent to cross the frontier?" put in the waiter with a dry smile.

"Well, not exactly. Our people are a bit worried about the men who are not getting across. I wondered if you could. . . ." His voice trailed. It might be easier if Zimmermann gave him a few details first.

SHE flashed him a gay look as she fixed the flower in his buttonhole. "Your tailor does not leave much room," she pouted, as she arranged the flower with a final twist of her fingers

The waiter seemed to be lost in thought. His hairy fingers drummed restlessly on the stained tablecloth. At last he looked up with sudden ferocity.

"Do you not think I have not been awake every night trying to solve this riddle?" he barked. "Our men have been murdered, one by one, and I may be next!"

"Murdered?" Lanny ejaculated.

"Yes, mine friend," went on Zimmermann in a calmer tone. "Not one has crossed the barrier in the last ten weeks. I cannot understand. They are killed as soon as they reach the wires."

Lanny looked puzzled. "What wires?" he asked.

"Let me explain, mine friend," said Zimmermann slowly. "The Nazis," he half-spat the word, "know that our agents will operate from Basle. So they have electrified the frontier for miles from here to Lake Constanz. For a time we managed to defeat them but——"

"How?" cut in Lanny.

Zimmermann frowned. "I arranged for the men to cross at night in special rubber suits concealed under their clothing." He paused. "You understand now?"

Lanny nodded. "I think so. The rubber insulated them against shock."

"Exactly," grunted the other. "The agent would come to the restaurant on the night that he was going to cross. I would tell him exactly where to meet our friend on the other side." He crashed his fist down on the table. "Then, my young friend, that would be the end! In the morning the Swiss police would pick up the body."

"Have you been able to inspect the bodies?" asked Lanny.

Zimmermann shrugged. "I am not a fool, *Mein Herr*," he replied. "I should be arrested as an accomplice the moment I made inquiries. The police are not anxious to help spies."

Lanny lit a cigarette and smoked in silence for a few minutes. "It seems," he murmured, "that something happens to those men before they reach the frontier in their nice, insulated suits." He stubbed out his cigarette and looked up in sudden excitement. "When did the last accident occur?" he demanded.

"Just elefen days ago," said Zimmermann soberly. "We lost one of our best men. L.42." He grunted. "L.42."

Lanny walked up and down the room. "I've got it!" he (*Continued on page* 82)

Homes for

If you could sit upon a star and survey your fellow women under the blitzkrieg I wonder what would surprise you most?

At a guess, I should say it wouldn't be the acts of valour, the feats of endurance and courage which, heaven knows, are common enough and which we all revere, so much as the normality which characterises the lives and homes of so many of the women who don't get in the news.

Heroic deeds have become almost commonplace in these past months. A few have been acknowledged. Many will never be heard of, but afterwards (perhaps long after this horror is settled and done with) we shall

1. A charming colour scheme makes this very simple room doubly attractive. The walls are white and the china is bright buttercup yellow. The easy chair in henna brown is piped with white. Carpet is fawn

2. This exquisite small dining-room has white walls and ceiling and a carpet of lime green. A green and white leaf pattern on a maroon ground covers the chairs

3. The luxurious bed is the "pièce de résistance" in this small room. The wardrobe is pushed up into a corner to make more space and balanced by the picture and the low table with flowers. The colouring is pale green and magenta

4. White walls and tiles make a background for a bold check gingham in scarlet and white in this kitchen. Floor covering is a mottled check rubber in black and white

5. Palest green walls are a delicate foil for the few pieces of furniture which show themselves so well against this soft colouring. The corner cabinet holds a collection of china in green and gold, and the curtains are of gold taffeta. Couch is covered with silk in gold and cream

Heroines

By Winifred Lewis

all realise how great a part was played by the women who carried on, building homes, making plans, clinging to beloved and familiar things, looking forward always with confidence.

Outside the relatively small area of the worst attack, that is to say the big cities where living must necessarily be adapted to the circumstances, life still goes on very normally in England. Men and women are marrying and giving in marriage, planning and actually making new homes with all the interest and all the enthusiasm that ever came to such a task.

In one of the biggest centres of furniture making in this country they tell me that business is very brisk. Factories are busy turning out the chairs and the tables, the bedsteads and the thousand and one practical and decorative necessities of the British home. People everywhere are still employed in designing and making those things that will furnish and equip a home for some young heroine. Because they are heroines. Nobody would be more astonished than they to be so named, but the fact remains.

In such times as these, it is a very special sort of heroism that incites a woman to continue, placidly, even stubbornly, making plans for a home and a future that are so heavily obscured by clouds of war.

She has no idea what the future may hold for her and her husband, whether it will be prosperity or pauperism, whether he or even both of them will survive the dangers which they share together. She knows only one thing, that her part is to keep faith and confidence, to carry on as though the menacing problems, the dangers and the uncertainties were not there, to build a home as though it were a temple of freedom, and to completely ignore everything else.

Most of the homes of the future will be simple, even spartan, but young heroines who expect to reign in them are quite undaunted about that. They have an entirely new set of values, and they believe that much can be made out of a little if the maker knows how.

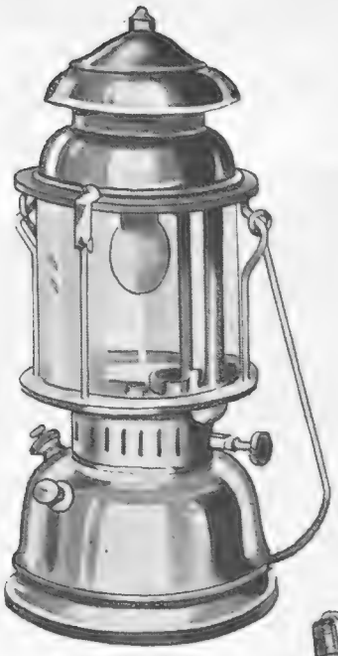
There is this particularly about the young woman of to-day. She knows that with so many difficulties confronting her, she cannot hope to be successful in assembling a home unless she has acquired some expert knowledge herself of the procedure, or the help of some who have. She reads widely and intelligently on the subject. There is plenty to be learnt about furnishing and decorating as well as other aspects of home craft from writers everywhere.

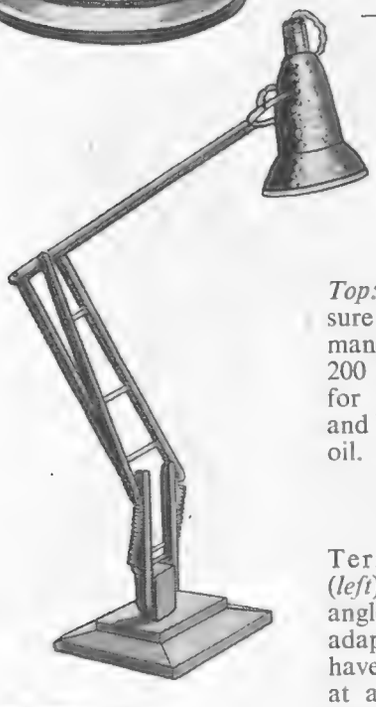
From them she learns among other things that where there is only a limited sum of money to spend it is a far, far better thing to buy only a little furniture, and to have it good, than to spread the money out and to fill the house with cheaper things.

Good design and workmanship are everything. So much so that two or three articles of furniture in a room, so long as they have the stamp of beauty, are worth infinitely more in their effect than a whole houseful of inferior things.

Take a bedroom, for instance. What ever happens the bed must be good. It is unwise to economise on this, unless you care to spend endless wakeful nights regretting it. Makeshift for other things if necessary, but have a good bed. The same goes for easy chairs. Study comfort, beauty and utility, in that order, and you cannot go far wrong.

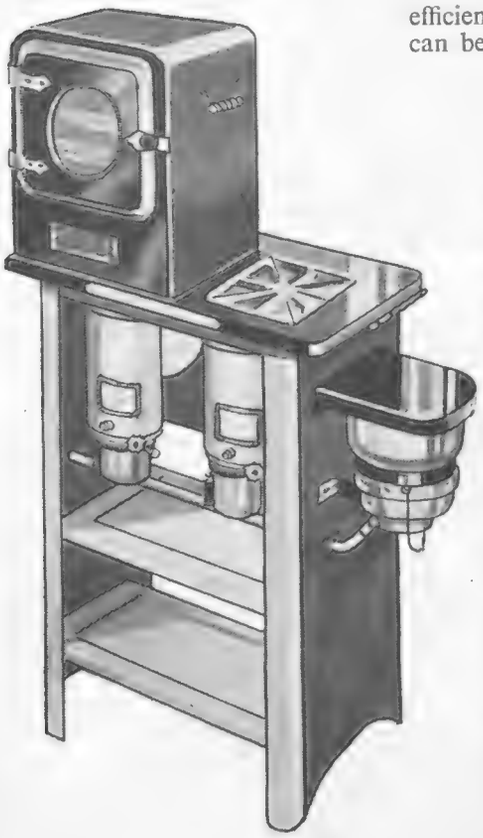
Costly incidentals will be cut out of the homes that our young heroines are building for themselves now. Incidentals, expensive or otherwise, must go and little will be lost by it. Good furniture, with a distinguished and arresting colour background, (Continued on page 68)





Top: A paraffin burning pressure lamp with incandescent mantle, which gives a strong 200 or 300 candle-power light for fifteen hours on one and three-quarter pints of oil. Nickel-plated, price 50s.

Terry's Anglepoise Lamp (*left*) can be placed at any angle you like and its great adaptability is a useful thing to have in emergency, as well as at all times for comfort and efficiency. The shade and base can be had in varying colours



An oil cooker is no longer the smoky, smelly thing it once was, but a highly efficient and easily operated piece of mechanism, which can be brought into service when other utilities fail. This is a two-burner stove but from one to four burners are available

Facing page at top: An excellent small electric cooker sufficient for the cooking needs of a small family. The G.E.C. junior cooker will accommodate three or four saucepans on the grill boiler. With legs and potshelf, £7 4s. 6d. Without these, £6 1s. 6d.

The British are supposed to have a genius for improvisation and they have certainly needed it in the past months. At least this is so in the cities where the Germans have been most active with their blitzkrieg.

In a time of emergency, improvisation is essential and a special skill in applying it is invaluable, but so far as the breakdown of domestic utilities is concerned it is a far better thing to have an alternative organisation ready to take the place of the normal one when circumstances bring about an interruption.

One of the certain ways of beating the blitz is in maintaining, where humanly possible, those comforts and amenities which go to make up the normal domestic routine. It is hard to be cheerful and unruffled when cooking apparatus break down or the house is temporarily plunged in darkness. These things have happened continually and will happen again as the cold, dark days creep on, adding to familiar winter discomforts the more unfamiliar ones of war.

Don't be caught on the hop. Appoint yourself a Breakdown Ganger and have the means at hand to provide your home with light, with heat and with the means to cook a comforting hot meal when essential services fail.

It can be done.

Take the cookery side of the question. First weigh the advantages between a portable electric cooker of some kind or an oil apparatus. Gas mains are vulnerable. We must face it. Electric mains are vulnerable, too, but they have the advantage of being more rapidly repaired.

Bearing this in mind you may think it worth while to invest in one of the efficient little electric cookers such as we have illustrated on the facing page. It will roast joints and other things for two or three people in the oven and has a hot plate for boiling on the top. Three or four saucepans can be accommodated with ease, in fact. Though primarily designed for a small family, the oven will take a twelve-pound turkey. It is a compact unit and need not embarrass you for storage when not in use.

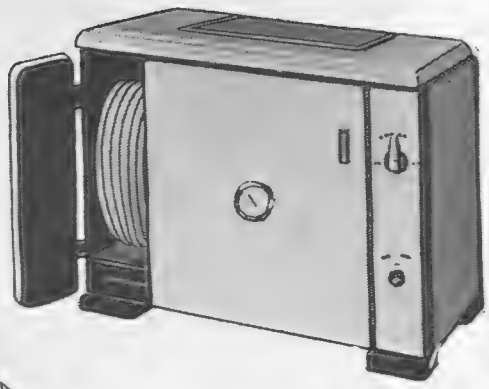
We have also shown an electric cooking plate. A much cheaper apparatus, of course, but highly efficient for boiling or frying and easily plugged into a power point wherever you happen to need it most.

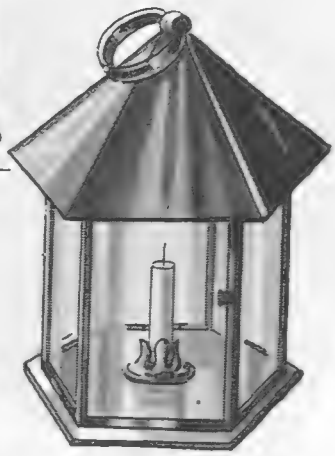
Next come the oil cookers which are no longer the smoky, smelly things we once associated with country cottages, but high-efficiency units adequate to meet the needs of any family.

There are many sizes of oil cooker from a one-burner unit up to four burners. The most modern of these cookers is simplicity itself to handle. They are clean, efficient and odourless. Moreover, if you can obtain paraffin you can cook on them no matter what has happened to other services.

One entirely new model has been produced lately which answers the demand for an oil stove which is equally serviceable as a heater and a cooker. By removing the radiator from the stove a kettle can be substituted, or either of the ovens recommended can be brought into use for cooking purposes. The price of this stove is 38s. The oven is extra. The larger cooking stoves vary in price from around five pounds.

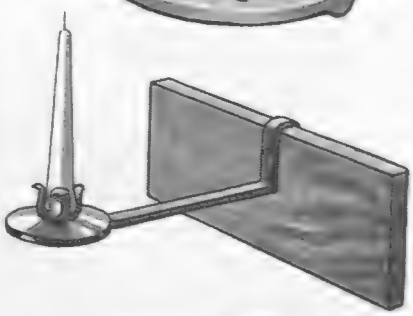
DOWN GANG





Buy a lantern if you intend to use candles for emergency lighting. It will keep out draught and prevent all danger from fire. Lanterns of this type cost about a shilling

The G.E.C. electric cooking plate is a boon when other cooking apparatus break down. It is fitted with a three-heat control and is finished in a clean grey mottled enamel. Prices from £2 5s. 6d.



Another type of candle holder in green metal, very useful to clip on to a convenient point anywhere in the house. Saves grease from dripping on the floors and furniture. Excellent for shelter use

An electric fan heater which drives the air over the heater and circulates it throughout the room, raising the temperature very rapidly. For maintaining a comfortable, healthy temperature in a room of average size, it is excellent. For alternating current. Price £2 18s. 6d.

Emergency lighting is easier to assure than cooking. A paraffin pressure lamp worked on exactly the same principle as a Primus stove is splendid for a start.

One of these lamps gives a two hundred or three hundred candlepower light. They are fitted with a special vaporiser so that the lantern burns brightly, even at low pressure. The light is steady and bright and a filling of one and three-quarter pints of oil will last about fifteen hours.

Any ordinary small table lamp running off an accumulator is quite a good idea too. Accumulators cost from 2s. 6d. upwards, and will give from ten to fifty hours of steady light according to the capacity and number of bulbs in use. Recharging is simple and inexpensive.

Accumulators must, however, be kept in a strong wooden felt-lined box, and placed in a corner of the room to minimise danger if they are knocked over or damaged by a bomb. If the accumulator can be sunk below the floorboards so much the better, owing to the danger from spilling acid.

The Anglepoise Lamp should not be overlooked when you are considering lighting. As the illustration on the left of this page shows, the lamp is so adaptable that it can be used almost anywhere and for any purpose so long as the electric current is available. There is no glare, a thing to appreciate with the blackout in mind. It can be twisted this way and that, sideways, slantways, upside down, backwards and forwards, all the time throwing the light just where you want it.

Candles will never fail as an emergency measure and a cheap one at that, but to save yourself confusion and even danger do get some sensible candle holders if you mean to rely on this form of stopgap lighting. A lantern to hold the candles is really the best. It protects the flame from draught, steadies the light and minimises danger from fire. Some of these cost only a few pence and are well worth it. You can hang them at convenient points about the house without danger.

Heating may not present the same emergency problems as lighting and cooking. The coal fire can only be interfered with when the house itself is damaged, or when supplies of fuel run short. It is just as well, however, to be ready for all that comes, and to have some emergency heating apparatus available, since it may prove useful in many different ways.

You may, for instance, be compelled to occupy a room that is not normally well provided for in regard to heat, or again, if you come back to your home after a temporary absence and find that normal supplies of fuel are lacking, an alternative heating system will save much discomfort.

The better type of oil heater is very hard to beat. So long as paraffin is available, you cannot be without heating.

A streamline, enamel finish, smokeless and odourless oil heater is the thing to have. It burns with a clear blue flame, giving a higher degree of warmth than the yellow flame, common to the older type of heater. These stoves require very little attention indeed and their heating capacity is sufficient for all average needs, while the low maintenance cost is still another very satisfactory feature.

Never have women had to look well under so many difficulties. Every strain is placed on their appearance, from long hours and urgent work to a foreshortened purse and sleep-robbed nights, yet never has beauty been more precious a clear skin and flashing smile in the midst of stress and alarm, the very colour-curve of the right lipstick become the highest symbols of morale and dauntlessness. They are the best possible proof that all is yet well with our world, and must continue to remain well so long as women see in each fresh occasion new meeting grounds for beauty

Rendezvous With Good Looks

December News Garnet is the lipstick for you, just out: Elizabeth Arden's. The eye cannot help but stay on it; there is a curious vibrancy about the colour tone which, without being over-bright, is happy, reassuring.

Nail varnish and rouge are to be had in Garnet.

Skin care and the choice of powder become all-important. Skin care must vary with age, but there is a new powder called Cameo, from Yardley's, of exceeding fineness, which clings through wind and rain, is not absorbed into clog or shine by your skin when you enter heated rooms, but lasts as a gossamer film indefinitely. Choose the shade that suits you best out of the six in which it is made, and you will present a groomed and pleasing aspect through the severest test.

Communal Sleeping Prepare for it as you would for sun-bathing except that instead of an anti-sunburn lotion you will massage your body with one that will keep you feeling clean and fresh throughout the night's fug. Shelters are close. Yardley's toilet lotion is the one. Designed for men—it is not perfumed, just fragrant, but it has that newly washed quality that does not grow stale. It will ensure health, comfort, good looks by very reason of its freshness and is indispensable for those who have to sleep in clothes.

Conceal your hair setting under a tulle or chiffon scarf tied loosely, turban fashion. Try to have your beauty treatment before you shelter. Cleanse and give your face and neck a Velva mask. This is a jelly from Arden's which dries hard in fifteen minutes and is removed by a touch of skin food and skin tonic, having absorbed puffiness, restored contour, drawn out fatigue lines and generally provided the lift given by a good night's rest. It leaves the skin silky smooth. All you need then is a dash of lipstick, a streak of castor oil across the lids to nourish eyelashes, the merest whiff, if any, of powder, and you'll do. Remember cuticle cream.

For the Country Woman Your house is full of evacuees, your hands rarely out of hot water. The extra work has to be borne by someone, who else but you? Take the tip of a surgeon. Clean your hands as you clean your face. Wipe them with Yardley's complexion milk instead of water. It's a deep pore cleanser which tones the cells and keeps the hands white and smooth.

A Velva mask will clear your face of any haggard look. You can slip it on to remake your face as you change. In this way you can still appear serene as a hostess or take the chair at committee meetings, and talk glibly about being nurse-housemaid, cook and bottle washer, without any one believing a word of it.

The Long-Journey Woman You gain peace sleeping out of town, but probably have to tramp off in the murky dark to catch bus and train for office next morning.

Your feet bear the brunt of the strain, they develop unforeseen bumps, they ache or grow miserably cold, particularly in the queues.

Wear low-heeled, wide-fitting shoes that will take a sock over your stockings with ease; dust the soles of your feet with foot powder to neutralise the acid which is thrown off by the feet when fatigued.

Use regularly Yardley's English complexion cream for your face. It is a three-in-one aid. It cleanses, is a powder foundation and protects and nourishes the skin at the same time.

For the Service Woman Your eyes come in for the weariness, whether you're a nurse—when hands and feet also suffer—an ambulance driver, canteen worker or clerk. The drain of vitality from behind the eyes has to be fought.

An eye-bath with Ardena lotion is the answer, you needn't dilute it. It soothes, (Continued on page 90)

But Once A Year

Come what will, we shall all unite to keep up a semblance of normality this Christmastime, no matter what our circumstances may be. For some, in fact for most of us, present-giving will take a simpler form for many reasons, but the spirit of our giving will be enhanced by a deeper note of well-wishing and a more fervent prayer for peace and goodwill on earth.

Here are some simple but practical gift suggestions. The prices are as approximate as possible in these changing times.

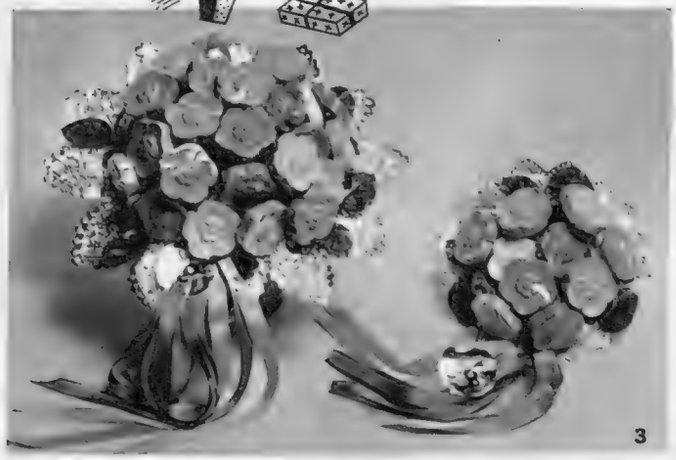
1. Goya gifts for the friends you wish to do specially well by. The cracker is neatly packed in cellophane and contains three assorted handbag phials of Goya perfume. Price 3s. 9d. The Gift Case holds a box of powder and a phial of perfume. Two sizes : 3s. 9d. and 2s. 6d.

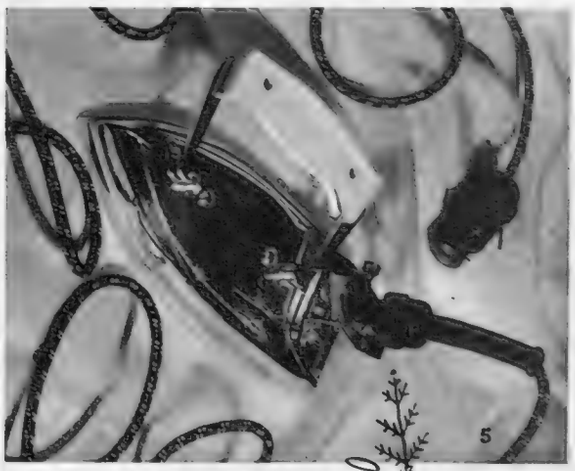
2. Regimental crests on the best make of cigarette-lighter obtainable. Ronson lighters in chromium with Navy, Army or Air Force crests cost 23s. 6d. In silver the price is 50s. The thing beside the cigarette-lighter is a pipe-lighter—a very practical novelty.

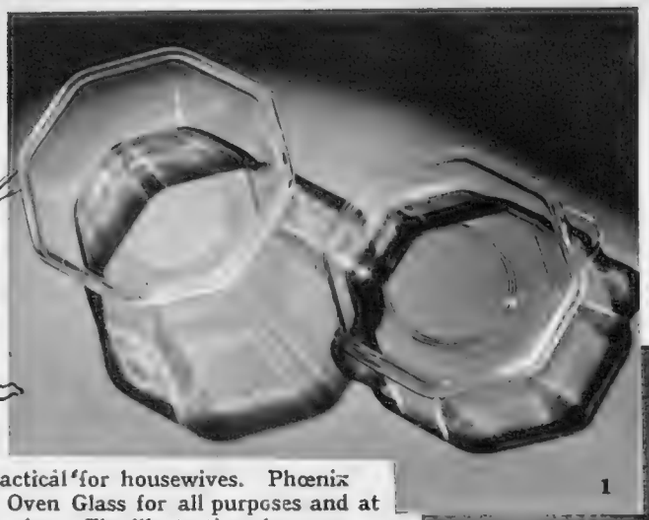
3. Coloured fragrance for the bath-tub. A nice touch of luxury for hard times from Ebe bath salts. Each flower will make somebody's bath into a romantic pool of fragrance. Also made in powder, milk and crystal form. Other colours and perfumes to choose from.

4. Women war workers have a tough problem in keeping their hands beautiful, so that one or several of the Peggy Sage hand-beautifiers will be acceptable. The polish-remover in the bottle is also a nail lubricant (2s. 6d.) ; the hand-whitening cream is 4s. 6d., and the famous satin base varnish costs 3s. 6d.

5. Another G.E.C. invention with which you can solve another present problem. A folding iron, efficient as any other kind, but easy to pack and to take on your travels. Indispensable to people who are always moving around, and who isn't ?

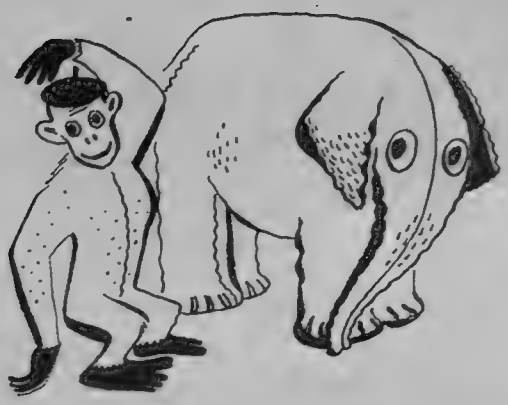






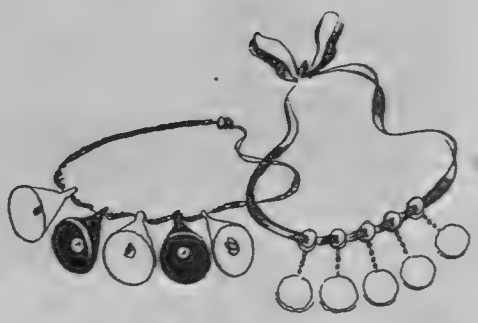
1. Practical for housewives. Phœnix Oven Glass for all purposes and at all prices. The illustration shows a shallow entrée dish with a reversible lid which can be used as an entirely separate unit. Price 4s. each.

2. The pretty box holds Max Factor powder, obtainable in shades for every type of skin. The cleansing cream, which melts instantly on contact with the skin, is in a huge pot. There is Honeysuckle Cream for oily skin in a charming bottle, and the famous indelible lipstick. All are 4s. 6d. each.
3. Flatter her to the finger-tips with a set of Cutex nail beautifiers. The case is supplied in three colours—mid-pink, pale green and ivory bakelite. In it is Oily Polish Remover, Cuticle Solvent, and a bottle of varnish. Price complete, 6s. 3d.
4. Bronnley's toiletries are charmingly packed and each can be had in either honeysuckle, lavender or verbena perfume. The Bath Essence is 3s., the Dusting Powder 3s. 6d., Talcum Powder 2s., and Bath Cubes 1s. 3d. for a box of six.
5. Electric time, the height of efficiency, with clock design which is the height of artistry. A Smiths' walnut clock, measuring 7 in. high and 10 in. wide. The dial has a silvered fret zone and hands. Price 55s.
6. A new kind of beauty defence against the aggression of winter is worth giving to your friends. Here it is in Larola creams and lotions for softening and whitening the hands and the face, in superfatted toilet soap and the finest Larola powder. Most of the Larola products cost 2s. 6d. The soap is 8d. a tablet.
7. You can't be wrong in giving cosmetics. Still less can you be wrong in giving one of such quality and usefulness as Anne French Cleansing Milk. It cleans, protects and nourishes the skin. 1s. 6d. and 3s. 6d. a bottle.



An ounce or so of wool, a button or two, and some stuffing, and these toys can be quickly and inexpensively knitted.

Cut a pattern following the shape of your own hand, add thumb later, and make some soft cotton or flannelette sleeping-mitts for the housewife who now does her own work. A jar of hand cream, and the gift is perfect.



Innumerable bizarre necklaces can be made if you keep your eyes open when you visit the cheaper shops. These two are from (a) little gaily coloured, unbreakable salt-funnels—only 1d. each; (b) key-rings with the same bright colours in the discs.

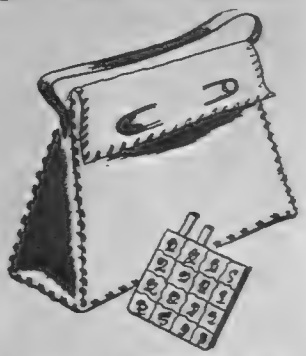
Gifts In Rhyme And Season

This Christmas mistletoe will score
And lots of things be as before.
The carol singers gaily shout
In shelters, or before blackout.
We'll have our pudding and our duck
With any sort of Christmas luck.

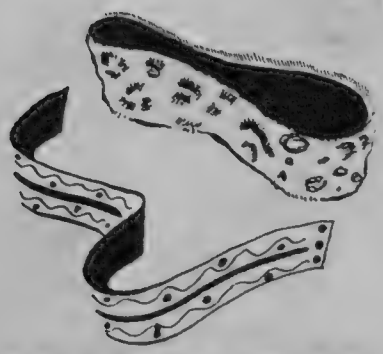
But when it comes to gifts, we'll need
To think with care, and make with speed;
All stockings must be filled to end
And yet there's nothing much to spend.
So use your brains and use your hands
And see how much your purse expands.

Accessories, to give some cheer
To costumes of the yesteryear.
And little luxuries to bring
Some happiness to housekeeping.
Originality applied
Will give good cheer, this Christmastide.

Thick woollen sports sox (knitted or bought) with a set of different cuffs (fur, imitation astrakhan, gay embroidered) that clip-fasten on. They make a smart change turned over on this winter's bootees.

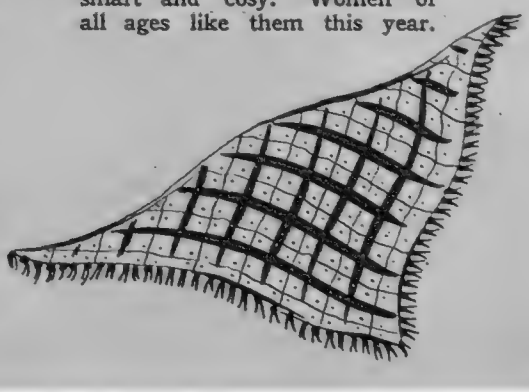


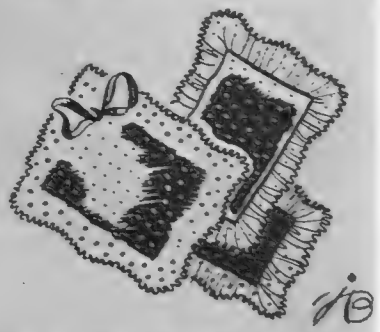
Red felt will make a most attractive purse, oversewn with contrasting wool at edges. Fastened with an enormous safety-pin. A 6d. cigarette-case covered with colourful stamps and then varnished with a solution of shellac or transparent varnish looks novel, and more expensive.



A belt of vivid silk ribbon backed with corded ribbon and embroidered with stones can make some old frock very cheerful. The belt above came out of a hang-over strip of ocelot fabric.

A large square of soft plaid woollen material with fringe of wool makes a delightful shawl, smart and cosy. Women of all ages like them this year.





A little toilet oatmeal and a half-yard of butter muslin and you have the makings of this set of oatmeal-filled washers. Anyone who values the complexion will value this gift. Decoration should be simple—the pads only last a few times each.

A Zig-Zag Yoke, a Bold Stitch

MATERIALS

10 oz. 4-ply grey wool; 1 oz. in 3-ply dark contrast; a pair of No. 9 and No. 11 needles; 4 press studs.

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 34 to 36 in.; length, 18½ in.; sleeve seam, 18 in.

TENSION

7 sts. and 9 rows to 1 in.

THE BACK AND FRONT (Alike)

With No. 11 needles, cast on 90 sts. Work the following pat.:

1st row.—(Right side of work) K.

2nd row.—* K. 1, p. 1; repeat from * to end. Continue until there are 4 in. worked. Now change to No. 9 needles and work another inch. Now m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 130 sts. Work straight until there are 12 in. up side seam from beg. Now k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 90 sts. Work straight until there are 4 in. round armhole. Cast off.

THE SLEEVES (Two Alike)

Cast on 50 sts. with No. 11 needles and work pat. for 3 in. Change to No. 9 needles and continue pat. for 1 more inch. Now m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 6th row (starting on next row) until there are 70 sts. Work straight until side seam measures 16½ in. Now m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every row until there are 96 sts. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 30 sts. Cast off.

THE POCKET

With No. 9 needles and dark wool, cast on 31 sts. Work all k. 4 rows dark and 4 grey as follows:

1st row.—Work twice into first st. * K. 6, k. 2 tog., k. 6. Work twice into next st.; repeat from * to end of row, ending k. twice into last st. (32 sts.).

2nd row.—K. 7, * k. 2 tog., k. 6, k. twice into next st., k. 6; repeat from * to end of row, ending k. 8 (31 sts. again). Continue until there are 4 dark stripes. Cast off.

THE YOKE (Back)

Cast on 121 sts. Work as pocket until there are 5 in. up from points to needle. Now cast off 8 sts. at beg. of every row, still continuing the pat. and the stripes, until there are 57 sts. Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, leaving 47 sts. Cast off.

FRONT OF YOKE

Work as back, until there are 3 in. instead of 5. Now work 32 sts. Cast off 59, work 31. Continue on these 31 sts., working as pocket for 21 rows. Now cast off 8 sts. at outside edge on every other row, continuing change of colour until there are 7 sts. left. Cast off 7 instead of 8. Work other side to correspond.

TO MAKE UP

Work double crochets in grey wool along front shoulders to level them, and round neck, missing out a st. at base of each V on neck to keep peaks well shaped. Work 3 rows. Sew up half each shoulder seam. Sew press studs to fasten. Sew yoke to back and front. Sew on pocket. Sew up side seams. Sew in sleeves, gathering at shoulders.

Rucked Sleeves and a Draped Neck

MATERIALS

7 oz. Copley Smith's 3-ply "Excelsior" wool; a pair of No. 9 and No. 11 needles; 4 buttons.

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 33 in.; length, 18½ in.; sleeve seam, 6 in.

TENSION

8 sts. and 11 rows to 1 in. in the rib.

THE FRONT

With No. 9 needles, cast on 103 sts. Work the following pat.:

1st row.—* P. 1, k. 1, repeat from * ending row p. 1.

2nd row.—* K. 1, wl. fwd., s. 1 purlwise, wl. back, repeat from * ending k. 1.

3rd row.—* P. 1, wl. back, s. 1 knitwise, wl. fwd.; repeat from * ending p. 1.

4th row.—* K. 1, p. 1; repeat from * ending k. 1.

5th row.—As 3rd. **6th row** as 2nd.

Right side of work shows long slipped sts. Repeat from 1st to 6th row throughout. When 4 in. have been worked, m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 4th row until there are 135 sts. Work straight until side seam measures 13 in. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 95 sts. Work straight until there are 4 in. round curve of armhole. With No. 11 needles and the side of work facing you that shows the long slipped sts., work a p. row.

Next row.—K. 45, k. twice into next st.; k. 3, k. twice into next st.; k. 45. **Next row.**—P. **Next row.**—K. 46, k. twice into next st.; k. 3, k. twice into next st.; k. 46. Continue in this manner, increasing on the k. rows, and working 47, then 48, then 49 sts. before increasing, until there are 131 sts. Now do not increase any more, but cast off 5 sts. at beg. of every row 10 times. Work straight on remaining sts. for half an inch. Cast off. Hem half an inch neck down to k. side, and press stocking st.

THE BACK

Work as front until it is time to start stocking st. yoke, then, with right side facing you, work a p. row on half the sts. Continue in stocking st. on these 48 sts., leaving others on holder until later, until there are 4 in. of stocking st.

Cast off 5 sts. at armhole edge on every other row 5 times. Work stocking st. on remaining 23 sts. for half an inch. Cast off. Work other half the same. Hem down to wrong side, the last half-inch of stocking st. at neck. With No. 11 needles, pick up 38 st. down back of neck opening on right side. Work k. for one row. Now work buttonholes as follows: k. 2, * k. 2 tog., wl. fwd.; k. 6; repeat from * to end of row. Work 2 more rows. Cast off. Pick up 38 sts. down other side and work 4 rows all k. Cast off.

ABBREVIATIONS

k.=knit; p.=purl; sts.=stitches; inc.=increase; dec.=decrease; tog.=together; beg.=beginning; ins.=inches; pat.=pattern; m.=make; s.=slip; wl.=wool; fwd.=forward

SLEEVES (Two alike)

With No. 9 needles cast on 79 sts. Work the rib pat. on first 31 sts., then p. 17, then rib (Continued on page 90)

Tailored Coat in a New Moss Stitch

MATERIALS

9 oz. 3-ply Briggs's "Rosedale" Fingering; 4 buttons; 1 pair No. 10 and No. 12 needles.

MEASUREMENTS

Length from shoulder, 21 in.; across back underarm, 17 in.; across fronts, 9 in.; sleeve from shoulder, 22 in.

TENSION

15 sts. to 2 in.

THE BACK

With No. 10 pins, cast on 125 sts., and work in the following pat.:

1st row.—K.

2nd row.—* K. 1, p. 1; repeat from * to the last st.; k. 1.

3rd row.—K.

4th row.—* p. 1, k. 1; repeat from * to the last st.; p. 1.

These 4 rows make the pat. Work 4 rows in pat., then dec. 1 st. each end of the next, and every 4th row following, until 101 sts. remain. Continue until work measures 6½ in. from the beg., then inc. 1 st. each end of the next row, and every 4th row following, until 125 sts. again. Continue without further shaping, until work measures 14 in. from the beg.

SHAPE THE ARMHOLES

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next 6 rows. Continue for 7 in. on the remaining 89 sts.

SHAPE THE SHOULDERS

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next 10 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

THE RIGHT FRONT

With No. 10 pins, cast on 75 sts. Work 4 rows in pat. Then shape as follows: Dec. 1 st. at the end of next and every 4th row following at armhole edge 12 times. But when work measures 3 in. from the beg., work the first centre shaping (right side facing).

Work 26 sts., take next 3 sts. tog., work to end of row. Work 1 in. on these sts. **Second Centre Shaping.**—Work 25 sts., take next 3 sts. tog., work to end. Work 1 in. in these sts. **Third Centre Shaping.**—Work 24 sts., take next 3 sts. tog., work to end of row. Work 1 in. on these sts. (57 sts. now on pin). Work the (Continued on page 90)

Fashion reporters gaped at the brightly-coloured woollen stockings, the thick little boyish knee-length socks shown at the prophetic October display of the International Wool Secretariat. Now people do not even turn their heads to look at women wearing them in city streets. Jaeger, holding that wise women are tending to abandon dressy town clothes in favour of tweedy, winter-sporty wear, sell stockings, gloves and matching sweaters. Munro make knee-length ribbed woollen stockings, with embroidered clocks. You can get these, also Allen Solly's check stockings, at most of the big London shops.

If you had no new suit this Autumn, a tweed coat and skirt is a fine winter buy. It has long life, looks spry on its own, is warm and comfortable beneath a fur coat or one of the flattering, straight-hanging, broad-shouldered, high-revered cloth coats.

There is soft pedalling on dressy clothes, but there will be parties and fun at Christmas between whiles. And the perfect dress for them is the little crepe frock— three shown on facing page. Women in the mood for forgetting it all in a swirl of long skirts and chunky jewels might consider the two outfits drawn at the bottom on the right.

① A well-cut frock in Jersey suede, a lovely pliant fabric, in parma, lavender, scarlet and petrol blue. Two high bodice pockets, a quietly flared skirt. 29/6. ② Heather, herring-bone tweed, the skirt with spaced inverted pleats, the jacket buttoning to the neck. Also in blue and tan with green check, wine with green check. £4 14s. 6d. ③ Cardigan suit and top coat in wool frieze, trimmed with stitching. Colours: greens, blues, cranberry, browns. £4 8s. 6d.

CHRISTMAS FASHIONS

By JEAN BURNUP

Editor Women's Department

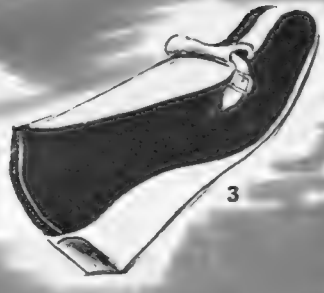
Please apply to the Editor, Women's Department, "Britannia and Eve," 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, for names of the shops where these clothes can be obtained.

④ Moss green and copper crepe, with seams flattening the ribs, a draped collar, trimmed with a half-necklace. £2 12s. 6d. ⑤ A longer moulded waistline marks this afternoon dress with its pleated cross-over yoke, unpressed front skirt pleats, draped high shoulders. In wine, green, navy and all pastels. £2 12s. 6d. ⑥ Self frills trim the yoke line, front and pockets of a crepe afternoon dress with a high corseleted waist. £2 19s. 6d. All pastel shades. ⑦ Long-sleeved, long-skirted, this blue angora wool dinner dress has shrewd bodice gathers, a draped belt tying at back. Skirt fulness is held to the thighs by three front pleats. The back flares gently to the ground. 98/6. ⑧ With a black crepe evening skirt (this one with a corselet belt, a full skirt costs 48/6) you can wear a variety of delicate lingerie blouses. A pretty idea is to make one in plain lawn and smother it with rows of Valenciennes lace.

Walking on Air

1

2



3

4

5

6

7

The shape of shoes to come is a new kind of speculation. Once shoes retained their respectable and familiar contours from generation to generation. Not so now. Startling innovations have appeared, some of them eccentric, but in most cases based on the principle of greater comfort, increased health and more flattery to feet.

Here are some pedigreed shoes for winter. They include (1) a Physical Culture model in brown, black or blue calf with a perforated front. (Physical Culture shoes emanate from the famous Selby Company of America and are now made in this country on Selby lasts under Selby supervision. A special feature is the Metatarsal Cushion which gives complete support and inclines the toes to a natural gripping position, giving even distribution of weight. There is also a Steel Arch Bridge which fits into the arch of the foot and provides the support required by high heels.) Another Physical Culture shoe (2) is the "Lenox" in black, brown or blue suede. Prices of all Physical Culture shoes are from 39/9.

Cool-ees models by Joyce, are American shoes tailored in this country on the theory that the most frivolous feet like to be comfortable. The "Sadler" (3) is in brown suede with a tan front panel, tan wedge heel with a back indentation. It can also be had in black and wine or wine and blue. (4) Another Cool-ees in Bucko Calf has a side-tie, pinked detail, decorative eyelets. Colours, black, brown or wine. Cool-ees shoes cost from 29/9 to 49/6. (5) Physical Culture shoe, the "Mashie," in tan calf with a crepe sole. (6) A Physical Culture town shoe in black or brown suede trimmed with calf. (7) A Cool-ees in Bucko calf with perforated front and wedge heel in black, blue or brown.

EACH ONE OF US, WHATEVER OUR JOB, MUST NOW BE

CARETAKERS

Flu is now rearing its head, and whatever happens this winter you must not become a sick-bed casualty. There isn't the time. You are too valuable a unit in your firm or family, in the nation's effort as a whole, to fall out of the ranks. Every gap will count. No gaps should occur. What can you do about it?

Observe all those tiny little precautions you have heard so often about and have never bothered to fulfil.

Gargle first thing in the morning and last thing at night, with salt or with iodine. A dessertspoonful of salt to a pint of water, or half a teaspoonful of iodine. If you can carry a bottle of carbolic mouthwash in your bag and rinse your teeth after each meal, the immunity conferred will repay the cost of the mouthwash. There's nothing like clinging food debris to constitute a hotbed for germs.

To guard against wet, cold and fatigue, rub the soles of your feet with camphorated oil, the merest suspicion that can be dusted over with powder each morning.

A dessertspoonful of Glucodin at breakfast will ensure the perfect assimilation of your food. It counters acidity due to nerve strain, promotes energy and body warmth.

These very easy preventives form an effective flu barrage.

There are others. If, after a long night in a shelter, you emerge with your nose feeling rather blocked, spray it with Endrine, right up the nostrils. This will not only clear the back passages to the throat and ears but kill any germ.

Should your throat be choked, gargle with glycerine and tannin. Cover the bottom of the tumbler with the glycerine and tannin and fill it up with warm water half way. Mix carefully. This gargle is not an antidote for a relaxed throat but for an infected one. For a relaxed throat suck Evans' Throat Pastilles.

For a tickle at the base of the throat—this may be a forerunner of Laryngitis—inhale from a mixture of menthol and Friar's Balsam. Take a menthol compact and grate it so as to film over the base of a stone jar, add a dessertspoonful of Friar's Balsam; place the jar in a basin and have a kettle of boiling water ready, also a bath towel to go over your head.

It is the first uprush from the infusion as the boiling water strikes the balsam that will cut the phlegm at the base of your throat. Unless the infusion is inhaled at full strength, by having a bath towel fall closely about your head round the jar, the inhalation is useless. A pity, for it should afford an instant cure. Never go out immediately after inhaling.

For a cough, take Syrup Famel, especially in the early stages; this will also be helped, maybe stopped outright, by inhalings at the start.

If you can definitely sense a cold coming on, you can arrest it in two ways. By day—if you have to keep about your work—with Collis Browne's Chlorodyne, twenty drops to a wineglassful of water: by night, with two aspirins and hot whisky, to sweat it out. Once the enemy has broken through your defences, fitness depends on how swiftly you administer a check. Attack him early on. There is that marvellous range of antidotes, for later stages, M and B 693. These destroy any and all bacteria, but can only be taken on the prescription of a doctor. A special diet has also to be followed: no onions, alcohol or eggs.

Headaches should be tended and are points of weakness. If you swallow the favourite aspirin, powder it first, and rest afterwards for a quarter of an hour, then drink weak tea. This gives the aspirin every chance to work. The usual way of going straight on after gulping down a tablet may find the pain dulled, but places a strain on your heart.

Bengue's Balsam brings immediate relief to headaches; you have only to slip on a streak wherever you have pain, either at the back of the neck, or forehead, for the throb to cease. The tube is inconspicuous in your bag.

Lastly, do not go on to a heavy festive meal at night from a day's hard work without first partaking of nourishment that is light, otherwise you will engender indigestion and acidity. Have a glass of hot milk first; if that is not available nibble chocolate or a biscuit.

An apple a day may not keep the doctor away, but these simple home cures assuredly will; they are followed by busy, successful general practitioners and physicians.

No Frills this Christmas

Such a lot of things to remember around Christmas, let's jot them down—better have soup on tap all the time. Belated travellers will be glad of it, and so will all of us. . . . Punch, too, for Christmas Eve isn't a bad idea—we'll make a note of that recipe we found in an old-fashioned cookery book. . . . Don't forget the crackers for the children's party—saw some dashingly patriotic ones done up in red, white and blue paper, with tri-colour caps inside (Caley's) . . . Shall probably buy mincemeat ready made this year, but in case I can't get it I'll dot down a recipe. . . . Oh, and as young John is coming to stay I must get in those animal biscuits he loves (Huntley & Palmer's*) . . . get in some bars of chocolate, too, not just for John but also for sweetening a chocolate sauce to go with stewed pears for lunch. . . . Don't suppose I'll be able to get much in the way of crystallised fruit this year—suddenly remembered, though, those delicious Batger figs I saw the other day—must buy a box before they're snapped up. . . . Maybe there'll be no cranberry sauce with the turkey, and no chestnut stuffing. . . . Turkeys themselves will not be plentiful, so many of us will have to take roast beef instead. . . . Must parley with the butcher and get him to see that the Christmas joint is well and truly hung. . . . If we cook it with extra special care we shall not miss that turkey. . . . There won't be frills, but still there'll be lots to eat. . . . The menus on these pages show that, if we've a mind to, in fact, we'll still be able to overeat.

Cheese Soup is made like this: Take ½ onion (chopped fine), ½ pint boiling water, 1 pint milk, 2 tablespoonfuls flour, a knob of margarine, 2 heaped tablespoonfuls grated cheese, salt and pepper.

Melt the onion in the margarine and when soft but not brown add the water. Cook a little more, add the milk (keeping back a little to blend the flour), and bring to the boil. Have the flour mixed to a smooth paste with a little milk, and stir in. Season, simmer till thick, and add cheese before serving.

Sheep's Head Broth is a useful economy soup. Required for twelve people: 1 sheep's head, 3 quarts water, 2 carrots, 2 turnips, 2 onions, 1 head celery, 2 cloves, ¼ lb. rice or barley, 6 peppercorns, 1 teaspoonful chopped parsley, salt.

Prepare head and cook slowly for an hour. Skim as required. Add vegetables (chopped), rice, cloves, peppercorns, salt. Boil slowly a further two hours. Remove the head, and either serve separately or cut up the meat and return to soup. Scatter parsley over before serving.

Soup in a Hurry.—Mix a tin of Heinz chicken soup with a tin of Heinz mushroom soup. Add milk as desired, and season. The result is quite delicious.

Sweet for Children's Party.—Pineapple cream: 1 packet Chivers' pineapple jelly, 1 pint custard (made with Bird's custard powder**), 1 small tin of pineapple chunks.

Dissolve jelly in a little hot water, and add pineapple juice to make 1 pint. When custard and jelly are really cold, beat together, adding pineapple chunks, chopped up.

BAR PARTY

With spirits the price they are, no one will take exception to the bar party, with a barrel of beer enthroned on a bar-trestle placed across a corner of the room. A small 4½ gallon cask (a "pin") will do nicely. Get an expert to open it and, if you can, borrow from the local club or pub the decorative red and white striped cover that goes over its top. Wetted, this keeps the barrel cool.

As well as hot sausages, small cold pies, squares of cheese, ham sandwiches or other snacks ordinarily served in bars, add one or two "spécialités de la maison" to elevate your bar from the village parlour to the Ritzy class.

A big bowl of something hot, kept going on a spirit stove or hotplate, will be the centre of attraction, let it be risotto or pilaff, for which recipes have already been given in these pages.

Or, in addition to hot sausages, hand round tiny fish balls and cheese balls, fried in deep fat and eaten on cocktail sticks.

For cheese balls, mix together 2 oz. grated cheese, 3 oz. brown breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoonful tapioca (previously soaked), ½ onion (chopped), 1 tomato (chopped), pepper and salt. Form into small balls the size of walnuts, roll in oatmeal and fry.

Snacks

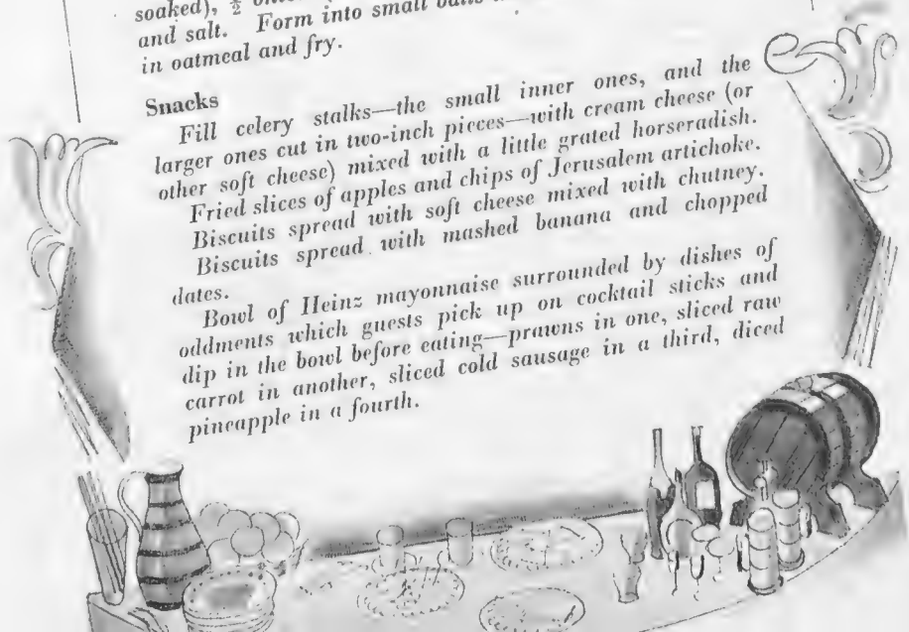
Fill celery stalks—the small inner ones, and the larger ones cut in two-inch pieces—with cream cheese (or other soft cheese) mixed with a little grated horseradish.

Fried slices of apples and chips of Jerusalem artichoke.

Biscuits spread with soft cheese mixed with chutney.

Biscuits spread with mashed banana and chopped dates.

Bowl of Heinz mayonnaise surrounded by dishes of oddments which guests pick up on cocktail sticks and dip in the bowl before eating—prawns in one, sliced raw carrot in another, sliced cold sausage in a third, diced pineapple in a fourth.



—But Plenty to Eat

Dinner Menus

Tomato Juice Cocktail

Turkey with Sausage-meat and Veal forcemeat Stuffing

Bread Sauce and Gravy

Sauté Potatoes

Braised Celery

Plain Lettuce

Individual Salads with French Dressing

Christmas Pudding with Custard Sauce

Nuts *Fresh Fruit*

Dates or Figs

Coffee

Celery Soup

Roast Beef

Yorkshire Pudding

Horseradish Sauce

Baked Potatoes

Brussels Sprouts

Christmas Pudding with Lemon Sauce

Nuts *Fresh Fruit*

Dates or Figs

Coffee

By Harriet Muir

Put in a mould to set. If liked, put aside a few chunks for decorating the top. Tinned oranges with orange or lemon jelly can be used to make an orange cream.

Mincemeat.—This is another Ministry of Food recipe. It needs 8 oz. stoned raisins, 8 oz. sultanas, 8 oz. currants, 4 oz. chopped peel, 4 oz. chopped almonds (if obtainable) or of mixed nuts, ½ lb. sugar (brown if possible), ½ lb. marmalade, ½ lb. beef suet, 1 lb. apples, 1 grated raw carrot, ½ teaspoonful mixed spice, a little nutmeg, ¼ teaspoonful salt, and a little brandy (if possible).

Prepare fruit, mix all ingredients well together and pot up. Make in advance if you can, as it improves with keeping.

Mulled Ale.—1 quart ale, 1 tablespoonful sugar, 1 pinch each of ground cloves and grated nutmeg, and a double pinch of ground ginger. Also 1 wineglassful rum or brandy.

Put ale in saucepan with sugar and spices. When about to boil, add spirits. Serve with a ladle from a punch-bowl.

Christmas Pudding.—Here is the Ministry of Food's wartime Christmas pudding recipe. If you have not already made yours, do it now, at the beginning of the month.

6 oz. breadcrumbs, 3 oz. flour, ¼ lb. shredded suet, ¼ teaspoonful salt, ½ teaspoonful mixed spice, ¼ lb. sugar (brown if possible), 2 eggs, 1 small grated carrot, juice of an orange, 1 tablespoonful marmalade, 2 oz. chopped nuts, stout or "old" beer to mix, 1 lb. fruit (made up of either ¼ lb. each of sultanas, raisins, currants and chopped prunes; or ½ lb. each sultanas and chopped prunes).

Clean and prepare fruit, and mix well with chopped nuts, grated carrots and other dry ingredients.

Add the eggs, well beaten, the orange juice and the marmalade, and stir in sufficient stout or beer to make a stiff, moist consistency. Stir for at least an hour; the more the mixture is stirred the better. Put into one large or two smaller pudding basins, and boil for at least six hours.

Make a Bird's custard sauce according to directions on the packet.

For lemon sauce, take ½ pint milk, ½ oz. cornflour, 1 teaspoonful lemon juice, rind of ¼ lemon, pinch salt, 2 small teaspoonfuls sugar.

Keep aside a little milk to blend the cornflour. Heat the rest through slowly with the sugar and the lemon rind, cut in strips. Remove the rind, bring milk to boil and add the blended cornflour and the lemon juice. Boil four to five minutes, add salt and stir well before serving.

Turkey Stuffings.—Fill the crop end of the bird with sausage meat, and in the other end put veal forcemeat stuffing made with 6 oz. breadcrumbs, 3 oz. shredded suet, ½ oz. parsley, 1 teaspoonful mixed herbs, grated lemon rind, pepper and salt, a shallot finely chopped (optional) and milk to moisten.

Celery Soup.—2 heads celery, 2 boiled beetroots, 1 onion, 1 tablespoonful soaked tapioca, 1½ pints water, ½ pint milk, 1 oz. margarine, a little grated nutmeg (optional), salt and pepper to taste.

Clean and cut up celery, and boil it with beetroot and onion (both chopped) for three-quarters of an hour. Pass through a sieve. Add tapioca, margarine, milk and seasoning, and boil for a further fifteen minutes.

Horseradish Sauce.—This needs cream and is therefore rather a troublesome extra to make at home. Far better buy the excellent bottled variety.

Tomato Juice Cocktail.—Decant a bottle of Heinz tomato juice, give it extra pep with the juice of half a lemon, a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce and a little salt to taste, and serve ice cold.

** In spite of the difficulties with which, as biscuit manufacturers, they have had to contend, Huntley & Palmer's continue to offer an extensive range of biscuits.*

Several old friends such as Breakfast and Standard kinds are still in good supply, and the high standard of these products is being successfully maintained.

*** Bird's Custard, more than ever, is taking the place of cream. It contains Vitamins A and D, good for colds, bone building and teeth.*

Off Duty There is a certain excitement about walking back to my own home each day from the hospital. Every time I turn the corner and see it still standing as solid and unruffled as in the Regency days when it was built I heave a sigh of relief. Inquiring into the state of the gas, hot water and electricity is rather like a treasure hunt. Some days I get home to a hot bath and sometimes there is a sporting chance of a hot luncheon. What we don't know about a Primus stove isn't worth knowing and so far the only thing which has defeated us completely is the business of making toast. Even this problem has now been solved by an electric heater which I found put away in the spare room.

In the next street to ours there is a particularly nice chemist and now that so many people have evacuated he seems to consider that it is up to me to keep up appearances for the whole district and each time he has something new to improve the female of the species he immediately sends it round to our house.

Two bottles arrived on one day each labelled Nailsure. The first is an oily cuticle remover and nail cleanser which has no acid in it but contains special oil. I must say I found this a particularly good preparation. You dip the orange stick into the Nailsure then wrap a wisp of cotton wool round the point of the stick and dip it into the bottle again. Work round the base and inside of the nail, pushing back the cuticles gently and also cleaning the nail tips. After this you clean again with dry cotton wool and rinse the fingers thoroughly.

The second bottle contains varnish remover and they tell me this is very good and as I cannot wear varnish in these days I have to take other people's word for it.

A hand cream which is new to me and very pleasant to use is Gordana. This is a white non-greasy cream, and you can use it on wet or dry hands either before or after washing. To get the best results you rub the cream in with the hands placed back to back, and finish by massaging from the fingertips up towards the wrist.

THE business of keeping men's hair brushes clean has always seemed to me extremely difficult. The lotions, creams and strange mixtures they put on their heads to keep their hair flat usually lands, as far as I can see, more on the hair brush than it does on the hair. The brush which is particularly trying is the one that has to be kept in the men's cloakroom, and is used by all and sundry with gay abandon only curbed by frequent washings which make the back of the hair brush a sad and sorry sight. The Kenton Crosby military shaped man's hair brush with the detachable back seems to me an excellent invention. You can take the bristles out to wash and they attach to an aluminium base which is perforated. There is no wood to get sodden and after the bristles have been washed they dry again in about a quarter of the usual time.

These brushes come in large and small sizes and the same type of detachable brush is made for women, and they even go so far as to add a perfume pad sandwiched between the bristles and back of the brush.

On Duty—*and Off*

GETTING off duty in London is not the fun it used to be. One is apt to start out with the idea of shopping and end up by a rather grim rubber-necking tour of damaged streets and squares. A few months ago it would have given me a nasty turn to see so many houses where I have enjoyed myself in the past a shambles of bricks lying out in the street. Now, those peaceful years when we dined out and danced have moved so far away that they seem quite unreal. Each time I walk through a square I seem to find a new gap and memories of another ballroom with parquet floors and little gilt chairs around the walls jump up in my mind. Walking along streets and seeing the shattered houses of my friends and relations with the doors and windows torn out and walls askew, I wonder if it is kinder to write a little note of sympathy or to leave the subject alone altogether. Even clothes bearing famous labels such as Balenciaga, Schiaparelli, Patou and dozens more remind one too much of crisp, cold days in Paris, of the Place Vendôme bathed in winter sunshine, shop windows along the Faubourg Saint Honoré, the tang of French perfume and all kinds of gay and lovely things that it is easier to forget until we can catch up with them again in a much more prosperous future.

By Jane Gordon

On Duty We sat by a cheerful fire in the Hospital Residency waiting for casualties to be brought in by wardens or policemen. As usual matron and sister were knitting. I tried to write a letter but the wireless backed by heavy gunfire and bombs kept on interrupting my thoughts. After a while I looked up to ask: "Is there such a thing as fool-proof knitting?" "Yes. Socks," said sister. "I haven't knitted socks since my schooldays and I have forgotten how to turn heels and graft toes." "I would soon tell you how to do that," said sister. "Thanks a lot. But I haven't got any wool." "I have some wool that needs knitting," matron announced. "That's very good of you, matron. But I haven't any needles." Sister promptly whipped out a set of needles from her knitting bag and almost before the next bomb had come down the wool had been rolled and 90 stitches cast on three needles.

"Now," said sister. "Knit 1, purl 1 for 36 rows." "For whom am I knitting these socks?" I asked. Matron looked a little shocked. "Surely you are knitting them for Charles," she said gently. "No, I am not. I love him dearly, but his feet are enormous," I added grimly. "If I must knit socks I will knit them for Derek whose feet are small as any I can think of just now."

In spite of guns, bombs, land mines, flares, incendiaries, shrapnel and casualties I got from knit 1, purl 1 to knit 5, purl 2, narrowed to 4 plain, 2 purl, turned a heel, passed

(Continued on page 72)

Christmas Gifts

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Mary Young's FINDINGS *for your* KEEPINGS

There are few houses in these days that have not got some type of air raid precaution installed. But the equipment is not always of the kind that a child or old person could handle in emergency.

I was glad, then, to find an extinguisher that can be used with good effect by the weakest hands: one which would make a wise addition to any home's A.R.P. Made of a composition which is light as a feather, yet strong, this sand container is shaped like a long, narrow cylinder, the design making for more accurate and concentrated shooting than is possible with a shovel.

One or more of these extinguishers placed in the upper stories of the house, in addition to the ordinary fire fighting appliances, might well save serious calamity. Price 2s.

If, on account of transport difficulties, you just can't think how you are going to get into town to have a permanent wave before Christmas, don't despair. Do it yourself. It will cost you just 7s. 6d. For this sum, you can get a permanent wave outfit that a child could use. There's no machinery, no electricity, no heat, no danger.

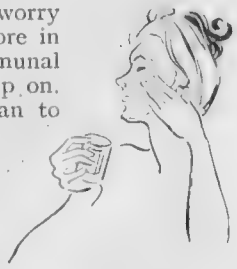
Here, roughly, is how it is done. First, the hair is washed with a special shampoo. Next it is carefully dried. Then, with a solution that you make up yourself with water and the contents of the packet that comes with the outfit, you wet the hair once more.

Curlers—you get fifty—are fixed into the hair, and, for the next four hours, you can forget them. You can read, write, sew, cook, and at the end of the period, all you have to do is to remove the curlers, run a comb through the hair, *et voilà*.

After a blitzy night in the home burrow the eyes don't often feel so good. Quite frequently, they feel as if someone had mistaken the light that may have been in your eyes the evening before for an incendiary bomb and had tried to put it out with sand. Hot, gritty, sunken; that's the way it is, and when you face yourself in the glass, you find a few fine lines around the eyes, where no lines were before.

Eye baths, of course, are the prescribed corrective, but it is a bit tricky taking lotions and eye baths along with your other shelter paraphernalia. The answer to the problem is a tube of eyedrops about the size of a tube of tooth paste to carry with you. One squeeze of the tube releases one drop of healing, refreshing coolness into those hot, tired eyes. To all of us leading a shelter and nomad existence, this new safe way of toting round ocular relief is a real blessing.

Enlarged pores are beginning to worry women who have never had them before in their lives. The primary cause is communal sleeping in enclosed areas with make-up on. Nothing could be crueller to pores than to sleep with them sealed in a coating of foundation and powder.



On the market, now, is a perfect antidote to this problem. A cream mask for counteracting enlarged pores. It is as easy as a night cream to apply and kind to sensitive skins, for, unlike most masks, it does not harden after application. The price is another of its attractions of this mask. A jar costs 5s. 6d., and is sufficient for twelve treatments. There are no trimmings to go with it. Simply remove with warm water after the prescribed time is up.

Soups made of old vegetables are a grand and economical stand-by, but what a job that mashing-of-them up with wooden spoon and sieve can be. I have discovered a cheap version of a masher-sieve which has proved an invaluable kitchen aid. It is made of strong stainless metal. The detachable masher has propeller-like blades, which revolve like the arms of a windmill. The sieve is made of strong wire and has a deep, well-proportioned bowl. Both parts are easily cleaned and take up less storage room than the ordinary sieve. As well as for soups, I use the masher for making fruit fools, for creaming up fish and other soft foods.

Many new economies have come into being since the war began.

We have learned not only to live like moles in the dark, but have discovered tricks for conserving light and heat. One of the cleverer light-saving devices I have come across, is a disc to fit above the electric light in place of a shade. After the light has been burning for a little while, it can be switched off. The soft glow of the disc then gives sufficient light to enable you to see to move about a room. Or it will light a passage or hall. The glow lasts for as many hours pro rata as the electricity was left burning.

Another economic invention for which we have to thank Hitler is soap put up in tubes like tooth paste. This is not only economic, but handy. This cleaner is actually more than soap. It is an antiseptic cream with amazing cleansing and soothing properties.

Hands that have become roughened and reddened with obstinate, dirt-filled cracks, will quickly be restored to smooth immaculate cleanliness if they are washed with this cream. A drop or two of water is all that is needed to do the job. So, if there should be a water crisis, the hands can be cleaned and disinfected, however tricky the circumstances. And if you worry about your nails and cuticles the cream will keep them soft and supple, too.

If any of the subjects discussed on this page answer your current problems write me at "Britannia & Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4. I shall be happy to send any further information

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By Louisa Kay

Travelling Baby

Surely there was never such a time of strange happenings for the very young. The tranquil routine which has been the very keystone of baby welfare in the past few years has been badly jarred.

Sudden journeys, rough disturbances at odd hours of the night and day, constant changes of abode are the baby's wartime lot. How does he react to it all? Probably less seriously than we imagine.

Bearing in mind that a baby is very largely spared the strain of mental anxiety—the war offers no problems to him beyond those of immediate physical discomfort—the burden of these times is, for him, happily much lighter than our own.

Physical comfort can to some extent be assured for a baby by careful preparation and adequate equipment against all emergency. If he is well nourished, well warmed and, so far as possible, reassured by calm and cheerful handling, he will be little disturbed on a journey.

The psychological effect of calm and deliberate handling even upon the very young is immense. A baby's intuition is strong, and he absorbs an atmosphere of panic very readily. That is why, whatever our deeper reactions, it is vitally important to cultivate the habit of calm, at least externally. If you are compelled to undertake a journey, perhaps suddenly to interrupt the baby's normal routine, let it be done without fuss as far as possible and with every possible provision against physical discomfort.

Let his clothing be warm but not too constricting. Several hours of travelling, tightly swaddled in clothes that allow of little free movement can be very wearying. A Moses basket is a great source of comfort since he can be put to sleep cosily enough and carried with increased comfort to himself and to you.

Familiar things are a great solace to a baby and on this account it is wise to let him grow accustomed to his Moses basket even at home, so that when he is put to sleep there in an emergency he is conscious of very little disturbance.

For travelling, and for any sudden journey into the open either in the night or day, a hooded carrying bag is indispensable. Velour bags suitable for carrying or for the pram or cot, cosily hooded and with a button flap at the bottom for easy changing, cost about 16s. 11d. at the Treasure Cot Company. There can be very little risk of chill from draughts or sudden changes of temperature if baby is wearing one of these whenever he moves around.

There are also at the same shop some useful sleeping bags. These are quilted, filled with kapok and covered with pale green cambric. A pillow is attached and the complete length is approximately 46 in. The width is 24 in. They cost 19s. 6d. and a similar bag in pale khaki colour filled with down is priced at 25s. 6d.

For children a little older light wool siren suits are good for travel. Being in one piece, they cover the whole body without gaping anywhere. One I have seen is made in a very warm cloth. The hood is lined with a bright plaid material, giving extra comfort, and there are zipp fasteners down the front and at the legs which fit over the shoe like gaiters. This style is made for children from two to eight years in saxe green or brown. It is the ideal garment for travelling and costs from 33s. 9d.

Suitable for tinies is a brushed wool lumber suit, very snug with long gaiter type pants topped with a Balaclava helmet. This is 39s. 9d.

Very special care must be given to the choice of underclothes. It pays handsomely to buy the best quality wool for these hazardous days of journeying to and fro. Chilprufe underclothes will give as much protection in their sphere as an air raid shelter. They are light and porous and specially qualified to protect against sudden chills.

When you are considering the relative price of woollens for your travelling baby bear in mind the special service offered by Chilprufe, whereby worn garments can be returned to the manufacturer for expert repair and enlarging.

Travelling food outfits are to be had at good baby outfitters such as the Treasure Cot Company. It will save you endless confusion and anxiety to have the means of maintaining your baby's comfort, to say nothing of your own peace of mind.

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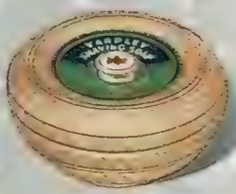

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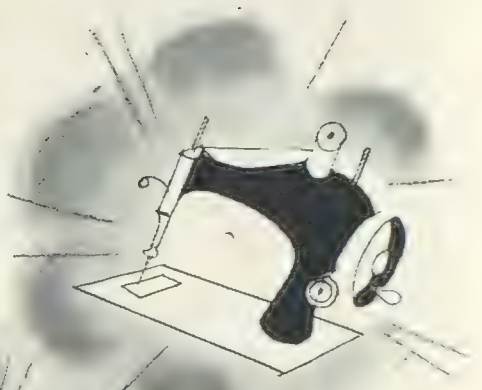

A bored woman is not necessarily an idle woman. Sometimes it is our very busyness that bores us. Especially when our busyness is confined to the same old business day after day.

Those whose employment comes under the heading on the National Register of "Unpaid Domestic Worker"—in other words, wife—find the war makes their work far more exacting, more tiring, and more demanding in time and intelligence. Saving money always seems to mean spending time. And there is all the other work besides—at canteens, report centres, work parties. On the face of it, there is no time to be bored. But this article is dedicated to those who have always kicked spiritually against the pricks when going about their humble job singing: "*The daily round, the common task, Will furnish all we need to ask.*"

Lack of change creates boredom. And when there is no time or opportunity for a few hours change of occupation, or change to recreation, we feel stale. Last winter we had to adjust ourselves to the long blackout evenings at home, the blackout bores; but this winter we have the blackout plus the shelter business if nothing worse.

There is a housewife's tip that if you have an uncut loaf of stale bread you can freshen it up miraculously by plunging it into cold water and then putting it into the oven. Try this cold-water plunge on yourself when you feel stale. Take a plunge into something fresh.

Consider giving your younger children their lessons at home by joining the Parents' National Educational Union. It would save anxiety if you live in an often raided district, and would be a source of much new interest to yourself; at any rate, send for the P.N.E.U. syllabus and booklets telling you how to set about it. Go back to school yourself, and give yourself evening classes. Get an old syllabus from an evening school—their list of subjects will give you ideas. The public library will help with the books you need. Many men who have joined the services have found themselves doing mathematics and other subjects again—and enjoying the mental stimulus.

You might study the history of glass, china, and furniture, so that when you go into antique shops you really do get bargains and not pups. You might brush up your foreign languages or learn a new one. Many people have taught themselves simply by translating books into English, with only a dictionary to help them. Slow at first, but plod on and you get absorbed.

A few gramophone records will guide your pronunciation; or find out if there are any foreigners in your district—they would probably be only too glad to help you in return for pleasant evenings at your house. If your household is enlarged, you could have French conversation evenings, mealtimes, or shelter sessions.

The enlarged household offers great scope for home-made entertainment. Reading plays aloud, each person taking a character, can be great fun even in a shelter. Or with Christmas coming you could stage amateur theatricals. If you live in a block of flats or a friendly community of houses, you will get any amount of talent.

Actors, scene designers, costumiers, could all get on with their parts in their own time, and meet once or twice a week. Offer to act your play in the wards of convalescent hospitals or to evacuated communities—it will be thoroughly appreciated, even if not thoroughly professional.

Start a periodicals club among your friends. Each member subscribes, say, sixpence a week. With this money you can order regularly a whole lot of reviews, literary papers, magazines. Work a rota, so that each member gets a different one first each week.

A war scrap book is a hobby that will make something of great interest for the future. Paste in any cuttings that particularly impress or amuse you. Also paste in advertisements of topical value, such as "*a good strong house*" instead of the peacetime "*desirable residence*"; permanent waves that leave you free to go down to the shelter; restaurants whose clients are welcome to stay overnight if necessary.

Write in notices from bombed shops or other places, and placards like the South Coast

By Alison Haig

(Continued on page 68)

The Living London (*Continued from page 5*)

Tenison, afterwards Archbishop Tenison, said that if the parishioners did not like it 'She can be buried in my vault.' The vicar, you see, can do anything he likes with his own vault. So Nell Gwyn was buried in St. Martin-in-the-Fields. *That* we know.

"Now the vicar's vault is almost invariably made directly under the altar. The only uncertainty we have is whether, in building this last church, they moved the position of the altar from where it was in Henry VII's time. If they didn't—then Nell Gwyn is right under there."

The place the clerk of works pointed to was directly under the church's heating plant. From the look in his eye, that eager, explanatory eye, I half-believed he would almost welcome some slight bombing disarrangement that would give him the opportunity to "make some repairs" under the heating plant.

At any rate, one day, Nell Gwyn might appear.

STRANGE night. We moved from St. Martin's out into a windswept, rainy street illuminated at fitful intervals by the flash of gunfire, bombs, and questing searchlights. "O-o-o-o-oh!" could have been our signature tune of that night as we walked hurriedly along, trusting to the slight protection of "battle bowlers." And mine did not fit; it sat like a button on the top of my head.

This night was not all eulogy. We came to a place where we went down into a deep hole in the ground, where, barricaded by sandbags and shrouded curtains, where no noise of falling bombs or retaliating British gun was allowed to penetrate, people tried to evade the truth. Here a jazz band, professional entertainer, dancing and high-priced oblivion. "And here," said Tom, "we are glad that we are *not* all part of each other. Three friends of mine have just come up and apologised to me for being here. They claim they just 'ducked in here' to get out of the air raid on their way home."

After what we had seen in St. Martin's, this place made us want to go out in the streets and be sick.

"In there," said Tom Purvis, "you could almost hear the sound of the tumbrils!"

LONDON got a bad hammering that night. Even the hardiest taxi drivers had left their cabs. Long lines of deserted buses stood across from the National Gallery. The pigeons under its portico squeaked and made frightened noises as the crump of bombs, barks of guns, a red glow illuminated the heavy clouds. At our club we found a famous playwright, an even more famous dramatic critic, an Irish surgeon, and "just a clubman," playing an acute game of auction bridge. This was down in the shelter, and two well-known surgeons were trying to sleep on divans beside the game. Said the playwright, thinking of a "line":

"Fellow who lives next door to me's a clumsy devil. Came into my yard this afternoon, leaned against my air raid shelter—knocked the blamed thing over."

We went out, along about three in the morning, to have a look. Still raining, the clouds over the East End were reflecting a fire. The empty German Embassy looked fittingly deserted, empty and dejected. But Nelson, on his column, stood with gallant distinctness against the reddened sky.

"Grand!" mused the dramatic critic. "As long as he stands up there I'm all right!"

THE dawn rose that morning in the wrong direction. It was another fire. That night we had seen the A.F.S. in action, with a skill commensurate with their bravery—which is the highest tribute they can be paid. Now we heard their bells clanging again. These A.F.S. people, too, were of all classes of society. And there was an inspiriting "manhood" in their grimed, tired faces: fighters all. They rocked past, taking the corner on two wheels.

The all clear blew. The chef of the Athenæum Club emerged in his white coat, suit-case in hand, and stared up at the lighting sky. He was going home. A cluster of refugees brushed past us. They carried haversacks, rucksacks, blanket roll—and they talked, excitedly, in a foreign tongue. Whence had they fled, from what ruined country; and where were they going? In such a hurry!

But you could tell where the people from St. Martin's were going. A large proportion was hurrying off to get two hours' sleep at home before they dressed once more and went out for the day's work. Some, who felt it was worse than useless to have such snatched, fitful rest, were rubbing their eyes and making for the nearest coffee stall. All the "corner houses" had long queues, waiting for a table, coffee, tea, perhaps a solid breakfast of bacon and egg. The girl in beach trousers, her pneumatic mattress now deflated rolled under her arm, stood at the top of the steps leading out of St. Martin's and "touched up" her face. Then she lighted a cigarette and strode off towards Henrietta Street. The big lorries, loaded with fruit and vegetables from the farms of Kent, began to rumble into Covent Garden.

The sky was green now—nearly day. And across it was the ploughed wake the cowardly night raiders had left. They had fled before the day. But, floating slowly across the sky was a long, curved white trail that zigzagged through this raiders' path. In the dawn-dusk we had heard its hornet-whine—the song of the "Spitfire."

I am an American, so I can say nice things about you British. Things you would never say about yourselves. I neither want to, nor could I, lose a minute of that night. Its events are pin-pointed in my mind like a tattoo. But Tom Purvis is British. And strangely—or was it strange?—we both found ourselves saying the same thing.

"Marvellous!" we exclaimed, as we stared up at that "Spitfire's" avenging wake: "They'll pay for this!"

END

The Man Who Rode Europe (*Continued from page 19*)

made him strictly respectful to civilian rights; perhaps Marlborough knew that a friendly populace was of more use to a general than a hostile one. There was a certain Robin Hood element in the man. War was still a game, sometimes even a pastime which, like yachting, the very rich could afford to play.

But Churchill was going to play this game in earnest. He was determined not to play it in the leisurely French manner, but to bring the enemy to action in as swift and unexpected a manner as he could devise.

His first contact with the enemy was the occasion of one of those adventures which seem to be the fate of some Churchills, having nothing to do with their real success, but much with their public popularity. The commander was journeying down the Meuse by boat, escorted by cavalry on the banks. Darkness fell, and the next thing that Churchill knew was that he was captured by a party of French soldiers. One of his officers had long retained an old pass issued by Louis to Churchill's brother in happier days. The name corresponded to the general's baggage. The French were a little confused: they knew their enemy as Marlborough. The opportunity was missed. Churchill arrived at The Hague amidst much the same cheering that greeted young Winston at Durban after his escape from the Boer internment camp two hundred years later.

In May, 1704—such was the leisurely course of war in those days—both Marlborough and Louis XIV were ready. It was the eve of the Battle of Blenheim, as good a battle as any to illustrate the highly superior talents of the duke as a general.

On the eighteenth he marched off with his 40,000 men towards Bonne. Villeroy had been told to follow him wherever he went. It seemed apparent that Marlborough would turn right and follow the Moselle. Their spies reported that he had asked the Landgrave of Hesse to send his guns on to Mannheim. Then they learned that he had started to bridge the river at Philipsburg. It was obvious that he could not move down towards Heidelberg and Ulm. It must be down to the Moselle country; towards Ulm the roads were so bad that no general would dare to order his men to march under such conditions. Quite obvious. And before Villeroy was awake one morning news came that Marlborough had crossed the Main and was over the hills and far away.

THE climax of these operations came in August. Marlborough moved the whole of his 35,000 men in a day, a march of twenty miles which included the passage of the Danube and the Wernitz and two other rivers. The French troops had their right resting on Blenheim, a little town in South Germany near Augsburg. The turning point of the battle (which the enemy tried to avoid) came when Marlborough threw in his famous cavalry, using the new method of "shock action" as against the traditional "missile action." He sent his forces across a river that the enemy never believed him capable of crossing. Blenheim, to students of military history, is a masterpiece of strategy.

Yet another specimen of Marlborough's agile and imaginative brain in battle was when he faced the boastful Villars near Douay. He marched his men here, and he marched them there; the enemy had no more idea just where he was going to strike than France and England had in April, 1940, when Hitler was using the same tactics. Moreover, Marlborough gave orders in a loud voice and quite openly, well aware that his camp was infested with spies. He almost overdid it this time, fooling his own officers and men by the strangeness of his dummy orders. At the climax came an actual race for time between the Allied infantry and the French cavalry. The men marched nearly forty miles in eighteen hours. One-third of them dropped, but the rest were in their surprise position on time. The oft-repeated order had gone round: "The duke desires that the infantry step out." The siege of Bouchain was the final military triumph.

All these years Marlborough had not only been commanding in the field but dominant at home through virtue of his dominant personality and sense of diplomacy. He was also increasing his own fortune by means accepted as quite regular on the Continent. But his constant absence on the battlefield abroad gave his enemies time to plot. Marlborough was still a great popular figure; but a time came when the "men on top" disgraced him. He suffered the same rewards as Nelson, Clive and Warren Hastings. Again his patience triumphed, but it was a bitter period of his life. And the Peace of Utrecht would have broken the heart of any less confident a man. The whole of his fighting went for nothing; Oudenarde, Ramillies, Blenheim and Malplaquet might just as well have never been fought. Only Gibraltar (with which Marlborough was not directly concerned) came to England after decades of costly warfare.

The Duchess of Marlborough fought for him to the end. She was loyal, but appallingly indiscreet. That he (*Continued on page 62*)

The secret's in the sachet
EUGÈNE

loved her so much was a warning trait in his strangely aloof character.

He once wrote to her as he sailed for Flanders in terms of a young man very much in love (he was over fifty at the time) and despite the fact that he was sailing for the wars entirely as a result of his own strenuous efforts to do so: "It is impossible to express with what a heavy heart I parted with you when I was by the water's side. I could have given my life to come back, though I knew my own weakness so much that I durst not. I did for a great while, with a perspective glass, look upon the cliffs in hopes that I might have had one sight of you. We are now out of sight of Margate, and I have neither soul nor spirits; but I do at this minute suffer so much that nothing but being with you can recompense it."

SARAH'S greatest disservice to John Churchill was to alienate the friendship of Queen Anne. Sarah rather fancied that it was she who was really the queen. But Anne, though fond of her strong-willed friend, was obstinate. Whether she and the queen ever actually came to blows, as might well be imagined by those outside the royal keyholes, they certainly came to tantrums and tears. And all the time, even while Marlborough was fighting brilliantly, his rivals and enemies built up their case. His friends declare that, if anything, he was a victim of ingratitude.

Swift was guilty of a bitter jibe at those who thought that the duke had been badly treated. It appeared in 1710 and was set out in two bills:

A Bill of Roman Gratitude

	£	s.	d.
For frankincense, and earthen pots to burn it in	4	10	0
One bull for sacrifice	8	0	0
Embroidered garment	50	0	0
Crown of laurel	0	0	2
One statue	100	0	0
Trophy	80	0	0
Thousand copper medals at half-penny each	2	1	8
Triumphal arch	500	0	0
Triumphal car	100	0	0
Casual charges at triumph	150	0	0
	£994	11	10

A Bill of British Ingratitude

	£
Woodstock	40,000
Blenheim	200,000
Post Office grant	100,000
Mindelheim	30,000
Pictures, jewels, etc.	60,000
Pall Mall grant, etc.	10,000
Employments	100,000
	£540,000

No wonder that the duchess was furious, even more so when Swift went on to suggest that as Mistress of the Robes she had managed to lay her hands on £22,000 in eight years.

Marlborough finally exiled himself to the Low Countries and Germany, where he was still the hero. He landed back in England on the day on which Queen Anne died in 1714. Sarah had said that she would herself prefer to die in a cottage in England rather than in a palace in a foreign land.

In June, 1722, the great Churchill died.

But not in Blenheim Palace, still being built in the old park of Woodstock. He had even suffered the humiliation of being sued for the building of this "national tribute to a national hero." And, in the end, £60,000 was paid by his estate—which it could well afford.

* * *

"What sort of a guy was Marlborough?"

He was a guy who made an art of pleasing people; he was a guy whose favourite motto was: "Patience conquers all things."

He was a guy with a brilliant brain.

He loved his country.

The Canadian sergeant and I stood in front of the palace in which Churchill was never destined to live and took a last look at that Roman figure perched so high above the Oxfordshire landscape. A man sweeping a path told us that, a short while before, the figure of John Churchill had begun to wobble and threatened to lean sideways. But now he was firmly back on top of the pedestal.

"He certainly seemed to win all his battles," was what the Canadian sergeant said as we walked back through the woods.

END

Desert Law (*Continued from page* 31)

Turning and addressing the crowd he said: "The door declares that the robbery was done by a man who has a cobweb on the top of his tarboosh," the national headgear of the Arabs. Almost instantly, but no doubt unconsciously, a man in the crowd put his hand up to feel the top of his tarboosh. He was at once called to the front, his house was searched and the missing goods found.

Palestine's strangest court, perhaps, certainly the strangest I have ever attended, is that at Beersheba, in Southern Palestine. Here is administered the oldest law in the world—older, in fact, than many of the books of the Old Testament.

Beersheba lies some fifty-four miles from Jerusalem by road, and can be reached from there by motor car in about three hours. The town was destroyed in the war of 1914-1918, with the result that Beersheba to-day has quite a modern aspect, with its comparatively newly built Government house, court house, mosque with graceful minaret, and white flat-roofed dwellings.

The town stands on the very edge of the desert, and is occupied entirely by Arabs; and, if the truth must be told, they are inclined to be fanatical. Their outlook and mode of life recall those of the days of the patriarchs. As you stroll about the market-place and watch the Bedouins from the surrounding country bartering their produce for household commodities, you quickly realise you are in a truly Oriental city. The dress of the Arabs is that of the desert—long flowing cloaks, and what is now universally accepted throughout Palestine as the head-gear of the Arab, a white kerchief held in place by two black bands of rope.

Beersheba was the headquarters of Abraham during his wanderings in Palestine. Here he entered into a covenant with Abimelech, King of Gerar, concerning the use of its wells. Two accounts are given of the name Beer-sheba: one that it means "the well of the oath"; the other "the well of the seven," referring to the seven sheep sent as a covenant gift by Abraham to Abimelech. Six of the old wells found here to-day supply good water, and the oldest of them is said to date back to Abraham's time. It is known among the Arabs as "Abraham's Well." The patriarchs Isaac and Jacob also spent some time at Beersheba, and it was visited by Elijah when he fled from Jezebel to Horeb after his skirmish on Mount Carmel with the heathen prophets of Baal.

It is to Beersheba that the Bedouin tribes of the surrounding district come to settle their disputes in its tribal court, in many respects the strangest law court in the world. It is a large stone building erected since the war of 1914–1918, and every Tuesday is the scene of bustle and activity. The court serves the whole of the Beersheba district, an area half as large as Wales, where dwell many different Arab tribes, the more important being the Tarabin, Ghawali, Hasanat, Wiheydat, Azazma, and the Riyatiya. The population of this area is about fifty thousand. While many tribes have definite camping grounds, they are for the most part nomadic, gaining a livelihood by raising sheep, goats, and camels, and growing dates and a little grain, which they exchange for the commodities they need.

Strange as it may seem, these sons of the desert love litigation. Law with them is not so much a matter of justice as revenge. Every week they come, on camel and on horseback, out of the apparently empty desert, to air their grievance and seek redress in Beersheba's strange court. They will come into the town the best of friends, but in court will impute the basest of motives to each other, though once the case is settled off they will go in perfect amity. To the Westerner it seems almost farcical.

The fundamental difference between desert law and the law as we know it is that the tribe, and not the individual offender, is held responsible for a crime. In the deserts of Southern Palestine, Sinai, and Transjordan the criminal can nearly always escape. If you had to punish the individual, you would have to mobilise an army and comb the desert for years in order to bring the individual to justice. Therefore the criminal brings trouble — first to his tribe and, secondly, to his family. It is essentially a law of retribution, and the Old Testament's "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth."

There are fifteen judges. They are all sheikhs of the various local tribes, and are chiefly old men who wear a huge, old-fashioned ivory-handled scimitar as a badge of office. Three sheikhs judge each case. One judge is chosen by the plaintiff, another by the defendant, and the third represents the majesty of the British Government. After hearing a case, the three judges consult together and give their verdict, which is always accepted. Five cases are generally heard at the same time round little tables, and it is generally possible to polish off as many as eighty cases in a day.

The commonest offences are raids on cattle, blood feuds or murder, breaches of desert etiquette, and disputes about wells, water, land, money, and so forth.

One of the cases that came before the court which the writer attended in company with Mr. Matson, of the American Colony at Jerusalem, who acted as interpreter, concerned a sheep. One man was suing a friend for a sheep which he had taken from his flock. It is a recognised law of the desert that, if a stranger appears at your tent and your sheep are grazing far away, you are entitled, in order to fulfil the ancient laws of hospitality, to borrow a neighbour's sheep and to slay it in honour of your guest. But you must give back a sheep in return after the departure of your guest. This had not been done.

This old tribal law recalls the source of the parable Nathan used in chiding David. It is an unwritten rule that neither the ram, the ewe heavy with young, the bell wether, nor the lamb that is habitually kept in the camp as the children's pet, may be taken. We know the story of how Uriah was slain in battle through David's action in placing him in a precarious position, and how the Lord sent Nathan to David, who said unto him: "There were two men in one city; the one rich and the other poor. . . . The poor man had nothing, save one little ewe lamb . . . and it grew up together with him, and with his children . . . and there came a traveller unto the rich man, and he spared to take of his own flock . . . but took the poor man's lamb, and dressed it."

WHILE at Beersheba I heard stories of trial by fire, and Sheikh Arif-el-Arif, the Arab Governor of the Beersheba district, explained these trials to me. He admitted that the court only resorts to them in extreme cases, and a year may elapse with the record of only one or two such trials. Litigants are in their right in demanding such trials, and occasionally they do so with such vehemence that the court has virtually to agree. Certain desert tribes look with the greatest favour upon such trials.

Such is the administration of the law of the desert in the Beersheba district of Palestine. There are also similar courts in Transjordan and other Arab countries.

END

ROUND THE Fireside

Mrs. Goodsort. "Just to think that this time last year we were sitting round the fire as we are now . . ."

Tilly. "Not exactly as we are now, Mother. Tony was here then. And so was Uncle Harry. And we didn't have evacuees."

Mrs. Goodsort. "That's what I'm trying to say, darling. Everything seems the same, but everything is different."

Visitor. "We didn't know what we were in for then, did we. Do you remember the muddles we used to get into with rationing?"

Mrs. Goodsort. "And the experiments we made with the cheap cuts of meat we had never dreamt of using before."

Visitor. "I must say I find them very tasty now. In fact ever since I started using H.P. Sauce I've managed to make my meals very appetising—although I says it as shouldn't."

Tilly. "You've Mother to thank for that, haven't you, Mrs. Woods?"

Visitor. "I have. It was she who recommended H.P. Sauce to me first, and gave me all those wonderful recipes for using up odds and ends."

Mrs. Goodsort. "That reminds me. I've got another recipe for you. Could you take it down if I read it for you? Get it out of the drawer, will you, Tilly? It's for Bean Hot Pot."

Visitor. "Sounds good."

Tilly. "It's delicious, Mrs. Woods. We all love it."

Mrs. Goodsort. "Here it is then—Thoroughly soak ½ lb. haricot or butter beans. Place in a fireproof hot-pot dish, with layers of finely sliced onion, and tomatoes or tomato pulp. Add half a teaspoonful of salt and sufficient water to cover. Bake in a slow oven. When the beans begin to soften add a meat cube and a tablespoonful of H.P. Sauce. Sprinkle with chopped parsley just before serving."

Visitor. "Well, that sounds simple enough. I'll make it tomorrow. I must remember to buy some beans."

Tilly. "Have you got some H.P. Sauce?"

Visitor. "Have I got some H.P. Sauce! Of course I have. Do you think I'd dare to run out of that in wartime. It's one of the most important things in my larder. Did I tell you that my evacuees simply refused to eat cold meat or cheese, without it?"

Mrs. Goodsort. "It's a good thing it costs so little, isn't it?"

Visitor. "It is indeed, though I must say I'd have to buy it now even if it were four times the price."

Books (*Continued from page 26*)

There is plenty of solid food for thought in "The Chosen," by Edith Simon (The Bodley Head; 8s. 6d.), and very good entertainment too. This is a first novel and tells, through an itinerant story teller, Jokh, about Moses as boy, as husband, and as leader of his people. With a wealth of fascinating detail Moses' wife A-ahrti, who found him in the bulrushes, now a haggard old woman living alone in the desert, tells how she found him, brought him up, and married him.

His battles with the Ethiopians, his life in the wilderness of Midian, his first steps with the brickmaking slaves in Egypt, are carefully described and lead up to a magnificent trial scene. Then the days of the wanderings, the problems, the building of the House of God, the forming of the Commandments, the death of Aaron. Doubtless, the authoress infers, the fables grew through telling, just as Jokh expanded his facts. Instead of being a mystic leader Moses becomes a man, stuttering, prone to fault. Even his miracles are explained by inference. This is better than biography.

For soufflés there are two autobiographies worth noting. "More Than I Should" (Collins, 12s. 6d.) gives Faith Compton Mackenzie a chance to tell with entertaining comment about her life on Capri, her husband, including his trial under the Official Secrets Act, and the interesting people they met, such as D. H. Lawrence and Axel Munthe, to name only two. It all runs on very peacefully and wittily, with lovely descriptions of their island homes, first on Capri, then on Herm and Jethou, in the Channel Isles, and finally in the Shetlands. "Entertaining" is the right word, including the paragraph I shall always remember about the man who committed suicide outside a cemetery "in order to save trouble."

C. E. Vulliamy chooses "Calico Pie" (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.) as the title for his autobiography. Though he has had some twenty books published he does not look on himself as a professional writer. In fact he disclaims ever having been anything very seriously, if you exclude the war period in which he served in the ranks, working up to the Military Police and eventually a captaincy in the Middle East. He has dabbled in art and music and met people famous in both spheres. Only son of a Welsh county family, with a history going back near one thousand years, he must have been a mild rebel with his inability to shoot, hunt or fish well, which makes the book all the brighter.

"Sons of the Others," by Philip Gibbs (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.), is a savoury novel of the present war. He has used all the accumulated knowledge of the last war and of his war reporting in recent months to build up this fine tale of the sons of the last generation going over the same ground as their fathers, living in the same rebuilt towns and villages, and meeting the daughters of those who once loved Les Tommies in 1914. An American war correspondent has some pretty biting criticism, which reads like the author's own voice, of the Higher Command. The tragedy of France is well expressed, for this book goes right on to the fall of Paris. Through the horrors of war run humour and the most delicate love story. A book to read now, and again in ten years' time.

As the most delicate of bonbons "Grandmother O Kyo," by Etsu Iganaki Sugimoto (Hurst and Blackett, 10s. 6d.), fills the bill admirably. The authoress is probably the best-known novelist in Japan, and this is her first book for five years.

With the liqueurs and coffee, which some consider the best part of a meal, we can take "The King in Peace and War," by Keith Gordon (John Lane, The Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.). Here you may read exactly what the king can and cannot do, and exactly how he does it. There are the facts about the king's desk, which belonged to Talleyrand and has been used regularly by Queen Victoria, Edward VII, and George V before him, which has black blotting paper on it to prevent secrets being read, and the thirty-two untappable telephone lines. There are details of expenditure, of court procedure, of arrangements for royal tours and visits. It makes astonishing reading.

WHAT to give the children this Christmas is easily solved. Choose books. Although in some instances they will be dearer this year owing to the cost of production, they are not subject to the Purchase Tax. Messrs. W. Collins, Sons & Co., Ltd., have published many delightful new volumes for children of various ages. Amongst them are the following: "Mudlarks," by Vernon Stokes and Cynthia Harnett (5s.)—a delightful "doggy" picture book. "Diamonds in the Sky," by Dr. A. C. D. Crommelin (3s. 6d.)—the story of the stars told in a way that can be understood by every one. "Gulliver's Travels," by Jonathan Swift (5s.). This new volume of Gulliver has been edited and designed exclusively for children and is delightfully illustrated by A. H. Watson. "The Royal Navy," by Lieutenant D. Wilson Macarthur, R.N.V.R. (3s. 6d.), is one of the volumes in "The Power of Britain" series. Not only boys and girls, but parents as well, will want this book. "The Modern Illustrated Encyclopedia" (10s. 6d.), with introductions by Dr. Cyril Norwood and Prof. A. M. Low, is 756 pages of up-to-date information with many illustrations in colour and monotone. "From Pillar to Post," by Gunby Hadath, is an amusing tale of an evacuated school.

END

Once One Descends (*Continued from page 25*)

the shadow cast by a bird's wings as it crosses a stream.

When he had been in the game Bounds had applied this test successfully. He wasn't in the game now; he was Private Bounds; he looked at his beer and felt in his pocket, counting the money left; he would not go in to the dance hall now.

"Hey!" he held up his hand to attract a waiter: "Bring another round."

When the beer came he drank off half his at once. Anita Bohn watched him. "*Pas de Pernod en Angleterre?*" she said.

So she remembered! He used to drink Pernod in Paris—filthy stuff—absinthe really, though they did not call it that.

He was a good agent still; never missed anything; he was trained to observe, to make deductions, to find out things. Whatever those who had employed him in the past might have chalked against him, they had always allowed that his reports were reliable.

Take the case of this girl. After the shooting of the Rumanian, the Second Bureau had wanted to know if she had any undercover reason for coming to Paris. He had handled that all right. Got to know the girl; gone around with her; observed the people she talked to; had a peep at her letters; finally reported that she was a genuine refugee from the Nazi regime. Well now here she was in England, still a refugee. France was no place for a Czecho-Slovakian girl, whose father was in trouble with Himmler's police.

That was how Private Bounds summed up the position. Then he remembered the shooting and the talk he had had with the Second Bureau official about extermination squads. An empty chair stood between himself and Anita Bohn; she had put her handbag on the chair. He made a pretext to lean forward and rest his hand on the handbag; a quick pressure of the fingers revealed the outline of an automatic.

That night, when he got back to the billet, Private Bounds pulled the only chair up to the fire and thought things over. Why should a refugee pick a town on the south coast? How had she managed to get a job at the Royal which was where the officers went? Why was she carrying a gun?

Assuming she was an agent she would have come to the south coast town because she was expecting something to happen. She had got her job at the Royal by getting on terms with the son of the proprietor. She was carrying the gun because. . . . He thought of what the official of the Second Bureau in France had said: "Most surrender quietly, but every so often a killer comes along; when they get a type like that they are generally employed in the 'extermination squad' of their own country."

So, if Anita Bohn was an agent, she might be carrying the gun to put up a fight, or she might have someone's name on it? Private Bounds knew that his duty was to go to his commanding officer and ask permission to make a statement to the police; they would then take care of the matter. That was not his idea; he had studied the officers in the unit; he knew which one to go to.

He was certain that in Paris Anita Bohn had no idea he was working for the Second Bureau. His role of a no-good Englishman knocking round Montparnasse had been played most naturally. Now meeting him again as a private would not surprise her. His problem was how to watch what she was doing at the Royal Hotel which was an officers' resort that private soldiers did not use. There was a way; it would depend on a certain captain in the unit he had in mind. Private Bounds looked at his watch; the time was ten; his pass allowed him to stay out till 1 a.m. Putting on his cap and slinging his steel helmet and gas mask over his shoulder, Private Bounds went out again. When he reached the Royal, the captain to whom he sent in his name, came into the hall.

Standing to attention Private Bounds said: "May I speak to you privately, sir?"

"Certainly," said the captain, who knew Bounds had once held commissioned rank.

"Well, I'll see what I can do," the captain said, when they came out into the hall again.

Next day Private Bounds was taken off duty and appointed batman to the captain, whose own servant was sent on a machine gun course.

At 9 a.m. he was in the captain's room cleaning his kit. At 10 a.m. he saw Miss Bohn leave the hotel. Quitting his work he clumped downstairs in his heavy army boots and joined the hall porter and page boy in their pantry, after a few minutes' chat he had the layout of the staff's sleeping accommodation; he also learned the time of the morning break when the maids came downstairs for elevenses. After this the task of searching Miss Bohn's room depended on how long she remained out shopping. In this Private Bounds was lucky; he got a full quarter of an hour before, watching from the window, he saw her coming down the street.

The result of his search was a motoring map of the district. Holding the map to the light Private Bounds found that it was divided into squares by thin parallel and vertical watermark lines; the lines were numbered from "one" to "forty." In fact it was the ordinary standard agent's map, which only required the transmission of a group of numbers to give the exact location of a target.

After examining the map for pin pricks and finding it intact, Private Bounds put it back where he found it. He then crossed the corridor to his master's room and began cleaning equipment. As he polished a pair of shoes he decided not to mention his discovery of the map until he had evidence that Miss Bohn was using it to signal the location of targets. Possibly she had not yet discovered any targets to signal, though it was probable she would get some information standing behind a bar, crowded each evening with officers.

He went back to barracks for dinner at midday. He slept (*Continued on page 66*)

H.M.S EXCELLENT
The best of good Fare
Truly characteristic of the Briton is his preference for Player's. Typical of that simple good taste which concerns itself with simple things—good tobacco, for instance. Inevitable that Player's should become as much a part of Christmas as the pudding or the holly!
And so, what more in keeping with the spirit of the Season, than a gift of Player's?
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Here is the skirt for which every woman will find a need this Christmas. The skirt of skirts . . . the only machine-made skirt ever produced with graduated knife-edge pleats ALL ROUND that taper off into a slim-fitting hip line. An elegant skirt that allows perfect freedom of movement—for wear in the home, at business, in town or country. An ideal gift for any woman. Available in a wide variety of materials from good drapers and stores. Prices from 33/1.

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until tea time, ate a good meal and returned to the Royal for his evening duties. At six, when the bar opened, he took up a position in the hall which gave him a view into the bar; he stood there pretending to be waiting for his officer to return, watching those who entered or left.

At six-thirty two of His Majesty's ministers entered the hotel. At sight of the leading one, Private Bounds's heels came together and he flattened his hands against the seams of his trousers. As the sturdy resolute figure passed him Private Bounds thought: There goes a man who stands in Hitler's way!

He watched to see what the two ministers would do; they spoke together, then turned into the bar. Private Bounds followed; he was so anxious to observe how Anita Bohn, who was behind the bar, reacted, that he did not notice the plain clothes detective following the ministers. The officers in the bar were also too interested by the arrival of the ministers to notice that a private soldier had come among them. Bounds edged his way to the counter and rapped a penny on the polished edge.

"Packet of cigarettes, please," he said loudly.

Anita Bohn ignored the order; she was gaping at the two famous British ministers.

Bounds scanned the bar, looking for the handbag. She has got it under the shelf, he thought. If she reached for the bag he would do nothing; if she drew the gun he would throw a glass at her.

The thick-set minister said to the slim one with him, "How long will it take us to get out there?"

The other did not know.

"Where to?" Anita asked, leaning over the bar.

The thick-set minister mentioned a point on the coast.

"Half an hour," said Anita.

The thin minister looked at his watch. "We ought to be starting soon then," he said.

Anita Bohn now noticed Private Bounds. "Hallo!" she said coldly.

Bounds knew he would be refused a drink on the grounds that it was a bar for officers only. He said, "My officer sent me to get a packet of cigarettes."

"What kind?" Anita asked, turning to open a cupboard stacked with cigarettes at the back of the bar.

Bounds named a brand. "I'm not sure if you've got them," peering at the glass-fronted cupboard.

The thick-set minister said, "May we have two more glasses of sherry, please?"

Anita Bohn broke off what she was doing; she put two glasses on the counter, then reached up and took a bottle of sherry from a shelf.

Bounds slipped under the counter where the gate was; he said, "I'll get down the cigarettes." As he spoke he saw her handbag on a shelf under the counter. While Anita was pouring out the sherry he stretched out his hand, drew the bag towards him and crammed it into the big flap pocket that ran down the front leg of his battle dress; the edge of the bar hid his action from the customers.

"I've got them," Bounds said, taking a packet of cigarettes from the cupboard; he put down a half-crown he had borrowed.

Anita was now pouring a beer for the detective, who had been called over by the thick-set minister. Bounds decided to stay around; he had the excuse that he was waiting for his change; he could see that Anita was looking for her bag; she was trying to do it quietly, but he knew she was frantic.

"I'm sure I brought it down," she said.

"Brought what down?" Bounds asked, leaning against the bar.

"My bag."

The ministers finished their drinks; he heard the thick-set one say, "We must be getting on." The other minister nodded.

Bounds remembered that Anita had told them it would take them half an hour to get there! How did she know the place? It was only a little bit of a village. Meanwhile the ministers were preparing to leave.

Bounds tried to figure out what he must do.

Once One Descends

Keep Anita where he could see her! That was one way. Another way was to take the private detective by the arm and tell him what he knew. He had her handbag in his battle dress; that would talk.

Those were two ways of handling the matter and there was a third!

Private Bounds liked the idea of the third way.

He watched the ministers go to the door; as he watched he worked the handbag out of the big flap pocket in his battle dress trousers. As the ministers left the room he let the bag slip to the floor.

"Here's your bag," he said to Anita, stooping and picking it up. "You must have dropped it as you were getting under the partition."

She looked at him closely; his washy blue eyes conveyed nothing.

"Thanks," she said, taking the bag.

Bounds went outside. Almost immediately afterwards Anita came out of the bar; he saw her hurry to the office and send someone to take her place in the bar. Then she left the hotel. She was away and had disappeared before he could do a thing; he had not meant this to happen.

Bounds ran over to the telephone box, dialled and asked for the police. Then he crossed the lounge and spoke to the captain who had got him a job as batman. "Like to see a bit of fun, sir?"

The captain said yes; he knew all about Private Bounds; Bounds had told him.

They got out the captain's car and drove along the cliff road. When they had covered eight miles they came up with the car containing the two ministers and the private detective. The car had been halted by a special in accordance with orders received by telephone. Two miles farther on the little village which the ministers were going to visit, lay in a hollow. The siren was sounding in the little village and people were making for shelter.

"What's the matter?" one of the ministers asked the special.

"Air raid warning, sir," the special said.

"Don't hear any machines," the minister looked up at the sky.

"You will," Private Bounds said.

The minister stared at the figure in battle dress.

"They will be over in five minutes"; Private Bounds consulted his wrist watch.

"Who are you?" asked the minister.

"Private Bounds, sir. Here they come."

Overhead the drone of machines could be heard. A moment after the first explosion came.

"Big stuff!" said Private Bounds, looking at the little village which was being plastered.

"Glad I'm not there," said the thick-set minister.

"They'll be disappointed," said Private Bounds.

LATER, when they got back to the hotel, the minister wanted to know a lot of things. By this time they knew more about Private Bounds. "How did they know I was going there? I did not tell anybody before we left London," the thick-set minister asked.

"You told the barmaid when you came in for a drink; you asked how long it would take to get to——" Private Bounds named the little village.

"How does she come into it?" the private detective asked, interested professionally.

"Well, I know now that she is not a Czech for one thing and her father was never in a concentration camp, and I think when she was in Paris she was just lying low." Private Bounds told what he knew about Anita. "She came here expecting someone worth getting would go to inspect what was being done in that village and she was just waiting for them to come along," he finished up.

"Quite," the minister said; "now tell me this. The girl finds out half an hour before we leave that we are going to be at a certain point for a short time. How does she let the German Air Force know?"

"Telephones it— (*Continued on page* 68)

Conversations on Beauty

WRITTEN BY ***Nerina Shute,*** WELL-KNOWN PLAYWRIGHT AND HOLLYWOOD CORRESPONDENT.
ILLUSTRATED BY ***Anna Zinkeisen,*** FAMOUS PAINTER OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN.

She: What did you think of the First Act, John?

He: (In a miserable voice) I'm afraid I didn't notice it . . . . what makes you so disgustingly beautiful?

She: (Smiling) I adopted Beauty quite deliberately as a means of attracting the innocent male.

He: You attract me to the point of distraction. How do you do it?

She: I find there are three ways to a man's heart...flattery, proximity and Pomeroy. I use flattery to gain a man's respect . . . . proximity to make him romantically unhappy . . . . and Pomeroy to fill him with admiration for my fresh natural beauty.

He: You affect a man like oysters . . . the more he eats the more he craves.

She: (Delighted) That's the highest compliment I've ever been paid!

He: (Bitterly) I wish you were ugly and overpainted like some of these blondes who go about wearing trousers. Then men could despise you and get a little rest.

She: (Shocked) I never wear trousers! Why don't modern girls realise what fun it is to be feminine? I'm afraid I'm too old fashioned.

He: (Bitterly) Your skin is like satin . . . . I only wish it wasn't!

She: (Smiling) It may comfort you to know that it wouldn't be like satin if I didn't use Pomeroy Skin Food . . . .

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This lovely Nightdress would make a delightful Christmas gift. Cleverly designed in good quality artificial satin, with gathered bodice and rich écru lace trimming. Bias cut, and finished with tie belt at waist. In white, turquoise or rose.
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no names—just map references—197 stop 131 stop 7 stop. The pilot up in the air has got the same map as she has; all he has to do is get it out, check the map reference numbers and drop his load at 7 p.m."

"You mean she has a hidden wireless set?" the minister said.

"Yes—somewhere along the coast; of course she could only use it once; but if they had got you, sir, it would have been worth it."

"Thanks," said the minister; he turned to his private detective. "By the way, have they caught her?"

Once One Descends

"No arrest has been made yet, sir."

"There won't be one either," said Private Bounds, moistening his lips for he felt thirsty.

"What do you mean?" said the minister.

"That girl won't be taken alive. Will you excuse me a minute, sir?"

Private Bounds got up and stumped to the bar. He pushed his way through the officers. "A double whisky and a glass of beer," he said to the blondie taking Anita's place.

END

Barrage For Boredom

(*Continued from page* 59)

landlady's: "*Sunny rooms facing the sea and the enemy.*"

Collect wartime poems; quote speakers on the wireless. Stick in letters to the newspapers, such as those suggesting making pancakes with snow instead of eggs, or telling tales of bravery, remarkable incidents, or stout-hearted Cockneyism.

Get a handyman-about-the-house book and learn to do all those little jobs that your men used to do for you, and so save on plumbers, electricians, and carpenters. Learn about the workings of a car, so that when you come to drive again you will be competent as well as dashing. Get yourself knowledgeable on vitamins and calories; study invalid cookery, or specialised cookery against the future. Learn how to bind books, and bind all your Penguins which have had such hard wear in shelters—each of them is worthy of a permanent place on the bookshelf.

And if you feel too tired and sleepy in the evenings to start on anything, rearrange your evening meal. Tea and dinner breaks up the time too much, and then there's the news at nine. Inaugurate high tea. It is liked by the workers who come home at six; it stimulates more than a heavy meal; you sleep better with just a hot drink at bedtime.

END

What Are You Doing For Christmas?

(*Continued from page* 13)

grateful for it—and throw it open. Invite your friends down from more harassed areas. Believe me, they will not mind where they sleep. They have had lots of chances to get hardened, and dormitory life is nothing new to them.

If you remember Christmases that have been happy and secure, making up for you a story of years that have been free from hate and danger, make an effort now to remember all of your friends—and acquaintances—whose lives have been disrupted. Write to them, don't just send them cards.

Knowing that people are thinking of you is a great comfort in difficult times, for it is then that loneliness can become completely terrifying. If you can offer them any help or encouragement, do so, even though it means making sacrifices, for in a world where bitterness runs wild a friendly gesture is like a ray of light.

END

Homes For Heroines

(*Continued from page* 37)

intelligent lighting, good grouping count for everything. One or two incidental well-chosen ornaments are sufficient to complete an ensemble.

We have illustrated some rooms because of their essential simplicity. In each case there are some good-looking pieces of furniture set against flattering and colourful backgrounds. There is no lavishness although each room has an air of elegance. Quality, originality and the elimination of inessentials, get the effect.

The kitchen walls and tiles are white, the floor has a bold covering in mottled black and white check rubber, and the gingham which is draped around the sink and at the windows is in a large check in scarlet and white.

Buckets and all unsightly apparatus are concealed behind the curtains. The room is refreshingly neat and spacious on this account, there is no costly equipment.

The modern bedroom achieves a nice sense of comfort by reason of clever distribution of the furniture, which is good but very limited.

A luxurious modern bed is the centre piece, a small wardrobe, pushed into one corner, is nicely balanced by a picture which breaks the wall space on one side of it and the little low table in the foreground of the picture with its tall arrangement of flowers again breaks up the floor space and prevents the bareness which might have made the room seem cold.

The little dining-room is quite a triumph of simple charm with its delightful polished mahogany against a background of white and lime green. This is a small room, but there is no sense of overcrowding, and every detail of the scheme is planned with exquisite thought.

END

Trawler Men

(*Continued from page* 17)

Skipper Baird smiled bleakly, called off the other names, and led the way to a grey trawler whose foredeck had been built up into a gun platform on which was a twelve-pounder. At the stumpy mizzen truck fluttered the white ensign. As they came abreast of the gang plank Baird nodded towards the flag.

"Takes a bit of getting used to, Sam, but we all have to remember we're at war and under that white ensign now. No place for jealousy or resentment. You'd have been skipper, and I'd have been mate, if you had joined the reserve and I hadn't. We can be a happy ship if we pull together—and there'll be no helpless target for flying madmen this time."

Sam took up his duties, understanding the changed conditions, abiding by them whatever his personal feelings might be. He saw to the loading of depth charges, and ammunition for the twelve-pounder and two Lewis guns; he saw the lieutenant-commander come on board and go into the little wheelhouse with Baird. And as he was coming away from the stern, Sam saw another old shipmate, the cook of his late trawler.

"Fambly party, a'most, ain't we, Sam?" grinned the cook. "I like to know jes' how young Ted came to be skipper, an' you only mate. Bet you 'ud, too, eh?"

The cook had been one of those missing from Sam's boat, he had been picked up with Ted Baird, afterwards. (*Continued on page* 70)

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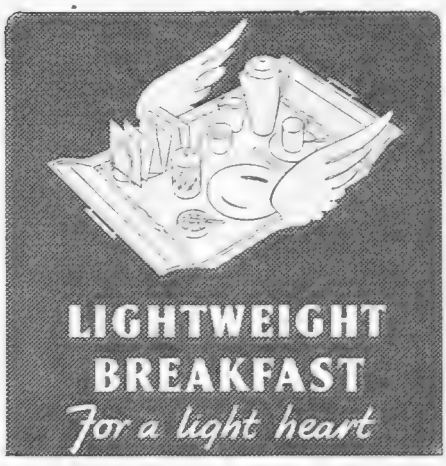

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Try Vita-Weat, honey or marmalade, and coffee. Vita-Weat, fruit and tea. Savoury Vita-Weat (spread with slices of hot sausage, liver sausage, ham, etc.).

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"Git about yer work!" snarled Sam. "We're in the navy now."

"Aye-aye, *sir*!" the cook grinned, making a mock salute. "Jes' the same, I knows where he was when we was blowed up. I bet that commander fella'll see he don't duck if we gits shot at this time."

"Duck?" Sam echoed the word, fiercely; but the cook had slipped inside his galley, the iron door slammed, and while still fumbling at the catch with fingers that trembled in sudden rage Sam heard the order which sent him to his post on the tiny forecastle for taking the ship to sea.

As the little flotilla headed out into the misty North Sea, and the Aldis lamp on the patrol leader's bridge signalled the commander's orders to the other vessels, Sam gradually got into the mood of his new job.

Now and then a coastal patrol plane overhead reported a mine adrift at some given position, and then everybody handy grabbed a rifle and watched his chance to pot-shot at it when sighted. Sam hardly raised his head from whatever he was doing when these shots rang out. He was puzzling his brain over what the cook had said. It worried him.

He finished with the towing gear for the *Oropesa*, and turned to join the lookouts with the skipper on the bridge.

"Have a cup o' cawfee, Sam?" the cook invited him as he passed the galley. "Likely y' won't git no chance sonn's we start sweepin'. Here."

A tin mug in his fist, Sam looked hard at the cook.

"Either you said too much or not enough," he said. "What was that about Ted Baird?"

"Don't yew goo sayin' I spoke outa my turn about the skipper!" the cook warned him. "'Sides, we'm in navy now. You said so yewrself. I ain't sayin' nawthin' about Ted Baird—why should I, him as hauled me clear when we was blowed up to hell—if he hadn't bin in my galley——"

"So that's where he ducked to!" growled Sam, and hurled the empty coffee cup on to the galley floor.

So that was how it came about. Young Sam was in his grave at that moment because Ted Baird ran like a rat for the shelter of the galley when lead began to spit! And Baird standing there big as Billy-be-Damned with his pretty gold braid and the commander's approving eye upon him!

At noon the crew went to dinner; when they had finished, the *Oropesa* would be launched, and after that there would be no more stand easy. A vessel at liberty to manœuvre might stand a chance against bombers, but not when tethered to the drag of a long sweep. Sam went into his cubbyhole of a berth to snatch a smoke before going on long watch, and there was a parcel on his bunk. He opened it gloomily enough, and discovered a knitted balaclava helmet with a note pinned to it.

"I hope it fits, Sam. I only had your cap size to go by. Take care of my Ted for me. His son will be born by the time he comes home. And good luck to you. Nan Baird."

"If he's the sort I figger he is, his son'll be better off wi'out him!" muttered Sam, tossing the gift into the bunk. But as he went on deck he failed utterly to drive from his mind the kindness he had experienced in Ted Baird's home. That was not right; not the sort of thing to be expected in the home of such a man. That sort of man never deserved to have such a home. Or such a wife.

Unless he misjudged Ted Baird. But the cook ought to know. A man surely wouldn't damn a shipmate who saved his life.

The *Oropesa* was launched and Sam took up his position beside the skipper; now the job was on hand he forgot all else. Baird stood alert as a terrier waiting for a rat, keen, fearless, impersonal. Sam sneaked glances at him as planes began to dot the eastward sky, and suddenly the *Oropesa* caught a loose mine far out, exploding it by contact, sending the ship reeling and showering her with steel fragments. It was not Ted Baird who ducked, but Sam involuntarily wrapped his head in his arms.

"These bees sting, don't they?" Baird grinned at him, and Sam saw him grip his arm and his face twitch with pain. A red drip from the skipper's sleeve made a puddle around his feet.

"I can look out here. You're hurted," said Sam, then noticed Baird's eyes, and added fiercely: "Needn't think I be tryin' to get a cheap command—not even for as long as you'd be off the deck gettin' that fixed up!"

Baird laughed, pointing to Sam's face.

"Don't talk cracked, Sam. If anybody needs fixing up it's you!"

"Stop talking down there! Keep your eyes open!" ordered the commander from the monkey island. Then a plane grew swiftly into menace overhead, Lewis guns and twelve-pounder spat and barked at it, but a sizzling hail of machine gun bullets swept the trawler from end to end. As the great warplane roared past, barely clearing the stumpy masts, she dropped a bomb which fell into the sea abreast of where men were hauling in the sweep to replace the shattered *Oropesa*.

"That's their calling card, Sam!" remarked Baird, and looked up at the commander. The monkey island was bare. Sam, his gaze shifting ahead to the sky in which other planes appeared like monstrous birds growing larger, saw the gunner crumpled beside his twelve-pounder.

"Let that towing gear go!" shouted the skipper, and leaped on to the rail and on to monkey island where the commander lay coughing out his life.

THE ship was slowing down, and then stopped; her other numbers in the patrol drew past her, engaging the approaching planes and forcing them to leave the crippled ship. Sam took charge instinctively, but found himself bewildered. No bomb had struck the vessel, but she had been fiercely sprayed with bullets from low altitude, and a bomb had exploded close alongside, racking her. Men huddled in queer attitudes about the deck, some never moved again. Sam picked up the speaking tube to call the engine room, but before he spoke the engineer climbed on to the bridge.

"Stoker's got it——" the engineer said, then grinned at Sam. "You got it, too. Yer face, Sam. Where's skipper?"

"Commander's got it, too, seemin'ly," said Sam, jerking his thumb upwards. He too grinned. He hadn't seen the engineer since joining the ship, that important member of the crew had been below raising steam, and had been on the job ever since. He was Sam's old trawler engineer.

"What's up wi' the machinery?" Sam demanded. "Stoker ain't stopped that."

"Bullet!" the engineer returned crisply, adding: "Steam pipe!" and then Sam saw the after part of the ship clouded with escaping steam. "I got to have men, Sam."

Overhead planes circled and swooped, dodging the fire from the patrol to get in a finishing burst upon the crippled ship, whose own gun was silent for want of a gunner, but whose Lewis guns threw lead bravely.

Sam climbed to the rail to look over the monkey island platform, seeking orders from the skipper. The little platform was bare. He looked down, and saw Baird, with the commander on his shoulders, staggering towards the companionway door.

Sam shouted: "Git what men you need. Take the cook—he ain't no use nowhere else——"

"Cook's no good to me either!" The engineer was angry; he was impatient to get his engines working again, having had all the experience he wanted of being a sitting target for a murder plane. "That skunk's shut tight inside his galley—same as he was when we got blown up afore—Ted Baird ought to ha' left him there, 'stead o' nigh gettin' drowned himself haulin' him clear! Ted ain't the sort to duck, though he's scared stiff o' leavin' his missus a widder."

"Cook said——" stammered Sam, watching in fascination the evolutions of the planes. Another patrol vessel reeled and began to sink as he watched.

"Cook!" yelled the engineer, clattering away and dragging (*Continued on page 72*)

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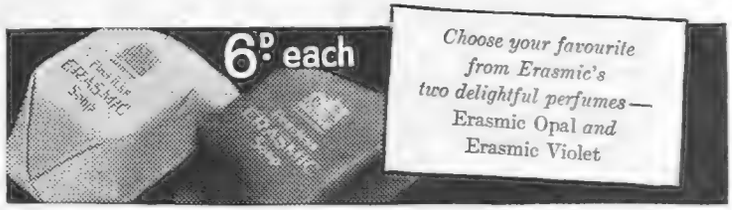

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men by the arm as he went. His words came in a shriek above the din of exploding bombs as he vanished towards the engine room. "Didn't Nan Baird smack his ugly mug for makin' a play for her? Cook——"

Then bullets began to sing again. The helpless vessel lay exposed, one Lewis gun out of action and the other having no gunner after the first renewed burst of shot from above. Sam was still not altogether clear as to what he ought to do, navy fashion, with the commander and skipper both off the bridge; but he was clear enough in his own mind what trawler fashion would be. He left the bridge, ran to the sound Lewis gun, and put in some of the marksmanship he had discovered at the gunnery school. He got the oncoming plane in his sights, waited, then raked her. He saw the holes run along her fuselage like the holes in a flute, and bits fly from her wings before she flashed out of range to turn. He dragged a fresh loading of cartridges handy and waited.

Sam saw men at the davits, clearing away the boats, and shouted to them to stop. Then Skipper Baird was at his side, pale with loss of blood from his still dripping arm, but smiling grimly. As he began to speak, the enemy plane roared past again, a bomb fell, missing the stern with its depth charges by feet, spraying bullets along the decks from stern to bow. Sam felt a thud at his back, a numbness, then a flaming hurt which made him grip his gun more fiercely.

"We're for it, Sam!" Baird said. "Last words the commander said—he's dead, Sam—were 'Fight it out!' Ship's filling with water. No use murdering our lads. Get to the boats—here, it'll be cold to-night——" He handed Sam the balaclava helmet. "Thought you might need it—picked it from your bunk—give me the gun——"

"You goin' to 'bandon ship? Arter the commander said to fight it out?" Sam refused to give up the gun. Baird was insistent.

"*You're* going to, Sam. Look after the lads, and—if I go under, look after Nan——"

Baird was swaying. Already two planes

had straightened out again and were climbing for the decisive attack. There was no fear in the eye of Ted Baird. His lips were set. Both boats were afloat, close alongside, partly protected by the vessel's hull as she leaned.

"Look arter Nan yerself, Ted. I'm collectin' a debt——"

Baird shoved Sam from the gun.

"Don't be a fool! Skipper leave his ship? Get into the boat, Mr. Porret! It's an order!" said Baird, and shoved Sam with a shoulder. The planes had gained height, were coming on.

Sam stepped back. He gave one comprehensive glance around, then, from behind, slugged the skipper with all his strength under the ear. He caught him as he fell. Nobody in the boats could have seen.

"Now yew be a casualty! I be skipper!" muttered Sam. He got under Baird, staggered to the rail with him, dropped him into a boat and ran back to the gun.

Another patrol vessel was steaming up, firing at the planes as the boats pulled towards her. Sam was coldly steady now as he waited for his sights to come on at close range. He saw a bomb leave the carrier, the machine guns were silent, but before the bomb struck, he let go a full burst which ripped the plane from end to end.

Plane came flaming down, and bomb struck its mark at the same instant. The distant destroyer was foaming along now; defence planes dotted the sky; the hurrying patrol boat paused to pick up the scattered boats.

Then it went on to pick up three enemy airmen from the wreck of their murder plane, and give them cigarettes and rum. It moved slowly among wreckage and bodies, some unrecognisable; but in one dead hand was a new, unworn balaclava helmet.

Skipper Baird saw it, and understood. He fingered a lump under one ear, and muttered a silent sailor's prayer.

END

On Duty—and Off

(*Continued from page* 52)

an instep, narrowed and then learned how to weave a toe. The house surgeon, who considers it is up to him to show fatherly interest in the knitted efforts of the nursing staff, cast an experienced eye on my sock. "Look, nurse. You have made a mistake right in front of the instep." His voice was decidedly shocked. "That," I informed him, "is merely a little kiss. There is another one on the second sock and they both happened when sticks of bombs rocked the building and I dropped a stitch and picked it up again!"

When I handed the socks to Derek he looked like a man who could be knocked down by a feather and after the thanks were over he said anxiously: "I have known you since you were eighteen and you have never done anything like this before. Of course this bombing is very trying and you have been working hard. Don't you think you should ask for ten days' leave?"

However, puffed up with achievement I began to believe that nothing could stop my knitting career; so hardly were the socks finished than I took myself down Oxford Street and Regent Street, looking for the wherewithal to knit Charles a sleeveless pullover. Neither Oxford Street nor Regent Street could supply wine colour or maroon wool, 4-ply. Apparently too many other women had fancied this colour for their men. Nor could I find a plain ribbed pattern until I had reached Jaeger's. Here my search ended for I found a really good-looking leaflet, illustrating the ribbed pullover I wanted, for 2d., 4-ply wool in a really good "black-sheep" brown and two pairs of needles all for 6s. 1d. And given three weeks of night bombardment I think there is a sporting chance that Charles will get his pullover either with or without kisses.

If ever a beauty expert was hoist with her own petard I am that woman. I have dealt with thousands of beauty problems given me by other women, but never with any which could compare with the problem of my own face seen in the mirror after several weeks of being on duty night and day. For more than four weeks we remained in uniform for as long as twenty hours out of every twenty-four and as a result I began to look exactly like the young man in the Rose's Lime Juice advertisements who suffered from a permanent hangover until his butler taught him better.

My symptoms included "Casino eyes" buttoned up and exceedingly pink shadowed above by navy blue lids and below in a nasty heliotrope shade which faded into a washed-out complexion that absolutely refused to have anything whatsoever to do with rouge. Even more shaming is the discovery I made that if you stay in your clothes day and night for long enough you are in danger of developing something which looks suspiciously like the old-fashioned flannel rash. The only way to keep this at bay is an after-bath friction toilet water or eau de Cologne. Some of the nicest toilet waters in the world come from Floris of Jermyn Street. They include: Lemon, Limes, Russian Leather, Roman Hyacinth, Sandalwood, Sweet Briar, Wallflower, Verbena, Wild Thyme, and a dozen more. My favourite happens to be Tea Rose, which I have used ever since I was sixteen years old. The friction should, of course, be followed by a dusting with talcum powder and they have both talcum powder and matching soap here. If you care to combine all of these you will get a feeling of well-being that will counteract the really horrible stuffiness produced by too much uniform.

END

Whether you are in uniform or not, on munitions or other Government work, don't neglect your skin because of changed conditions. Keep up the regular daily applications of Larola to tone and nourish the skin, to keep your face and hands beautifully soft, white and smooth. Larola, pure and free of all pore-clogging ingredients, is applied in a minimum of time . . . it prevents red and roughened skin and is the ideal skin tonic for the busy woman. *Write for free Larola booklet "The Cult of Beauty."*

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The Post Chaise Murder

(*Continued from page* 11)

more than one in it. There's something behind it. Vaughan knows, but he'll not say: he'll not even give an account of his doings, nor can he offer a witness to say where he had been. It's a dark mystery and I doubt we shall ever know the solution." Mr. Amble's head shook dubiously.

A flash of mild amusement showed in Christopher Hazzard's puzzling grey eyes.

"Oh, come, Mr. Amble; let's hope it's not as obscure as that," he said. "I am almost persuaded to look into the matter myself, so profound a mystery do you make of it."

"I would not presume to ask that, sir, but I should be vastly grateful if you would," Mr. Amble responded, brightening.

"Yet maybe you'll regret it, Mr. Amble."

"Regret it, sir, how?"

"Ah, how?" Sir Christopher repeated cryptically. He rose. "Let us see if I can answer that question for you. Now can you arrange for me to see this fellow Vaughan in jail?"

"At once, I'll——"

"No, not at once, Mr. Amble, I must know more about the affair before I question him. First I'd have a few words with Mr. Easton, then I'd see the corpse. Where shall I find it?"

"The corpse?" Mr. Amble shuddered slightly. "Why, it remains at Dean Grange awaiting the inquest."

"Then, Mr. Amble, let us proceed to Dean Grange," Sir Christopher responded.

MR. EASTON of Dean Grange appeared a bluff, red-faced, fox-hunting squire. He received Sir Christopher and Mr. Amble in his library and instantly ordered a bottle of his oldest Madeira to be brought.

"Mr. Amble has already told me of your art in ferreting out a mystery, Sir Christopher," he said, "though damme, such arts are beyond my understanding. I am a plain and simple country gentleman, sir, and I can but deal with plain and simple facts."

"You can do no better, Mr. Easton," Sir Christopher responded with a bleak smile. "It is for facts that I am come to you that we may endeavour to establish the truth of this unhappy affair."

Mr. Amble put in: "Sir Christopher would have us believe that Vaughan's story is true, Mr. Easton."

"True!" Mr. Easton exclaimed in surprise. "Nay, you're jesting, Sir Christopher."

Sir Christopher smiled indulgently.

"I only said that on what Mr. Amble told me, I thought his story a plausible one. But doubtless you have more evidence."

"I'll show you some evidence," the squire said, rising. He crossed to a cupboard, unlocked a strong box and produced a brace of pistols.

"There, sir," he went on. "These were taken off the man and left in my charge by the constable. Two pistols both discharged. The fellow admits he fired one at Bond; at whom did he fire the other?"

"Did you ask him?" Sir Christopher asked innocently.

"Eh? I'm not sure. I'll look."

Sir Christopher examined the weapons with interest while Mr. Easton searched a drawer in his escritoire.

"Here, I have it," Mr. Easton said after a few moments. "Vaughan states that he was set upon in the darkness by two men, one of whom fired at him. He fired in return in self defence."

"Quite understandable," Sir Christopher commented, still toying with the pistols. "Mr. Amble tells me that his powder flask and bullet bag were taken from Vaughan. Might I see them, Mr. Easton? These are unusual weapons for a man of his kind to carry, as doubtless you've noticed. A very fine pair of pistols of the modern type."

Mr. Easton went again to his strong box.

"Here you are, Sir Christopher," he said, returning with a leather bag and flask.

Sir Christopher inspected both at some length and Mr. Amble was curious to know what he found in them to demand so keen an attention. He asked. But Sir Christopher evaded the question.

"I am merely noting my facts, Mr. Amble," he replied. "It is surprising how significant even the smallest detail sometimes may prove. Now, sir," he addressed Mr. Easton, "if I might ask you a few questions I should be vastly obliged."

Sir Christopher produced his memoranda book and for some ten minutes he questioned Mr. Easton shrewdly, recording his answers word for word. At length he closed his book.

"It was fortunate, Mr. Easton, that you had not already retired," he said.

"Yes. Indeed it was. For I am a man of early hours, save when I entertain."

"And you heard the shots clearly?"

"Distinctly. Here in this room. First one, which roused me from my reading, and, I'll admit, caused me some apprehension. I summoned a servant instantly and sent him to the lodge to inquire the cause. And then two more."

"A very natural apprehension, Mr. Easton. I am grateful to you, sir, for your patience with my tiresome questioning. And now, I should like to see the unhappy victim's body. You will accompany me, Mr. Amble?"

Mr. Amble consented reluctantly and the three of them went out into the stable yard. Mr. Easton unlocked a stable door. The dead man lay on a trestle table decently covered with a sheet.

"Let's see what this poor devil has to tell us," Sir Christopher said as he drew it back and then for many minutes he appeared to be oblivious to the presence of his companions.

Mr. Easton and the lawyer, standing a little aloof, watched him in fascination as he examined the body. It was not a pretty sight. The man had been shot in the throat and his attire was drenched in blood. But Sir Christopher was heedless of this. He turned the still form about, examined the clothing minutely, gazing for some time into the set face.

"Well," Mr. Amble queried, "and what has he told you about himself?"

"Little, and much," Sir Christopher said. "An older man than he would seem and one in disguise."

"Disguise?" Mr. Easton put in. "Why do you say that?"

"Look for yourself." Mr. Amble followed the squire with obvious disinclination. Sir Christopher lifted the dead man's head. "A man of dark complexion and hair you'd say—until you used your eyes. See, you observe by the roots of the hair, it's grey. The hair was dyed. And note the darkness of the face. Death has changed its hue hardly at all. A face tanned by sun and weather, you'd say? Observe." He rolled back the bloodstained shirt. "The effects of sun and weather cease strangely sudden."

They looked, and it was plain even to them that the weather-tanned hue of the man's face was due to stain.

"He was no seafaring man," Sir Christopher continued. "Did you ever know a sailor with hands like this. Why, they're as soft and delicate as a woman's. They never hauled on a tarry rope."

"Nor sailor's clothes, save the reef and the rough trousers. Unless seafaring men have taken to the wearing of cambric shirts of a fine quality as you will observe this one is. And of the French fashion I would risk a wager."

"You think then the man is a Frenchman?" Mr. Amble demanded.

"I would not say that yet. But I'd say Frenchman or English he is a man used to good living and luxury. Beyond that I'll go no further at the moment. He was shot at close range. You'll note there is much scorching of gunpowder about his attire. Yes, I would say from the position of the wound that he who shot him leaned through the window of the chaise, perhaps the near side window, and thrust his pistol close against the poor devil's body. Now the chaise, may I see that, Mr. Easton?"

The squire led them to an adjoining coach house where Sir Christopher regarded the cumbrous vehicle with characteristic care. It was a heavy old-fashioned chaise, swung on sturdy springs, well suited to the rough, downland roads. The near side window was open, the other closed. After a while he flung open a door and entered.

An ugly, dark patch smeared the seat where the traveller had sat. Sir Christopher began to inspect the interior with immense patience.

Presently a hole in the leather back of the seat caught his keen eyes. It was not easily discernible, but he examined it at length, then with a penknife deliberately slit the leather and probed, with long thin fingers in the horsehair stuffing. At last a soft ejaculation of satisfaction told that he had found that for which he was seeking. Carefully he withdrew a pistol ball.

"You have found something?" Mr. Amble asked, peering into the chaise.

"I have made some few observations," Sir Christopher answered, "but of what moment I cannot yet say. Still, enough to start my simple sum."

"Your sum, sir?" the squire queried in a mystified tone.

Sir Christopher climbed out.

"Merely to make two and two add to four, Mr. Easton," he said courteously, "and if it makes four to find two more to add to six."

Mr. Easton seemed unconvinced.

"I cannot follow you," he retorted. "I can but hope your sum will add aright. What would you see now, sir?"

"There is some small further examination I would like to make of the corpse," Sir Christopher answered. "I'll not ask you to return with me, Mr. Amble, it is not a pleasant task I have to perform." Mr. Amble looked relieved. "And, sir," he continued, addressing Mr. Easton, "if I might summon Mr. Ives the surgeon, he would help me in my addition."

"Certainly. I'll send a groom at once."

"Perhaps it were better if I wrote him a note. I can explain what I need of him."

Mr. Easton nodded assent and they went to the house. But presently Sir Christopher returned to the stables alone and began a minute examination of the dead man's clothes.

MR. IVES arrived post haste in his gig in response to the letter Mr. Easton's groom had brought him from Sir Christopher. Mr. Ives was flattered by the summons, but for the life of him he could not imagine why he had been asked to bring certain instruments, for Sir Christopher had said that it was no case of illness.

Sir Christopher received him alone. Mr. Ives was mildly agitated.

"Mr. Ives," Sir Christopher began. "I am informed you are a man skilled in anatomy and possessing great discretion."

"I have some small skill, sir," Mr. Ives agreed modestly. "I have studied in the London schools, and it is the first essential of my calling to be discreet."

"Indeed, you are right there. Now, Mr. Ives. Mr. Easton tells me you have seen the body of the unfortunate man who was killed in a chaise close by here last night."

"I have, sir."

"There were signs that the man's clothing had been searched, I understand."

"Indeed there were, sir. The rogue had nigh stripped the body, yet curiously enough missed the prize. It is clear that he was disturbed just in time."

"Very fortunate," Sir Christopher said dryly. "Now how did the man die, Mr. Ives?"

"How, sir? He was shot." Mr. Ives spoke with surprise. "It was plain to see."

"But is it plain to prove?"

"Prove? Why, sir, you have seen the body yourself. The ball must have entered by the throat. It must have penetrated the trachea and reached the lung. There was considerable hæmorrhage——"

"Yes, Mr. Ives, and that ball is still in the body, I take it."

"Without doubt, sir."

"Then I'll ask you (*Continued on page* 77)

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Chocolate Rainbow Pudding

5½ oz flour
½ oz custard powder
Pinch of salt · 3 oz margarine
1 teaspoonful Bournville Cocoa
1½ teaspoonfuls baking powder
3 oz sugar
¼ teaspoonful vanilla essence
Carmine · ¼ pint milk

Sift together the flour, salt, baking powder and custard powder. Cream the fat and the sugar. Add the sifted flour mixture and sufficient milk to make a soft dropping consistency. Add vanilla essence. Divide into three (it is easiest to use three basins). Colour one-third pink, and add the cocoa to another third. Put the three mixtures into a greased pudding basin in scattered spoonfuls. Cover with greased paper, and steam for 2 hours.

Chocolate Potato Cake

6 oz flour
¼ lb cooked potato
2 teaspoonfuls baking powder
¼ teaspoonful salt
4 oz margarine · 6 oz sugar
1½ oz Bournville Cocoa
1 teaspoonful vanilla essence
2 tablespoonfuls water

Cream the butter and sugar. Add the sieved mashed potato, and sift in the flour, salt, baking powder and cocoa, and sufficient water to mix to a stiff paste. Put into a greased and floured ½ lb cake tin, and bake at 350 deg. F. for 2 hours. (Regulo Mark 4.) When cooked, allow to shrink for a moment or two, then turn out and cool. When quite cold, the cake may be split in half and sandwiched together with a cream or jam filling.

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to extract it. It would, I doubt, be a delicate operation, and one for which skill should be adequately rewarded. You may name your own fee, Mr. Ives."

"You are indeed generous, Sir Christopher," Mr. Ives responded rubbing his hands.

"Then shall we proceed to the operation?"

Mr. Ives was all excitement as he and Sir Christopher left the house.

"This is an operation I have never before performed," he said. "Many a ball have I probed and extracted from a wounded man. But from a corpse. Would you count it impertinent, Sir Christopher, were I to ask why you are so set on seeing the ball that killed the unfortunate man?"

"By no means, Mr. Ives. I seek to discomfit Mr. Easton and Mr. Amble."

Mr. Ives glanced at him sharply, feeling that in some way the words carried reproof for his question, but Sir Christopher met his gaze with an engaging smile.

"Maybe there is another reason. You shall know that presently. But you speak of this task as a new one. Mr. Ives, the time will come when no man shall die by violence, but a surgeon shall be the first to examine him." And then for some minutes Sir Christopher held Mr. Ives fascinated as he spoke earnestly of the observations that a skilled surgeon could make upon how and when a man had been killed and of their application to the detection of the murderer.

Mr. Ives agreed eagerly.

"What you say, sir, is true. It had not occurred to me before. As you point out, from the position of the body, its condition and from the nature of the wound, one could tell much."

"I trust you will help me to tell much to-day," Sir Christopher put in as they reached the stable.

HE left Mr. Ives to his grisly task, bidding him follow when he had completed the operation. The squire and Mr. Amble were awaiting him impatiently, but Sir Christopher damped their ardour.

"No, no, my task is not so easily accomplished," he said in reply to their eager questions. "I have not begun. But I'd thank you, Mr. Easton, if I might see Vaughan's pistols once more and inspect your notes of evidence at some length."

They left Sir Christopher to his research, Mr. Amble to return to his office, where Sir Christopher promised to wait upon him later in the day.

When, presently, a servant brought Mr. Ives to him, Sir Christopher was gazing reflectively from a window at a distant vista of rain-swept downland. He turned, an expectant expression on his lean face.

"Well, Mr. Ives?" he queried.

The surgeon answered excitedly: "I have it, sir. I have it. It was as I thought. The ball had penetrated the windpipe, passed downward, striking the collar bone and entering the lung. Death would have supervened very quickly. Here is the ball, misshapen as you will notice as a result of impact with the bone." He extended a battered piece of lead which Sir Christopher seized avidly.

He eyed it for some moments, turning it this way and that in his fingers. Then from a pocket he produced the ball he had found in the upholstering of the chaise.

"One might surmise that your ball originally was similar to this one," Sir Christopher said.

"That, sir, I doubt if any one could say," he responded.

"Then let us proceed to a small experiment, Mr. Ives. You have your apothecaries' scales?"

"I have, sir," Mr. Ives undid his bag.

"Now, Mr. Ives: I place in one pan of your scales the ball you extracted from the corpse. I place in the other, this ball—and—ah!" Sir Christopher exclaimed with satisfaction as he regarded the balance. "You note that, Mr. Ives. These balls weigh precisely the same. And since a pistol ball is spherical, I think we may assume they could have come from the same barrel."

"They tally to half a grain, to less," the surgeon agreed thoughtfully. "You're right, sir. It's patent proof, and simple, now that you demonstrate it. Such an idea would never have occurred to me."

Sir Christopher raised a deprecatory hand.

"Perhaps it would, Mr. Ives, had you given the same study to the science of crime as you have to that of anatomy. I thank you for your help and maybe I shall ask more of it."

"I'm always at your service, sir." Mr. Ives bowed.

"Then you may expect a call from me about noon, Mr. Ives." Sir Christopher said.

SIR CHRISTOPHER walked back to Ashmarket later in the morning. On his way he spent some time with Fratton, the lodge keeper, getting him to indicate exactly where the chaise had stood, and chatting, in seemingly careless fashion.

When he reached Ashmarket he made for its bleak and cheerless jail and hammered on a great iron-studded door. To the turnkey who answered his summons, Sir Christopher presented an authority from Mr. Easton and he was conducted to a dingy airless cell where Vaughan sat dejectedly on a plank bed.

The jailer yelled to the man to stand up and Vaughan obeyed defiantly. But Sir Christopher bade him be seated once they were alone and spoke to him with courtesy.

"Vaughan, I've come to talk with you about last night's bad business," he began. "Sit down now. Are you in pain?"

"What if I am?" Vaughan answered roughly. "And what do you want of me?"

Sir Christopher eyed the man keenly before he answered. A dangerous fellow in a fright, Sir Christopher assessed him, and one who had known a rough and violent life he did not doubt. He noticed the man's arm slipped from his sleeve and bound up crudely in a blood-stained bandage.

"My name is Christopher Hazzard and what I want of you is to hear exactly what happened last night," he answered.

The man glared at him suspiciously.

"If you think you've come here to trick me with your soft speaking, you've made a mistake, guv'nor," he said.

Sir Christopher smiled.

"On the contrary; I've come here to help you."

"The gentry don't help the likes of me," the man said. "All I got to say is I didn't do it."

"I know that, Vaughan. You didn't shoot that man," Sir Christopher interrupted quietly.

"What?" Jem Vaughan gaped. "Here, was you there, guv'nor?"

"No, unfortunately. But I want to know who did shoot him. Do you know?"

"No, sir, no. I take my oath I don't."

"Then tell me what you do know."

It took some little while to break down the man's suspicions, but Sir Christopher was patient. To Vaughan's first bald story, the same that he had told Mr. Easton, he listened without comment. Then he asked:

"What were you doing on the road last night?"

"That's my business," the fellow answered, returning to his early mood of defiance. Then, "Beg pardon, sir. If you can help me I'll tell you the truth, though I wouldn't say to Squire Easton. I'd been up in Dean Woods after pheasants."

"Ah! now I understand something," Sir Christopher put in. "So that's why you had that neat pair of pistols. Shooting them off the trees at roost, I suppose."

"That's right, sir. The pistols is handier than a fowling piece and don't make so much noise."

"Yes, I can see that. But, Vaughan, you didn't have much luck, did you?"

"No, sir. Too dark. I only had one shot. Then I give up."

"That's fortunate for you, though you mayn't know it. Now you say you were coming along the road when you happened on the chaise. Were the horses restive at all?"

"No, sir."

"You stopped to see what was amiss?"

Vaughan nodded.

"Had you heard any shot?"

"No."

"Tell me, how soon after you stopped did Bond and Chale set upon you as you put it?"

"Why, they come at me almost at once. Sammy Chale calling out that I was a dirty murdering ruffian, and Silas Bond shooting——"

"Who shot first?"

"He did. Got my arm just as I fired."

Sir Christopher sought to test Vaughan's story by subtle questioning, but the man held to it though Sir Christopher extracted the fact that he called out: "What's amiss here," when he had approached the chaise and found it apparently deserted and it was when he was about to open the door to see if any one was inside that he was attacked.

But he was definite that he had heard no shot nor had seen nor heard anybody in the vicinity of the chaise.

"You'll hear from me again, Vaughan," he said as he closed his memoranda book. "Be of good heart, man. They shall not hang you for this crime, anyhow."

"You're not lying to me?"

"I'm not lying to you. Now what of this damaged arm of yours?" Sir Christopher seized the arm as if to examine it and Jem Vaughan let out a groan of pain.

"Eh, what's this? Has this not been seen by a surgeon?" Sir Christopher asked in apparent surprise.

"They don't have surgeons for them as can't pay for 'em," Vaughan stated.

Sir Christopher shook his head.

"And we call ourselves a Christian people," he murmured. Then, "I'll see what I can do about it," he said, and summoned the turnkey.

To him he issued certain instructions before he left the jail, and gave the man a guinea for himself to see that they were carried out. An hour later, Mr. Ives the surgeon arrived. But by then Sir Christopher Hazzard was already on the road for Portsmouth.

SIR CHRISTOPHER dined at the "George," bidding his post-boy to be ready for the return journey in an hour's time. Then he set out on foot through the driving rain for the "Lugger," a waterside tavern near Portsmouth Point.

It was a shabby place, of unsavoury reputation. Rumour had it that the "Lugger" was a rendezvous of French spies and highwaymen and rogues of every kind, and many a good burgess shook a disapproving head when the tavern's name was mentioned, and prophesied that Abel Carter, the landlord, would come to a bad end.

Yet Abel Carter did not. Though many a complaint was laid against him the law let him alone. Strong influences worked in his favour, for Abel Carter was counted one of the cleverest of the company of secret agents His Majesty's Office of Foreign Affairs employed. Much useful information about Bonaparte's plannings and schemings came up the road to Whitehall by messengers of Abel Carter's, riding express from the "Lugger" at Portsmouth.

Sir Christopher Hazzard knew the ways of the "Lugger," and the door at the back by which a man might enter the tavern unseen. To it he came that afternoon, his heavy travelling cloak drawn close about him, as much against chance recognition as against the weather.

His knock brought Abel himself to the door, and Sir Christopher entered after a few curt words of greeting and turned unbidden into a snug little parlour that was close by.

"Eh, but I wasn't expecting you, sir," Abel said as he closed the door.

Sir Christopher smiled.

"I want some information and you can give it."

"Something amiss, Sir Christopher?" Carter asked anxiously, poking the fire to a blaze.

Sir Christopher flung off his cloak, and drew his memoranda book from his pocket.

"Have you had a traveller here lately, five foot nine in height, blue eyes, grey hair; a man going to fat (*Continued on page 78*)

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with good living. A Frenchman, or come from France recently. In disguise of a seafaring man. Dressed in reefer coat and blue trousers, and shoes. Hair, face and neck dyed brown. Usually wore a ring on the third finger of the left hand. The scar of a sabre wound, I'd say, on the right arm. Age, maybe fifty, maybe a year or so older——?"

"Aye," Carter interrupted. "That 'ud be Mister Nicol. He's been here a week. Left last evening."

"Who is Mr. Nicol?" Sir Christopher demanded sharply.

"He's a Frenchy, sir, though you'd never guess it. One of his lordship's gentlemen."

Carter was speaking of Lord Camber, the sinister, cunning old peer who, from his room in His Majesty's Office of Foreign Affairs in Whitehall, organised that amazingly efficient intelligence service that England maintained in France. Sir Christopher himself had undertaken delicate missions of investigation both in England and France at Lord Camber's urgent request.

"What was Monsieur Nicol doing here, Abel?"

"Waiting a letter from France. Job Harding brought it yesterday afternoon, and I fixed him a disguise so as he'd look like a seafaring man and not attract notice. He were a bit nervous for he'd had word that Boney's spies were looking for him this side as well as the other. When Job came, he set off at once for London."

"The poor devil's made his last journey, Abel."

"You don't mean they've got him, sir?"

"They have. Shot dead in a chaise two miles beyond Ashmarket soon after midnight."

"Was it his money or his papers they were after?"

"His papers. And they got them; all but one. That I found hidden in the lining of his coat. It brought me here."

"I warned him not to go by night, but he wouldn't wait," Carter said. "Who done it, sir? Do they suspect any one?"

"Ah, that's what I want to establish." Sir Christopher put away his book. "Abel, what do you know of Sam Chale, post-boy at the 'Bear' at Ashmarket?"

Abel Carter's brow furrowed.

"Nothing but that he's a loud-mouthed sort. I doubt he's the guts to do a job of that kind, if that's what you mean."

"Do you know Silas Bond of the 'Waggon' at Dean?"

Abel laughed curiously.

"Course I do, sir. And the 'Waggon.' There's some queer coves use the 'Waggon'; 'most as queer as some as uses my house though 'tain't every one as knows it." He laughed again. "There's always a quiet stable and no questions asked nor answered for certain gentlemen as arrives in a hurry at the 'Waggon.' If that's where your nose leads you you're on the right scent, I'd lay. Bond, he's careful, he's a downy cove. You won't never prove nothing against him, though if it was done from the 'Waggon' he'd know; yes, Silas would know."

"Haven't seen him about the town lately?"

"No, sir. But Sammy Chale's been about. Come in here once."

Sir Christopher spoke thoughtfully. "He's been here while Nicol was with you?"

"Yes, sir."

"I wonder. Did Nicol post from London, do you know?"

"He did, sir. Thursday. Come in here just after dark."

"All right, Abel; thank you." Sir Christopher remained talking with Carter for some minutes before he slid out by that back door into the driving rain to return to the "George."

MR. AMBLE was growing impatient. The important hour of his dinner had arrived, yet Sir Christopher had not paid his promised call.

Darkness had fallen before a hammering at his front door proclaimed visitors. Mr. Amble, left alone in his dining-room seeking consolation in a decanter of port wine, sighed

The Post Chaise Murder

with relief at the sound of Sir Christopher's voice. Mr. Amble went himself to greet him.

With Sir Christopher were Mr. Easton and Mr. Ives, the surgeon. Sir Christopher was apologetic.

"You must pardon this intrusion, Mr. Amble," he said, "but I find that I must return to London to-night and there are one or two points about this unhappy affair that I should like to make clear to you and Mr. Easton before I go. So I have taken the liberty——"

"No liberty, Sir Christopher; a privilege, a privilege," the lawyer interrupted politely. "Have you solved the problem, sir?"

"That I must leave for you and Mr. Easton to judge," Sir Christopher responded.

Mr. Amble led the way to his dining-room and offered wine.

"Well, gentlemen," Sir Christopher began, "I think you may count the man Vaughan cleared. I think I can convince you of that. But first, I'd have you take note of one or two matters. I may have that bag, Mr. Easton?"

The squire produced a bag and from it Sir Christopher drew out the pistols, the powder flask and the bag of balls that had been taken from Vaughan.

"If you'll notice," he continued, "this powder flask. It's full, full to the top. That's significant."

"How, sir?" Mr. Amble put in.

"I submit, Mr. Amble, that it is a proof that Vaughan did not reload his pistols."

"Maybe, Sir Christopher," Mr. Easton said. "But what need to reload them? The rogue fired two shots, one he admits at Bond and the other as we hold at the man he murdered."

"I propose to prove to you that there were four shots, one only fired by Vaughan." Sir Christopher said quietly. "And I'll show you three of the balls that were fired."

"How, sir?" Mr. Amble demanded in puzzled tone. "You say you can show us the actual balls that were fired?"

Sir Christopher smiled bleakly.

"Here is the ball that killed that ill-fated stranger," he said. "Mr. Ives will swear to that, Mr. Amble, for he extracted it himself from the corpse."

Mr. Amble winced. Mr. Ives bowed in agreement. Mr. Easton took the misshapen piece of lead and examined it with fascinated interest.

"You mean to tell us that that's what took the man's life?" he asked sceptically.

"Mr. Ives will tell you that."

Mr. Easton looked up sharply while Mr. Amble examined the ball, holding it gingerly by the tips of his fingers.

"And now," Sir Christopher went on blandly, "I'll show you another ball. This I'll swear to. I took it from the upholstery of the chaise cut a matter of nine inches to a foot from where the traveller was sitting. I contend, gentlemen, that this ball was fired first, missed the man, and a second shot killed him. For, as I will show you, both are of a size and could have come from the same pair of pistols."

"I cannot follow you," Mr. Easton protested. "How can any man say that?"

"By the simple device of adding two and two and making it come to four," Sir Christopher smiled. "Already I have demonstrated it to Mr. Ives."

Mr. Ives produced his scales. Sir Christopher placed one ball in each of the pans.

"You see, gentlemen, they tally precisely."

"As I said when Sir Christopher first demonstrated this to me to a fraction of a grain or less."

"But—but——" Mr. Easton began in argumentative tone.

Sir Christopher lifted a thin hand. "Maybe I can answer your objection, Mr. Easton. You have seen they are of the same weight, but, you ask, how do we know they were of the same size?"

"Yes. Yes." Mr. Easton agreed.

"A pistol ball, sir, is solid and spherical. Could you then mould this," Sir Christopher calmly picked up the (*Continued on page* 80)

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misshapen lead that had come from the corpse, "into any other size?"

"No, sir. No. By God, he's right, Mr. Easton," the lawyer said with conviction. "'Tis a proof that would not have occurred to me but I accept it."

"Yes, I see what he means."

"Then, Mr. Easton, let me add two more to my little sum. You will note this." Sir Christopher took a ball from Vaughan's bag and tried it in the muzzle of first one and then the other of his pistols. "This ball, you observe, fits exactly."

"It undoubtedly does, sir," the squire said, leaning forward.

"But we place it in the scales against the ball that killed the man and——"

"Damme! They're of a different weight!" Mr. Easton exclaimed as the scale dropped, showing the ball from Jem Vaughan's bag to be the lighter.

"This is most significant," Mr. Amble said. "It is a conclusive proof."

"And if you want further," Sir Christopher said with a shrug, "I draw your attention to this." He picked up the undamaged ball he had found in the chaise and passed it with the pistols to Mr. Easton. "Now, sir. You ram that into the barrel if you can."

Mr. Easton tried, but it was patently impossible. The ball was too big.

"Well, I'll be damned," said Mr. Easton, shaking his head.

"Why, it's clear as daylight, Sir Christopher," Mr. Amble put in, "Vaughan could not have shot the man with these pistols."

"Vaughan did not shoot him."

"Then who did? You spoke of three balls, sir?" Mr. Amble demanded excitedly. "You have cleared Vaughan beyond doubt. But can you convict another?"

Sir Christopher turned to the surgeon. "You have the third ball, Mr. Ives?"

"It is here, sir."

"Will you weigh it against the others?"

Mr. Ives obeyed. The squire and Mr. Amble stared in fascination. The ball tallied precisely with the first two that Sir Christopher had produced.

"Yes. It is the same," Mr. Amble said, as if to himself. "There is no doubting it."

"Where did that come from?" Mr. Easton demanded anxiously.

"I extracted it from Jem Vaughan's arm this morning," Mr. Ives replied.

"What!" Mr. Amble cried. "You can swear to that?"

"I can swear to it, sir."

"You have in your notes of evidence a confession of the man who fired that ball, Mr. Easton," Sir Christopher said.

Mr. Easton made no answer, but Mr. Amble's eyes opened wide.

"Good God!" he exclaimed slowly. "Bond. From his own lips. Bond killed the man? But why?"

"Ah, that is a matter," Sir Christopher said, "on which I'd not venture an opinion."

Mr. Amble went on, "Bond! It's incredible. You know the man, Mr. Easton; he is a tenant of yours."

"I find it hard to credit," the squire answered gruffly. "A very civil, honest man, who pays his rent regularly. You must be mistaken, Sir Christopher."

"I have but offered you the evidence," Sir Christopher said, extending his hands.

"Then what of Chale?" the lawyer said in a bemused way. "Was he in league with Bond?"

"So it would seem."

"How do you come by this extraordinary conclusion," Mr. Easton demanded.

"It was quite simple, Mr. Easton; I did but add two and two and make it come to four," Sir Christopher said with an engaging smile, "and I offer you the evidence. Now I must ask you to excuse me for I have a chaise at the door and I have a tiresome journey before me. But I shall return to-morrow, Mr. Amble, to be present at your inquest."

Sir Christopher rose and bowed.

It was to the saturnine Lord Camber that Sir Christopher told the full story of his investigations some hours later; Lord Camber, dragged from the card-table at the Cocoa Tree Club in the early hours of the morning. In his talon-like fingers he held the document

The Post Chaise Murder

that had been found on Nicol's body. It bore a list of names of men and women, many of them well known in the great world, some even at court itself. Sir Christopher had guessed their significance. They were names of Bonaparte's chief agents in England, the advance guard of his long-dreamed-of army of occupation. Nicol's was the fourth life to be lost in securing those names, and Sir Christopher himself had investigated the secret activities of more than one of them, at Lord Camber's request.

He told his story briefly.

"As you will appreciate, my lord," he said when he had finished the outline of the affair, "it was obvious from the first that the fellow Vaughan was innocent and that there were half a dozen things to proclaim an unusual crime. Vaughan was not of the type to engage upon such a crime, he had robbed the man of nothing, yet the man was killed. Your highway robber does not kill unless he meets with resistance and it was clear that Nicol offered no resistance. The man's full powder flask confirmed my surmise. When I found the ball and realised at once that it could not have come from his pistols, it was proof."

The old peer nodded. He was ever ready to listen when Kit Hazzard spoke of his methods of detection.

"But, my lord, certain other facts emerged, and—er—possibilities—presented themselves in the course of my investigations. Doubtless you have noted some discrepancies."

"Eh? What are you starting now?" Lord Camber said, leaning forward.

"It's obvious that Nicol's business was known. He was remembered, I discovered, at the 'Bear' as a traveller who had passed that way before. It is not wise, my lord, for one engaged on secret missions to adopt regular habits."

"You are right," Lord Camber frowned.

"IT is clear, too, that the man was watched. He delayed some time at the 'Bear' for refreshment. I would surmise in that time Chale contrived to send word to Bond of his arrival. Were I investigating further I would seek to know where Bond had been that night and maybe I should find that he had been no farther than some neighbouring Ashmarket tavern. I would surmise, too, that on getting word from Chale he rode on forthwith to a point close by Mr. Easton's lodge gates, on reaching which point Chale halted his chaise. Indeed there were hoof marks, such as would be made by a waiting restless horse, to be seen yesterday beneath a clump of beeches not a hundred yards from the lodge."

"So it is not all surmise?"

"All is surmise until it be proved. Such as my surmise that when the chaise stopped Bond came forward and committed his crime; that he began his search for Nicol's papers and was disturbed by the unexpected appearance of Vaughan; that he drew off for some moments to reload, then came at the man and shot him, intending to make him the scapegoat. But after that, my lord, I surmise something of greater significance."

"Yes. Yes."

"For the first time Fratton, the lodge keeper, is apprised of the affair, as Chale has stated. And yet Fratton, being questioned, tells me another tale. He had already gone to the scene of the crime, being aroused by two shots—two shots only, mark you—and on being told by Chale to hasten to the constable's saw his own master, Mr. Easton, emerging from the lodge gates."

Lord Camber's heavy eyebrows lifted.

"I thought it curious that Mr. Easton, a bucolic squire, should be up so late at night when he had entertained no company as I established from his own lips, more curious that he should have heard three shots within his house so far from the road on a boisterous windy night. For, in fact, four shots were fired, but he only knew of three—so he heard three." Sir Christopher smiled dryly. "And two of those four were fired within the chaise. Even Fratton heard (*Continued on page 82*)

MINISTRY OF FOOD

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EGGS	FRUIT (FRESH OR CANNED BUT NOT DRIED)
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KEEP THE COLOURS FLYING

The Post Chaise Murder

but the exchange between Bond and Vaughan, and Vaughan heard neither of the first two shots at all."

He paused for a moment, then continued: "But it was more curious that Fratton should be sent for a surgeon to attend a man about whose death there could be no doubt, and"—again he paused—"that when the surgeon arrived the chaise with the body should already have been driven to Mr. Easton's stables, and as Mr. Ives avows the body's attire in such disarray as to surprise him. Indeed, my lord, I would surmise that the search interrupted by Vaughan was continued in those stables, and that the surgeon was summoned to justify the searching of the body should the question be raised."

"What? You suggest that your bucolic squire——"

"Was cognisant of the whole affair," Sir Christopher broke in. "Indeed I would add his name to that list you hold in your hand, for, as I see it, though Bond's was the hand that fired the fatal shot, Charles Easton's was the brain that instigated it."

LORD CAMBER rose abruptly. There was a savage light in his dark eyes.

"By God! I'll deal with the scoundrel," he said hotly. "Sir Christopher, I call on your help."

Sir Christopher too had risen.

"You will find me at the Bear Inn at Ashmarket," he said. "I am returning there at once, for, in faith, I am concerned about the fellow Vaughan. I took a strange liking to that rascal, yet if I be not careful Mr. Easton will get him hanged for all my proof."

"But what of the man Bond?"

"I would surmise," Sir Christopher answered, "that Bond and Chale will be found to have vanished when I reach Ashmarket and that my bucolic squire will have propounded a theory that they have been removed by confederates of Vaughan's to prevent them giving evidence against him. The fellow's cunning as a fox. Already he had planted the idea that Vaughan was but one of many concerned in my good attorney's mind."

"We must kill that fox," the old peer said grimly.

"For once, my lord," Sir Christopher responded, "I shall be glad to be in at the death."

END

Rendezvous in Basle

(*Continued from page* 35)

exclaimed. "I'll put on one of those suits to-morrow night."

"You are mad," said Zimmermann, leaning forward in his chair. "I have made no arrangements with our friend on the other side. Even if you cross you will be caught and shot before you reach Lorrach. The German police are everywhere."

"Don't worry, Herr Zimmermann. I'm not going to cross."

The other spread his hands. "But I do not understand."

Lanny drew up a chair. "It's very simple," he explained. "If our men are electrocuted something happens to them before they get near the barrier. Either they're murdered first and their bodies bundled against the wires or——"

"Or what?" demanded Zimmermann in a hoarse voice.

"Or something happens to their suits. Anyhow, I'm going to find out. To-morrow night."

"To-morrow?" echoed the waiter. "You are committing suicide, mine friend. After L.42's death I promised myself never to try again——"

"Well, you're going to break that promise," said Lanny curtly. "Have you got a suit here which will fit me?"

Very reluctantly, Zimmermann left the room and returned with what looked like a folded parachute of black elastic. Lanny examined it for a moment and then turned to the older man.

"I'll be wearing this to-morrow night when I call at the restaurant," he said briskly. "What time should I come?"

Zimmermann shuddered. "The others arrived at about ten-thirty. They took beer and sandwiches and left at eleven o'clock." He got up heavily. "Be careful. I am sure I am watched at the restaurant."

"Don't worry," said Lanny with a chirpiness which he did not entirely feel. "I've got a hunch."

"Hunch?" echoed Zimmermann with a puzzled expression. As Lanny left the house he could have sworn that he heard a woman crying.

PUNCTUALLY at ten-thirty the following evening Lanny arrived at the restaurant. The place was very bright and a band was playing a gay waltz. Lanny found himself wishing that he were spending the evening with a pretty girl instead of munching a sandwich and wearing a very tight rubber suit close to his skin. His throat was dry and his pulse raced violently as Zimmermann brought him another glass of lager. Strange, he thought, as he caught the smiling glance of a girl, that in perhaps an hour I may be very dead! He gulped thirstily at his beer and raised his glass to the girl.

Zimmermann hovered by the table. "This is the moment," he whispered in German. "But it is not too late to change your mind."

Lanny grinned as he got up and walked out of the restaurant, but his heart was thumping. His fingers closed over the automatic in his jacket pocket as someone jostled him; but nothing more suspicious happened. Lighting a cigarette he went over to the *vestiaire* and handed the girl his ticket. She smiled into his eyes.

"You are leaving early?" she said coquettishly as she reached for his hat and stick. A girl with a tray of carnations sidled towards him.

"Will you buy one, sir?" she coaxed. "The management is giving all proceeds from cigarettes and flowers to the French Refugees' Fund."

Lanny smiled and dropped a note into her tray. She flashed him a gay look as she fixed the flower in his buttonhole.

"Your tailor does not leave much room," she pouted as she arranged the flower with a final twist of her fingers.

Lanny hesitated outside the restaurant. It might be dangerous to walk back to the hotel. He decided to take a cab. Back in his room, a few minutes later, he carefully locked the door behind him and drew the heavy curtains. Then he undressed and examined the rubber suit with a magnifying glass. There, sure enough, was a tiny gash. The buttonhole confirmed his suspicions. The carnation had been fixed to his lapel with a short needle-like dagger. The girl had cut through his shirt and pierced the rubber underneath.

"Well, I'm damned!" he whistled. That little slit in the rubber was more than enough to make the suit useless. He shuddered as he thought of the men confidently reaching for the electrified wire and writhing in their death agony a split-second later.

ZIMMERMANN bit his nails nervously as Lanny told him of his discovery.

"That girl must be removed," he said heavily. "While she lives not one of us is safe."

"You mean she'll have to be killed?" said Lanny very slowly. An uneasy sensation came over him. Intelligence work was all very well, but killing a girl in cold blood was something he hadn't bargained for.

"I shall take care of this personally," Zimmermann was saying. "Personally," he repeated, clenching his huge fists. To Lanny's amazement he noticed tears in the cruel narrow eyes.

"You see, mine friend," said the man at the table, "L.42 was my only son."

END

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Only Yesterday

(*Continued from page* 21)

sprays, and started to black him from head to foot. When he was fit to take a job as Pullman porter he was told to put on the loin cloth, and get over to Stage 7, pronto.

"But I can't go out like this—with people all over the place!" protested Mr. Gable.

"You *can*, brother; and my advice is, get going while the going's good!" replied the make-up genius. "Don't flatter yourself; not a soul will pay any attention to you. Scram!"

In ninety-nine cases out of the good old hundred that might be true. Movie studios see such weird sights that most times nobody bothers to give a second look. Clark declares it was the crimson rose that did the trick. Before he had walked a dozen nervous yards there were strange cat-calls, and hails of "Hi, there, Cutie!" That was when Clark Gable started to run. I was in the studio that very day, and remember that weird figure, with the wild black hair, the blacker skin, the alarmed blue eyes, and the awful crimson rose. We looked as this apparition raced past us, and somebody said: "Another of those scatty extras, up to his tricks."

At Stage 7, a badly winded Mr. Gable told Lionel Barrymore all about the woes to which he had been subjected. Barrymore waved his hands, dropping a ham sandwich which struck his watchful assistant neatly in the left eye. "A lot of blithering idiots," roared the Barrymore voice. "Let the fools wait—they don't know a new star has arrived in their midst. Get over there, my boy, and pay attention to me."

The rose was a thorny matter. "What do I do with this darned thing?" inquired the black-skinned Mr. Gable.

"Shove it behind your ear—not that one, the other one!" boomed Barrymore, from behind the camera. "Now, let's go!"

The test was made. When Lionel Barrymore asked the late Irving Thalberg to spare five minutes to come to a projection room and look at his grand new discovery Mr. Thalberg sat in stony silence; then ordered both Barrymore and Gable off the premises. He thought they were suffering from the effects of two over the eight. Clark Gable told me that test of his is still locked away in the vaults of M-G-M. In spite of it he won a contract; and not very long afterwards Lionel Barrymore was rubbing his hands and grinning, and saying: "What did I tell you, my boy?"

Jeanette MacDonald, on the tall side and far too thin, went into the chorus of a New York musical comedy, in which her elder sister played a part. Jeanette was a real "kid sister," at that time. She had no grown-up clothes; her stockings were of thick wool; her undergarments were home made and had nothing silky about them. The other girls in the dressing-room laughed at the little red head; and many bitter tears damped the MacDonald cheeks, when she thought nobody was looking.

At that time, if she wanted to go out to interview an agent or manager she always borrowed clothes and a hat from her sister Marie. One great night she was asked to go out to supper with two of the other girls. To do it, she had to snatch a costume and a feather boa from Marie; and because Jeanette went out Marie had to go home, in Jeanette's plain jane garments.

Determined to succeed as a dancer—she did not think her singing would ever get her anywhere, in those days, although she loved it—Jeanette spent long hours in the theatre, practising like mad. She was rewarded with a better position in the chorus, and was soon prancing gaily in the front row. The theatre was the Liberty, on 42nd Street, and the musical show was a hit that every one wanted to see.

One night all the chorus whispered as they rushed up to change: "See who's in the front row? *Gloria Swanson!* And doesn't she look a dream. That must be her French husband with her."

During the next number Jeanette looked down, and there sat Gloria with Henri,

Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudraye, to whom she had been recently married. With dreams of Hollywood and its glories flooding her mind, Jeanette danced away energetically; so energetically that she tripped over her own feet while trying to do a specially good high kick. Trying to regain her balance she waved one leg in the air; and off flew the shoe on that foot. It sailed over the footlights, and landed right on the knees of the Marquis de la Falaise. Then came the moment of Jeanette's first direct contact with Hollywood.

Gloria Swanson, the screen idol of the day, looked up at the blushing embarrassed chorus girl, and said quite clearly: "Don't worry; there's no harm done." That was yesterday. To-day Jeanette lives not so far from the magnificent house that belongs to Gloria Swanson, in Beverly Hills; and when they meet where film folk gather they smile at each other and murmur: "Remember that shoe?"

Only yesterday Fred Astaire made a film called *Flying Down to Rio*. He had so little faith in himself that after he saw the cut and completed picture he rushed to the heads of the studio, and offered them a cheque for his entire salary if they would agree to destroy the negative of the picture, there and then. That's what Fred thought of the Astaire he saw on the screen. Not a very good judge, as future pictures soon proved. But it took a team of very strong men to get him in front of a movie camera again.

Of Warner Baxter, as he was yesterday, I have a clear memory. He thought he was "through." From selling motor cars he had gone on the stage, where he met and married his charming actress wife, Winifred Bryson. From the stage Warner marched on to silent films; and when I met him first he was one of the biggest names in the movie world. He left New York and settled in Hollywood, in a smallish Spanish-type house on a quiet residential street between Hollywood and Los Angeles; anything but a smart address, but a place Warner and Winnie Baxter liked and knew they could afford.

Warner and Winnie Baxter were going along smoothly, in their unpretentious home; their poker parties were a joy, especially when Warner took his guitar from its peg, and strummed away in the small hours while we all sang choruses. Then talkies arrived. And month by month it seemed that Warner Baxter, who had been so much in demand, was slipping in the affections of film audiences, and in the esteem of casting directors. Nobody could explain this extraordinary change; for no reason at all it just happened. Although Warner had been a stage actor nobody thought of giving him a chance in talkies. All they could do was to rush people from the New York stage by plane straight to Hollywood, and plunge them on the set, into a *milieu* of which they knew nothing.

But Warner, who had been an actor for so many years, was passed over. Things were pretty bad, and it looked as though the Spanish house would have to go. Warner had made up his mind to leave the screen, as it seemed to have no niche for him. He said he would go back to selling cars. One morning he opened his newspaper, and read that Raoul Walsh, famous actor-director, had been seriously injured in a car accident; so badly injured that he had lost an eye. "Tough luck," said Warner to his wife. "That means Raoul won't be able to play the 'Cisco Kid, in the new Fox talkie; and I know he had set his heart on it. Wonder what the studio will do?"

What the studio did was to telephone Mr. Warner Baxter, and ask him to come along for a quick test. He played the part Raoul Walsh should have played; and in playing it he established himself as a talking film star.

When Rudy Vallee came to Hollywood to make a film for Twentieth Century-Fox Alice Faye came along, to play a tiny part. The selected leading lady did not quite make the grade; and a new actress had to be selected, without delay. Rudy suggested Alice Faye. She played the part, and then began her climb to the ranks of stars.

Not so very long ago an actor who is one of Alice Faye's best (*Continued on page* 86)

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friends in Hollywood was touring America in the vaudeville act put on by the late Texas Guinan, of night-club fame. When the lady who first started that "give-the-little-girl-a-big-hand" gag was arrested at her New York night club, during prohibition days, she thought it would be a good stunt to turn the whole episode into a sketch for the music halls. She needed a few actors to play small rôles in the sketch; among them, the part of the District Attorney required somebody tall and imposing-looking. Texas Guinan picked for this rôle a young unknown actor called Don Ameche. So Don, grateful for any kind of break that might help to land on Broadway, went to dozens of towns all over the States, earning a few dollars a week. Wherever he went people began to ask: "Who is the good-looking man who plays the D.A. in Texas Guinan's act?" Though this was not many years ago, even then Don Ameche's attractive personality and delightful voice hit the eye and ear of the public. He is one of Hollywood's biggest names to-day.

His friend, Tyrone Power the Third, had tried Hollywood, and starved there for a considerable time, following the tragically sudden death of his famous father, Tyrone Power the Second. Tyrone, weary of shoe-string meals and unpaid debts, borrowed enough money to make the long trip back to New York, where he hoped to get some kind of job—all the studios having thumbed their noses at him, politely.

The journey from Los Angeles to New York had to be broken at Chicago, where travellers switch themselves from one large station to another. When Tyrone's train pulled in, he found a group of friends waiting to meet him; his mother had told them he was on his way east. The great Chicago Fair was at its height. These friends assured Tyrone Power that if he would stick around for a little while they would get him some sort of a job at the fair, because they knew young men were needed who had some knowledge of Hollywood.

The end of the story is that Tyrone Power was taken on as a "Barker"—at twenty-five dollars a week—by one of the side shows. It was a side show that revealed to curious customers exactly how movies are made. Tyrone's job consisted of standing outside and shouting a lot of sentences designed to inspire the casual passers-by to pay their money and step inside. Once they were safely past the cash desk, Mr. Power hastened to the back-stage regions of the show, and proceeded to act dramatic scenes in a faked movie set, for the benefit of those who had paid good hard cash to learn what a Hollywood studio was like. This job lasted for several weeks, and Tyrone Power managed to scrape together enough money to take himself to New York, where he proceeded to become famous.

Not many people know that Robert Taylor was within an inch of being released by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer after his first trial contract at thirty-five dollars a week ran out. Bob had been picked by a talent scout, following the performance he gave at Pomona College, in an amateur performance of *Journey's End.* The scout made sure that Robert Taylor got his contract; and then left him to work out his own destiny. As so often happens, the young actor became just one of hundreds of people waiting for the big chance to come along, in the way of a good part.

He did what he was told; posed for publicity stills, gave any interviews that were required, attended dramatic lectures, acted in plays staged by the young players who belonged to the studio's dramatic school. But he failed to make any sort of dent in the consciousness of the big executives in whose hands his future lay. There was a girl working as secretary to one of those big executives, Marcella Knapp by name. One day it was part of Marcella's work to sit in a projection room watching a series of tests made by different youngsters employed at the studios. Men and girls under contract (as Bob was) were used in tests with outsiders in whom the studio showed a passing interest.

As Marcella Knapp watched the screen she saw a test made by a girl who has now become Mrs. Hamilton MacFadden, and given up acting. With this girl appeared a tall dark young man. So struck with this young man's performance was Marcella Knapp that she implored her own particular boss to take a look at the test, and see if he endorsed her own opinion. He did; and that is how, only yesterday, Robert Taylor was given his chance to become a star.

Eleanor Powell won her first dancing prize when she out-tapped every Black-Bottom competitor at the Silver Slipper Club, in Atlantic City, a few years back. The prize was a ringside ticket for the Dempsey-Tunney fight; and so little did this mean to Eleanor Powell that she allowed the head waiter to talk her out of it, receiving in exchange a slip of paper that gave her and her mother a good dinner at the club, free of charge. She knows better now, having become an ardent boxing and baseball fan, since she stopped being an amateur and became America's Number One Tap Dancer.

Twice, during the early years of his film career, I went on location with Gary Cooper. The second time they were making *Beau Sabreur*, for which we trekked to Guadalupe, where there are masses of sand dunes. Gary spent all his time, when not in front of the cameras, borrowing a horse from one of the cowboys and riding off alone for hours at a time. He told me he did not like Hollywood, and said he was longing for his own ranch in Montana, where he could live the free, open-air life he likes best. He said he had decided to give up his film work, when *Beau Sabreur* was finished, as he was sure he would never make a film actor. That was only yesterday.

So was the day on which a plump German girl, looking like a pleasant-faced placid hausfrau, made her initial appearance before the Press of Hollywood. Marlene Dietrich, on that important day in her life, was many pounds overweight, from Hollywood's standpoint; she had no real knowledge of dress—as was demonstrated by the fact that Maestro Joseph von Sternberg permitted his Continental discovery to appear wearing a trailing chiffon gown with a large florid pattern, and a floppy picture hat that hid much of her face.

Bing Crosby was handed an emphatic "bird" when he made his first appearance at Loew's State Theatre, in Los Angeles. As one of the Three Rhythm Boys, he helped Harry Barris to push a baby grand piano on the stage. And as he pushed there went up a loud cat-call from the audience. Bing, at that time, had extremely light blond hair—so light that the audience guyed him when they saw it. Things are different now, not only for Bing Crosby but for all the other stars whose names find a place in these reminiscences of incidents that happened only yesterday.

END

Old Tales Re-told

(*Continued from page* 30)

Thus they looked like a party of inconspicuous travellers.

From the scenes of festivity that greeted their arrival, they gathered that they had arrived just in time to witness the wedding feast of the beautiful young heiress whose cause they had adopted.

They discovered that the old lord, implacably hostile to all suitors of "alien" blood, had thrown into prison all the messengers of the Irish prince without bothering even to send back a formal reply. To cap all, he had at the same time selected another prospective husband for his daughter.

Hereward, before taking any further step, had first to find out if the maiden's state of mind was the same as when he had last seen her. Had her affections changed? He himself was completely in the dark in the matter. He swore, however, that if she proved to be the mere tool of her father's obstinacy, he would save her from this dismal fate.

Mingling with the festive crowd, the four men gained admittance (*Continued on page* 88)

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Old Tales Re-told

to the great hall of the castle. There, according to custom, the bride was handing round the marriage cup to all the guests.

Hereward pushed himself to the front, and followed her every step until at last their eyes met. She immediately recognised him, even through his disguise. She became deathly pale and, to the astonishment of all present, burst into uncontrollable tears. These were attributed, for lack of any other perceptible reason, to the excitement of the moment.

To Hereward her outburst was a revelation, proving that her affection was for the Irish prince unchanged and that she thought her knight-errant had arrived too late to help her. Soon she recovered her self-control, and the ceremony continued.

Assisted by her tirewomen, she handed the cup round to each guest in turn.

When the turn came to Hereward, he decided to take the opportunity of testing still further the maiden's true affections. The cup was offered to him by one of the tirewomen, and he refused in a loud voice to drink of it unless it was handed to him by the bride herself.

This act drew all eyes on him, and murmurs of indignation arose at such rudeness. The bride, however, walked over to him and she proffered the heavy cup to this exacting guest.

Gracefully Hereward took it from her and paid his homage in the time-honoured way, at the same time trying to reassure her by the eloquent expression of his eyes that all was not lost yet.

Looks often speak louder than words, and the unhappy maiden must have readily understood what he was trying to convey. She drew close to him and dropped a ring into the opening of his doublet.

This simple act removed any doubt from Hereward's mind, and he resolved to act forthwith.

Meanwhile the bride had to explain her action to the assembled company, in case anyone had seen it. With great presence of mind and ready invention, she said simply that she wanted to give this stranger a proper Cornish welcome. Everyone applauded with the exception of the minstrel. The latter took it upon himself to resent the unorthodox behaviour of this uninvited guest, and he refused to play his harp while Hereward remained. With a friendly smile, Hereward took the harp from the minstrel's hands and, accompanying himself with exquisite skill, he sang a melodious song, in which his three companions joined, after the Saxon fashion. The sweet strains of the singing and playing won all hearts, and he was vociferously applauded and at once offered the gift which on such occasions was awarded to the best musician present—a cloak from the hands of the bride herself.

Emboldened by his success, he was led to commit an indiscretion which nearly cost him dear. Addressing himself to the father of the bride, he announced in ringing tones that he well knew the secret of the forty Irish captives in the dungeons below, and he demanded that they be set free as a mark of celebration on this auspicious day.

The scowling face of the furious Cornish lord made it clear to Hereward that he had committed a mistake which might well undo all the good he had so far accomplished. Wisely, he neither insisted nor even waited for an answer, but motioned to his three companions to make good their escape from the hall by mingling again with the crowd near the doorway. One by one they all got safely out of the castle precincts. (All this time the bridegroom had been no more than an astonished spectator of the proceedings, and such he must have remained throughout the final act of the drama, for we have no further mention of him in the original narrative.)

The final and most important part of the wedding ceremony was to be performed on the following day when a large procession would accompany the bride on her journey to her new home.

From light of dawn, the streets were thronged with sightseers eager to get a good view, and the countryfolk for miles around

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C. K. Casson 23

had gathered to give a greeting and shower good wishes on the lovely bride.

The four strangers had been seen no more after the incident at the castle and their very existence had been forgotten. At the appointed time the gateway of the castle was opened, the portcullis drawn up and the guards took their places.

First appeared the heraldic banners of the bride and bridegroom's families.

The bride was a picture of loveliness in her elaborate gown. Her father walked by her side, no doubt feeling well pleased with himself. After these two came a group of relatives, and next a most unusual sight. The Cornish lord had evidently wished to stage an imitation of a Roman triumph, and he had ordered that the forty Irish prisoners should be paraded through the streets at the end of the procession. While everybody's attention was riveted on this display of pomp and arrogance, Hereward had taken up his position at a corner of the road where the procession would turn. A little further away his three followers were stationed behind a group of countrywomen.

As the bride approached on her father's arm, one of the spectators received a violent push that threw him right in the path of the Cornish lord. Both men fell to the ground, one on top of the other, and while they struggled to get up again two strong arms seized the slender body of the bride and swung her off her feet. Holding her high in his arms, so that her long skirts would not hamper him, Hereward dashed through the streets to the spot where his horse waited ready saddled. A moment later the cobbles rang to the sound of galloping hooves that faded into the distance.

Meanwhile a mêlée had broken out in another part of the procession. Terrified people were running in all directions, not knowing what was happening.

All this was the work of the three companions of Hereward, according to the plan worked out by their leader. They had pounced on the guards escorting the Irish prisoners, shouting to the captives in their own language to break free and scatter. The latter met with little opposition, and by the time the mêlée was over and the good countryfolk had recovered from their surprise, no trace could be found of any of them.

Beside himself with rage the father of the kidnapped bride rushed back to the castle and called out every man-at-arms of his garrison. All available horses were saddled and at top speed galloped forth on their urgent quest—to bring back the girl safe and sound, and the scoundrel who had made off with her, dead or alive. Woods and copses were searched for miles around, but soon it became evident that the hunt was doomed to failure.

And far out on the sea the prow of a boat could have been seen driving its way through the choppy waters of a December day—but a Cornish December, with blue skies and warm sunshine. A following wind swelled the sails. The taut ropes creaked at every gust, as the little craft headed out for the Irish Channel. On a pile of skins and cushions in the bow lay the missing bride, still in her wedding dress, pale with the emotions and excitement of this unforgettable day, but radiantly happy.

Hereward had improvised every possible comfort for his precious charge, and now he sat chatting to her, outwardly nonchalant as ever, but inwardly feeling some justifiable pride at the successful outcome of his wild venture.

The Cornish maiden could hardly believe that after so many delays and vicissitudes—after having been brought to the very altar—she was at last on her way to be united to the man she had thought lost to her for ever. Several times she asked her rescuer: "How shall I ever be able to repay you for all that you have done for me?" And Hereward the Wake replied: "Dear lady, all that I have done amounts to this—I have given my dearest friend, your lover, a Christmas gift that will bring him a lifetime of happiness!"

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Rendezvous With Good Looks

(*Continued from page* 40)

revives, cures bloodshot, brings sparkle. No woman should be without it during the blackouts.

The stimulating quality of your body bath will also have an important effect on the eyes. If you can allow yourself luxury, let it be good soap and bath salts. They re-invigorate: Yardley's lavender soap and bath salts, Yardley's lavendo-meal for water softening, one tub with these and you won't know yourself. So enchanting is the bath that dull pain and fretful care are soaked away. The effect on the soul is as good as the effect on tired muscles: the secret is that fine soap and bath salts pep up circulation. If your water is off, sacrifice some of your precious leisure by trekking to a friend's for a bath—it is worth it.

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WAR CONDITIONS have created their own crop of beauty troubles. If you want help with yours or further details of anything mentioned in this article, write to Chrysis, at 32-34 St. Bride St., E.C.4

Rucked Sleeves with a Draped Neck

(*Continued from page* 45)

patt. on last 31 sts. (as rib ends with p. and begins with p. there will actually be 19 sts. in p. at centre). On 2nd row, work rib patt. for 31 sts. K. centre 17, and rib last 31, so that there is a centre panel of stocking st. Continue for 2 ins. Now m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 113 sts. Now k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 53 sts. Cast off 18 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, leaving the 17 centre sts. Work 2 ins. stocking st. on these. Cast off.

TO MAKE-UP

Sew up side sleeve and shoulder seams. Sew in stocking st. flaps to cast off edges at top of sleeves. Sew in sleeves.

END

Tailored Coat in a New Moss Stitch

(*Continued from page* 45)

1st buttonhole (right side facing). Cast off 6 sts., work to end of row. Make 3 more buttonholes as you work the front 3½ ins. apart. **Next row.**—Work back to where the sts. were cast off, cast on 6 sts. Continue without further shaping, until work measures 6½ ins. from the beg., then inc. 1 st. at end of next and every 4th row following, until 69 sts. Continue without further shaping until work measures 14 ins. from the beg.

SHAPE THE ARMHOLE (wrong side facing)

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of every armhole end row, until 51 sts. remain. Continue for 2 ins. on these 51 sts. Then dec. 1 st. every row, at the neck edge, until 30 sts. remain.

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Continue without further decreasing until 7 ins. after armhole shaping.

SHAPE THE SHOULDER (wrong side facing)

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of every armhole end row until all sts. are cast off.

THE LEFT FRONT

With No. 10 needles, cast on 75 sts. Work 4 rows in pat. Then dec. 1 st. at the beg. of next and every 4th row, following 12 times. But when work measures 3 ins. from the beg. work the 1st centre shaping.

Work to the last 29 sts., take 3 sts. tog., work 26 sts. Work 1 in. on these sts. **2nd Centre Shaping.**—Work to the last 28 sts., take 3 sts. tog., work 25 sts. Work 1 in. on these sts.

3rd Centre Shaping.—Work to the last 27 sts., take 3 sts. tog., work 24 sts. Continue until work measures 6½ ins. from the beg. (57 sts. now on needle). Then inc. 1 st. at beg. of the next and every 4th row following, until 69 sts. Continue without further shaping, until work measures 14 ins. from the beg.

SHAPE THE ARMHOLE (right side facing)

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of every armhole end row, until 51 sts. remain. Continue without further shaping, until 7 ins. after the armhole shaping.

SHAPE THE SHOULDER (right side facing)

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of every armhole end row until all sts. are cast off.

THE SLEEVES (both alike)

With No. 10 needles cast on 57 sts. Work 1½ ins. in patt. Then inc. 1 st. each end of every 8th row, following until 91 sts. Continue without further shaping until sleeve measures 18 ins., then cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of every row until 11 sts. remain. Cast off.

LAPELS (2).

With No. 12 needles cast on 35 sts. Work in patt. for 5 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of next and every alternate row following until 3 sts. remain. Cast off. Work another lapel with shaping at opposite edge.

THE COLLAR

With No. 12 needles cast on 81 sts. Work in patt. for 1 in. Then dec. 1 st. each end of the next, and every alternate row following until 70 sts. remain. Cast off.

THE BINDING

With No. 12 needles cast on 8 sts. **1st row.**—K. **2nd row.**—K. 2, p. 4, k. 2. Repeat these 2 rows for patt. and make 2 strips 7 ins. for sleeves, 1 strip 18 ins. for collar, 1 strip 90 ins. for the outer edge.

TO MAKE-UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew all seams, sew in sleeves, fold the binding in half, lengthwise, and sew to collar and sleeves. Sew lapels to the fronts. Sew binding to the outer edge of coat and lapels. Sew on collar to back of neck and top of lapels. Work buttonholes, sew on buttons.

END

Britain's Wartime Christmas

(*Continued from page 7*)

containers holding the raw materials, and you are off on an eye tour of the whole world. Here are jasmin and oil of roses from the Mediterranean coast of France, where Grasse slopes its flower fields high above the gambling palaces of Cannes and Nice. Gums from Arabia, Siam, and Persia. Essence of sweet-smelling mountain blooms from the Alps and the Rockies. Fortifying oils from Holland. Whale fat from the Arctic Ocean. Lavender from the Sussex downlands. Some of these supply sources have been cut off by Nazi occupation. Others have been dammed by wartime shipping or exchange d fficulties. A whole range of perfumes popular among fashionables were imported from France, and consequently are irreplaceable when stocks have gone—a touch which adds so much value to a gift, from a woman (*Continued on page 92*)

Don't go out without a little MISCHIEF!

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devotee's viewpoint, that you can count on ecstasy if you find a vial of her blockaded scent, unobtainable in London, hiding like a rare orchid in the forest in some country chemist or hairdresser's shop.

THERE will be crackers, and Christmas cards, and some paper chains, too, despite the paper shortage. But the material for the paper and cardboard won't come from the Scandinavian and Baltic forests direct this time. It will be waste paper, pulped and made up again.

Most of the hotels will be open for Christmas festivities. Among those I fancy if I were dining out on Christmas Day are one which has moved its restaurant, dance band, and cabaret from ground floor to a banqueting suite below street level, and another which has an underground grill. It may or may not be a drawback that the latter is turned into a dormitory after dancing stops half an hour after midnight.

"Where I dines, I sleeps," may be a good motto for Christmas diners-out. Otherwise, in the capital anyway, they may have to grope their way home, dodging the bombs and shrapnel, and reminding themselves of the three safety-first rules if a bomb whistles their way: Drop flat, keep mouth open, clap hands over the back of the neck to save it from a blast-snap. Not a pleasant prospect after the turkey and mince pies.

Turkey imports being forbidden, and prices having soared, turkeys will be aligned with Colchester oysters and caviare as a costly luxury this Christmas. But I am sure you will be glad to know that there is plenty of beef. In fact, the home meat larder is crammed now. This is fortunate, because, although we do not go in for a variety of foods, and for many made-up foods and concoctions, like the Americans, we do like our meat.

The ration, at 2s. 2d. per person per week, puts a severe crimp in the meat-feast style of a small family with an eye on a large sirloin, rolled fillet, or aitchbone, for the Christmas table. But that is one of the wartime Christmas problems. Some will solve it by organising a communal meal; others will go outside the rationed group.

Rationing after all covers few items. Pork, game, rabbits, poultry, liver and heart and kidneys and the other etceteras (a more polite term than "offals"), sausages, are all unrationed. And the other rationing does not hit the Christmas table hard.

Prices, too, are moderate enough. Cheese runs 1s. 1d. lb., tea 2s. 6d. lb., rabbit 11d. lb., margarine 9d. and 5d. lb., beef 1s. to 1s. 8d. lb., butter 1s. 7d. lb., sugar 5d. lb., potatoes 5 lb. for 3½d., bacon 1s. to 2s. lb., milk 4d. pint, bread 8½d. to 9d. 4-lb. loaf. But eggs are 4d. apiece. That because, on the egg side, we import feed, and normally produce at home only four thousand million of the six thousand million eggs we eat a year, and we are cut off from our main egg supply sources.

All this is Food Ministry business. This remarkable organisation, founded by a small group of civil servants headed by Sir Henry French—now the £3,000-a-year secretary—as the Food Defence Plans Department, back in 1936, and grown now into the world's biggest shopkeeping set-up, really dominates the Christmas table picture. It controls supplies and prices, and can dip into the public treasury for subsidies up to fifty millions. It guides the public on the use and preparation of food, the right types of food, and generally plays housewife to a wartime nation which normally ships in twenty million tons of foodstuffs a year.

And there will be other changes, some perceptible, others imperceptible both to eye and palate. Usually your Christmas orange would be a Brazilian. But this year it is more likely to come from the Cape, or a Palestinian or Spanish grove. You might try a green Jamaican orange this Yuletide. They are as good as any of the golden or red-gold

Britain's Wartime Christmas

kinds, but they have a green skin, and it has been found that the British have a strong prejudice against green oranges. Unreasonable, but understandable.

Preserved fruits from the home orchards, fields, and gardens will be the order of the Christmas Day and night, with the choice picks from the storage shelves where the apples and pears have been laid by for the winter store. Fortunately, it has been a great year for apples, pears and plums, and, thanks to the Food Ministry's educational publicity, a special sugar allowance, and the mobile sealing outfits of the W.V.S., which toured the country, a record quantity of fruit has been preserved, dried, canned and bottled, this year; and much of the fruit eaten at Christmas will derive from this source.

We are eating more and more dried fruit. Over the last five years the consumption of raisins (sultanas and lexias) has risen steadily from 60,000 to 83,000 tons. Some of this increase may be due to our higher living standards, for over the same period our consumption of currants has declined from 59,867 to 52,506 tons.

When ships are ploughing peaceful seas, we get 65 per cent of the currants, sultanas and raisins we eat from the Mediterranean sun-lands, chiefly Greece, Turkey, and Spain, with Greece sending us 38,764 of the 52,000 tons of currants we want. But you know how it is in the Mediterranean now. We are thrown back mainly on the Empire estate, long sea haul and all. It would be no Christmas for the sweet-tooths this year if Australia and South Africa had not come to the rescue.

Australia since the last war (after which she settled many ex-soldiers on fruit lands in fertile Murray River territory on which £40,000,000 has been spent in irrigation works), and especially since the Ottawa Conference agreements gave Empire producers an "edge" on foreign competitors, has been stepping up her fruit production. Her dried fruits industry has grown to a point where she can eat only 23 per cent of its annual output. She produced 92,000 tons of sultanas and currants last year, and we took 75,148 tons of that lot. We also bought 25,487 tons of raisins from Uncle Sam, against only 1,917 tons from Turkey (which used to sell us four times as much), 3,872 tons from Greece and Crete, and only 988 tons from Spain, less than a fifth of what we used to buy—but that fall-off is explained by the disruption of all normal productive activities consequent on two years of civil war.

We shall be drinking Empire in our wines more than usual this time. I hope this won't tempt the Australian and South African vintners to over-produce; for I have been told by men who should know that the only reason why the Empire wine makers haven't got more of the French world wine market is because they've been in too much of a hurry, and haven't yet learnt to nurse their vines with the care of the Frenchmen, who hand vineyards down from father to son, and who have come to have grape cultivation and wine making in their blood, as the British have the sea in their blood, the Germans war in their blood, and the Scots, who distil and blend whisky better than anybody else. It's the "feel," the thing that separates hand from factory-made shoes, garden from field produce, perhaps even "Spitfires" from Messerschmitts. But if the Empire cannot compete with the vintage wines of France yet, it is coming along, and the ordinary table wines are as good as any that come from European vineyards.

As it is, the British people, as a whole, will get by this Christmas, as usual, on the people's drink—beer. Beef and beer, and a plum pudding, with a few etceteras on the side, can make a British Christmas anywhere.

END

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